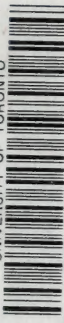


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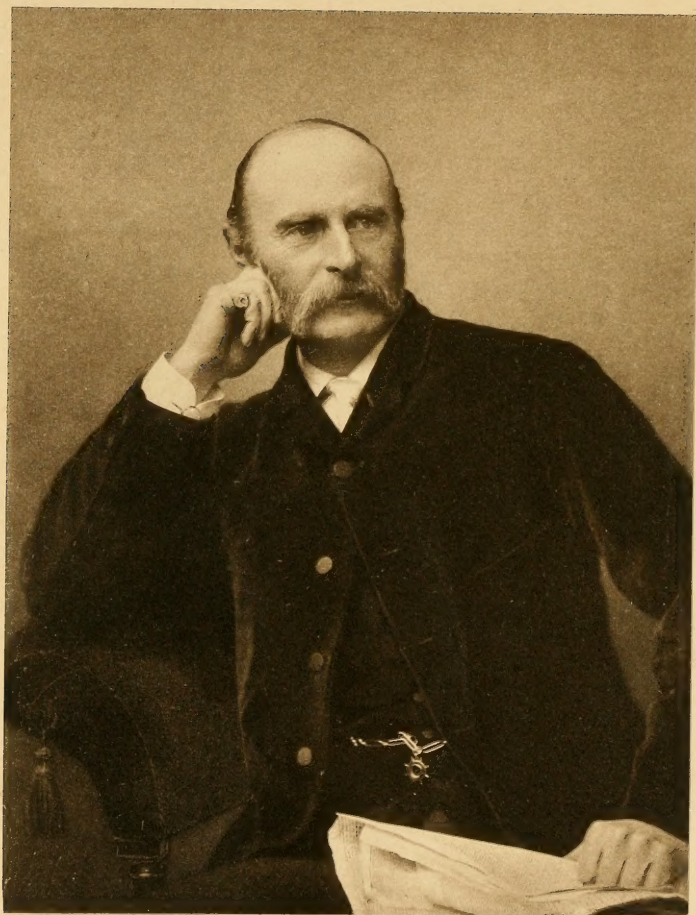




61

GLEANINGS FROM FIFTY YEARS
IN CHINA





Archibald Little
1886

GLEANINGS

FROM FIFTY YEARS IN

CHINA

BY THE LATE
ARCHIBALD LITTLE

AUTHOR OF

"THROUGH THE YANGTSE GORGES"
"TO MOUNT OMI AND BEYOND"
"THE FAR EAST"
"ACROSS YUNNAN"

REVISED BY
MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE



LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

1910

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FOREWORD

BY R. S. GUNDRY, C.B.

THE death of Mr. Archibald Little, who passed away at Falmouth in the autumn of 1908, after a long period of failing health, will be felt as a loss not only by his friends but by all who are interested in China. For his experience was in some respects unique. A merchant by the accident of career, he was a scholar and a traveller by bent of character and preference. Others have had larger and more successful commercial relations; others have travelled more extensively; others have acquired a more profound knowledge of the Chinese language; others have evinced a keen and sympathetic insight into the Chinese mind and turns of thought; others have recorded their experiences in thoughtful and sympathetic language. Mr. Little's forte was that he possessed all these qualifications in a sufficient degree to make him a capable pioneer, an interesting talker, an instructive writer, and a sympathetic host or guest with educated Chinese. I have said that the bent of his mind and tastes was towards science and travel rather than towards commerce; and circumstances chanced, perhaps, to confirm the inclination; for he had hardly arrived in China (under engagement as tea-taster to a German firm), in 1859, ere the hindrance to commerce caused by the presence of the T'ai-p'ings gave him leisure to travel through the region they occupied, extending from the head waters of the Tsientang to the Poyang Lake—a journey which his knowledge of Chinese materially helped him to accomplish. It was perhaps the experience thus gained which encouraged him to

start on his own account, in 1862, at the newly opened port of Kiukiang, where he created a successful business which he merged two years later in a new firm, Latimer, Little & Co., which he assisted in founding at Shanghai. This was wound up after a short term; but he continued in business at Shanghai, in partnership with his brother, Mr. R. W. Little, till circumstances led him, in the early 'eighties, to turn his attention to the Upper Yangtze and Szechuan. Mr. Little's preferred amusement was yachting, and it may have been to some extent inclination which led him to start (in 1884) a winter service between Hankow and Ichang, in the little steamer *Y-ling*. Hitherto steamers had run above Hankow only in summer, but Mr. Little's example was promptly followed by the existing lines, one of which—the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company (since bought up and merged in the "China Merchants S. N. Co.")—eventually purchased or chartered the *Y-ling*.

It was now that the most congenial (to himself) and interesting (to others) portion of Mr. Little's career began. Chungking was not formally opened to foreign trade till 1890, though provision had been made by Sir Thomas Wade in the Chefoo Convention (1876) that British merchants might reside there as soon as steamers gained access to the port. Mr. Little established himself there, however, in 1887, and induced a few friends to join him in building a stern-wheel steamer with which he hoped to pioneer the ascent of the rapids. The *Kuling* was, however, before her time. The Convention which declared Chungking open provided that traffic should be carried on in Chinese-built boats, and that only when Chinese steamers should convey cargo to Chungking and back might British steamers proceed there on the same footing. The Chinese authorities—technically justified by this clause—refused to allow the experiment, and he was compelled to sell the *Kuling* to the China Merchants S.N. Co., by whom she is, I believe, still run successfully on the lower Yangtze.

The Treaty of Shimonoseki between China and Japan swept away these restrictions, and Mr. Little—ambitious to be the first to take a British steamer up the rapids—designed and built, entirely out of his own resources, the little steam yacht *Lee-chuen*, with which (accompanied by Mrs. Little, but acting as his own captain and engineer), he set out from Shanghai in January, 1898, to make the attempt. The *Lee-chuen's* power was insufficient to enable her to surmount the worst rapids without tracking; but he got through, and received a cordial welcome on reaching Chungking. The achievement encouraged certain of his friends to join him in building a more powerful steamer, which was manufactured (if we may use the term) in England, but sent out and put together in Shanghai. The *Pioneer* was a distinct success, but Mr. Little had only made one trip in her, between Ichang and Chungking (A.D. 1900), when the Boxer troubles led to her being taken up by H.M. Government to bring down British subjects who were held to be in jeopardy in the remote regions of the Upper Yangtse; and how effectually she served the purpose may be judged from the fact that she arrived at Ichang with ninety-seven European and sixty Chinese passengers on board. She was soon after purchased, armed, manned with bluejackets, and is plying still on those waters as H.M. gunboat *Kinsha*.

It was while engaged in his earlier trips on the Upper Yangtse that Mr. Little collected material for the interesting book (published in 1888) entitled *Through the Yangtse Gorges*, which established his reputation as a graphic and sympathetic writer on China. This was followed some years later (1901) by *Mount Omi and Beyond*, which introduced us to the little-known region of Szechuan on the Thibetan Border and to a phase of Chinese life, untouched as yet by foreign intercourse, which his linguistic acquirements and experience enabled him to depict with the perception and sense of humour that had delighted his readers in the previous work.

Mrs. Little was his companion also on this journey ; and "*Mount Omi*" is embellished by excellent photographs taken by her under frequently difficult conditions. Mr. Little's *magnum opus*, however, though like other similar *opera* less familiarly known than his books of travel, is the descriptive work on the geography and geology of the *Far East* undertaken in connection with "The Regions of the World" series published at Oxford under the direction of Mr. Mackinder. It is upon this work—written, as he says in the preface, literally in intervals of business, but with the advantages of travel and local observation—that his friends would be content, probably, that his reputation as a scholar should rest. When it was published (in 1905) he was nearing the end of his career, though few who met him during his stay in England at that time would have anticipated that the final visit to China which he was contemplating would so fatally exhaust vitality which had, it is to be feared, been heavily drawn upon by earlier experiences. He returned to England in broken health, in 1907, and retire^d shortly to Falmouth, in the hope that rest and the mild air of the West country would enable him to resume the active work which he desired. The limit had, however, been passed. He retained hope and interest in affairs till nearly the end, but it was evident in the autumn of 1908, that the end was near ; and it came, on November 5, peacefully as his friends would wish.

He had looked forward, among other projects, to preparing for publication the essays which have been collected in the present volume ; and no one can be more conscious than those who have set themselves to carry out his purpose, how much its execution has suffered from the want of his guidance.

The essays are varied in topic and character, and varied they must have remained ; but he would have been able to avert some repetitions and to impart, perhaps, a certain coherence to chapters dealing with kindred topics and regions. By no one but the author, however,

can such a task be safely undertaken, especially where full knowledge and ripe judgment have inspired the original page. There is risk, even in a touch, of marring or distorting the thought; so the papers have been reprinted practically as he left them—to speak for themselves.

Mrs. Little published separately, a few months ago, a description, written by him at the time, of a journey "Across Yunnan" which came with peculiar appropriateness in view of the recent opening of the French Yunnan-Tongking railway. Here, in the following pages, are further descriptions of the picturesque West country which he made so peculiarly his own—supplemented by reflections on its natural resources and commercial possibilities, and on the misgovernment which stunts its development and depresses the condition of the people. Peculiarly illustrative, too, of his familiarity with the people and their language, is his essay on the Chinese drama and its instructive value for the people, who subscribe to pay for performances that teach them historical lore from which he derived instruction in turn. Interesting and instructive also, are the hitherto unpublished chapters on Missionaries and Confucianism, which measurably complement each other and bear testimony to his faculty of sympathetic insight.

It is possible that he might, in course of revision, have modified the expression of his views on specific points; but a recollection of frequent conversations and intimate intercourse during his stay in England in 1905, convinces me that they were broadly unchanged. Nor was a mind that could evolve the poem—if it may be so characterised—written "In a Buddhist Monastery" one likely or liable to change. Inspired by high thought and large tolerance, those lines are the expression, obviously, of a reflective and philosophical mind—a mind which had arrived at conclusions by observation and through knowledge, and singularly qualified, therefore, to compose such a legend—I had almost written epitaph—as the Abbot

desired to have inscribed on stone, in his monastery, as a record of their conversation.

There is in it, too, a tinge of the dreaminess which was, to his intimates, a lovable feature—some might call it a weakness—of Archibald Little's character. It is a quality which helped him, no doubt, to sympathise with and conciliate the confidence of the Chinese people; for he comprehended their joys and sorrows and appreciated their good qualities as keenly as he criticises the shortcomings of their rulers. It was this perception—added of course to his familiarity with the language—that opened to him sources of information, in literature and conversation, which enabled him to add so many interesting touches to the descriptions of travel in which he excels.

There is, naturally—the admission may be emphasised—occasional repetition and some little overlapping in papers written independently, at intervals more or less long. But it was more than difficult, as I have already remarked, to eliminate without weakening; and stress is laid on the fact that each essay—almost each chapter—is a separate production, in order to ask that the book be regarded as the collection of "Gleanings" which it professes to be. As such, they will, it is believed, be welcomed by all who were interested in his previous writings. For there are, here, the same characteristics of knowledge and perception—the same capacity for insight and sympathetic appreciation that inspired his more finished works—priceless qualifications, rarely combined, for describing a little-known region and, despite much voluminous writing, a little-understood government and people.

Official recognition and distinctions have often been awarded for achievements and services less than Archibald Little was able to render—for it was the expansion of British trade and the honour of the British name, rather than personal profit, that he kept in view. But he lived and died without any such mark of honour. His friends may in some sense regret the omission; but no man needed or coveted titles or decorations less.

EDITORIAL NOTE

ARCHIBALD LITTLE was a man of marked individuality and force of character. The eldest son of a physician, whose name is still honoured throughout Europe and America for his original work in certain branches of surgery and pathology, he was born in the city of London in 1838. After a few years at Saint Paul's School, he had the good fortune to be rescued from the purely classical education to which all public schools then condemned their scholars, and was sent when fourteen years old to Berlin. There he not only learnt German thoroughly, but also received a sound general education and acquired methodical habits which stood him in good stead all his life.

During the close on fifty years spent in China, varied by frequent visits to England, the following pages were written. The two Plays have not before been published, nor two other chapters, that on *Missionaries*, and the other largely dealing with the same subject, but entitled *Confucianism*. Of the others several have appeared in the *North-China Herald* and other periodicals in China, whilst *Western China*, *Ex Oriente Lux*, *Two Cities*, *The Value of Tibet*, *The Partition of China*, *The Dangers of the Upper Yangtse*, and *The Chinese Drama* have appeared respectively in the *Quarterly* and *North American Reviews*, the *Fortnightly*, *Spectator*, *Asiatic Quarterly*, *Geographical Journal* and *Nineteenth Century*. To the Editors of all these periodicals I tender hearty thanks for the permission so cordially given to reproduce them, and for the kind help they afforded me in tracing them. To some it may seem lowering the writer's literary reputation to include the

earlier papers, *Yachting in the Chusan Archipelago* and the *Retrospect of Events in China for the year 1873*, but to this day I have come across no other account of that Archipelago, and the lighthearted enjoyment of this paper, together with its keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature, made me unwilling to set it aside; while the latter article may easily be useful to those compilers of books who seek contemporary light upon past events, shewing also such a determined effort to do the very best for his Society as characterised Archibald Little to the last, when, although already too ill for the effort, he wrote the chapter on *Confucianism* that concludes the volume, to help a cousin charged with providing a paper on the subject for a clerical society.

Borrowing Boots, the ancient Chinese farce, translated for home acting in 1880, and in later years once performed at the Queen's Hall for the benefit of the Anti-Footbinding Society of China, well illustrates the article written years afterwards for the *Nineteenth Century*, and both that and the other translation, *The Rat's Complaint*, originally issued by Mr. Hasegawa, of Tokyo, in a highly illustrated edition on crêpe paper, cast much light upon Chinese manners and customs, as may also be said of *Plot and Counterplot*, an attempt at producing an original play in the Chinese style, when his mind was already saturated with Chinese lore. Reviewers may object to the varied nature of the contents of this volume. In truth it was hard to hit upon any subject in which the author was not vividly interested, and thus in the loneliness of life up country in China he would be absorbed first in one subject, then in another; at one time hoping to establish steam communication with the West of China—which has never ceased since he led the way in his own little steamer, *Lee-chuen*; at another discovering a coal mine, and hoping almost to the last to get it worked as a model business and great regenerating centre, where men should be paid for their business work, and, if they could, purify and elevate the people around them; without

any thought of salaries therefor, as also without any interferences from home Mission Boards—generally quite incapable of appreciating either the conditions of the workers in China or of those worked for.

The writer's life, during the twenty-two years that it was shared by me, was beset with troubles and anxieties; to some indeed it may seem a long series of disappointments, even of failures. But he was the first to run steamers between Hankow and Ichang in winter, and the first to put a steamer upon the waters of the Upper Yangtse, thus opening out this long stretch of inland navigation and adding immensely to the amenities as also to the safety of residence in the Far West of China; he discovered, obtained a concession for and worked for a while the best coal-mine in the world after Cardiff, until petty and faithless obstruction on the part of the Chinese Government made it impossible to continue. He would never carry on business in any but the very best articles, and that he succeeded in this was shewn by the constant counterfeiting of his trade mark in later years.

The general anti-footbinding movement of China owed its inception to him. He had grieved over the agonies of footbinding, years before I ever saw China. He inspired and stimulated all my hesitating efforts; he first suggested my interviewing Chinese Viceroy's on the subject, then facilitated the interviews and always readily spared me for any work the movement entailed. Indeed, from the moment I became his wife, he always insisted that I must fear nothing, neither danger nor fatigue, whilst by his side, never finding fault with, but always applauding every humblest effort. Can we any of us do more for one another?

His books speak for themselves. Future writers may improve upon *The Far East*, here a little and there a little; no other man could probably have written the original book when he did, shewing how the history of the Far East had been influenced by its geography and geology as was the method of Mr. Mackinder's *Kingdoms*

of the World series. *The Yangtse Gorges* is still the standard work upon the subject, and *Mount Omi and Beyond* one of the most delightful books of travel. If *Across Yunnan* is less so, it is from missing the author's final touches and additions. They are the full-eared sheaves garnered into volumes. These pages are the gleanings from a long life spent with Chinese among Chinese, a life that to the last he said had been a happy life, nothing to complain of, and very much to enjoy. Even at seventy he retained the hopeful, joyous character of the boy, to the last guileless and unsuspecting, though with the added kindness of years. The lack of his intellectual and always inspiring companionship has made it all the greater effort to collect these pages and write these few lines.

A. E. N. L.

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GLEANINGS FROM FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA

Part I: Trade and Politics

WESTERN CHINA: ITS PRODUCTS AND TRADE

WESTERN China is no longer the *terra incognita* from which, until quite recently, rare travellers alone lifted the veil at long intervals, to be followed by relapses into absolute seclusion. Since the outbreak of the great Mahometan revolt in 1856, and the subsequent establishment of a Panthay Sultan in Ta-li-fu, up to the present day, public attention has been increasingly directed to this region, until now an extensive literature has grown up around it. Its latent resources and its actual trade not seldom form the theme of economists and newswriters, while the interest felt in the great Chinese race is now so general, that no apology is any longer needed for approaching what was once a recondite subject, and for presenting to the general reader fresh pictures of the varied regions that go to make up the Empire of China. If it cannot be said literally of a lady of fashion of our day, as was said in Juvenal's Rome,—

“ Hæc eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
Quid Seres quid Thraces agant,”

at least the spirit of enquiry is abroad, and the metropolis of the modern world is as anxious for news from beyond the pale of European civilisation as it is dependent upon these outlying regions for the daily supply of its material wants. China alone rivals the wide British dominion in

populousness and in the industry and activity of its inhabitants, and every step that brings us nearer together is deserving of careful record and attention. Progress in this direction is necessarily slow, but so far it has been persistent. We cannot force the ultra-conservatism of the Chinese with a rush ; we must make up our minds to a long siege, and be content to sit down before the walls watching for every opportunity, and not failing to make the most of each one as it occurs. China holds geographically a position on the Eurasian Continent analogous to that of the United States on the American Continent, while in actual area and in the extent of her natural resources she even exceeds the possibilities of the Great Republic. But her resources lie largely undeveloped, and her means of intercommunication are still lamentably deficient. With continued peace, and a consequent growth of confidence in the goodwill and in the aims of the European nations that now touch her frontiers, and with whom she has only so recently become acquainted, we may expect many changes in advance in the coming generation. What has been done in this respect in the past generation many writers have tried to describe to us.

Of the eighteen provinces of China proper, Szechuan is the largest and the finest, and, until quite recently, was that least known to Europeans. Marco Polo was the first traveller who gave any description of Western China to the outside world, but his memoirs lay practically dormant and discredited until resuscitated, only a few years back, in the admirable edition of his travels published by the late Colonel Yule. The story of the adventurous journey of the Abbé Huc and Father Gabet in 1844 across China to Lhasa was the next to tell us of the richness and beauty of this distant land. In 1861, Captain Blakiston, in his attempted expedition from Shanghai to Tibet, traversed the province of Szechuan as far west as Ping-shan, the head of navigation on the Upper Yangtse, and incidentally gave us a peep into the wealth and populousness of the West. The late T. T.

Cooper followed a few years later over the same ground, and, though foiled in his endeavour to get beyond Bathang, he has left us an amusing picture of the people in his *Pioneer in Pigtails and Petticoats*. The expedition of Margary in 1875 may, however, be said to mark the era of the real commencement of a practical interest in this region, and the rise of a sustained endeavour to render it available as a field for European enterprise. In that year the Indian Government, in a laudable anxiety to open up a trade route through Burmah to South-Western China, despatched an expedition, under Colonel Horace Browne, to proceed *via* Bhamo to Yunnan-fu.

Margary, an officer in the British Consular service in China, was deputed to meet the expedition from the China side, and to act as its interpreter, and guide it across the frontier. He proceeded through the province of Yunnan in safety, and met Colonel Browne at his halt in the wild Kakhyen country, midway between Bhamo and Ta-li-fu, but on returning to China to announce the advent of the expedition he was foully murdered at a place called Momein or Têng-yueh-chow, a town situated on the head waters of the Salween, some distance within the Yunnan frontier. The fact of his having been murdered by Chinese soldiers,—stabbed in the back without any quarrel or fracas,—coupled with that of the hostile attack by well-armed Kakhyens and Chinese the following day on Colonel Browne's party, which was only saved from total destruction by the determined stand made by his Sikh guard, leaves little doubt that the Chinese Government instigated the opposition, leaving the local authorities to devise the means. This is an old story in our intercourse with the Chinese. The Central Government, driven into a corner, gives a reluctant assent to the general proposition, and then sets to work to defeat its consequences in detail. And in this case, as in many others, the tortuous policy has succeeded. Although Bhamo has since fallen into our possession by the conquest of Upper Burmah, and

the British Indian frontier now marches coterminous with the Chinese, no further steps to improve this route have yet been taken.

The investigation into the facts of Margary's murder was undertaken by Messrs. Grosvenor and Baber, who, in accordance with the agreement entered into by our Minister in Peking with the Chinese Government, were ordered to make inquiries on the spot. This expedition gave us further valuable knowledge of the country in their journals and in the Blue-books which resulted, while leaving little doubt that the murder was the result of an atrocious plot on the part of the Yunnan Viceroy. The demand of our Government for redress ended in a meeting to discuss the matter, held in Chefoo, between Sir Thomas Wade and the trusted counsellor and envoy of the Chinese Government, Li Hung-chang. The representative of the British Government, fortified by the report of the Grosvenor Commission of Enquiry, originally demanded an examination into the conduct of the Yunnan Viceroy, Tsên Yü-ying, in whose jurisdiction the murder had been committed, but he ultimately yielded to the representations of Li as to the impossibility of the Chinese Government putting a Viceroy on his trial, and accepted the compromise known as the Chefoo Convention. By this Convention, which was signed at Chefoo in the summer of 1876, the Chinese paid 10,000*l.* blood money to the relatives of the murdered consular agent, and agreed to open five new ports to foreign trade, of which Pakhoi on the west coast of Kwangtung, Wen-chow in ~~Fu-kien~~ ^{Yunnan}, with Wu-hu and I-chang on the Yangtse river, were opened unconditionally. Not one of these ports has, so far, justified by its trade the maintenance of the Consul which its opening to British residents has been held to necessitate. The last concession, and in our opinion the only valuable one of the whole, was the opening of Chungking *as soon as it should have been proved accessible to steamers*. This most unfortunate "condition precedent" robbed the only real equivalent, offered for

our abandonment of the demand that Margary's murderers should be brought to trial, of half its value, while it opened the door to that endless quibbling in which Chinese diplomatists are past masters.

Such as it was, the convention was signed. The fleet that had been sent north, threatening the Chinese with reprisals should they persist in their refusal to punish Margary's murderers, was withdrawn, and in due course the new ports were opened. So insignificant are the regions which they serve, that, up to the date of writing these pages, these four new ports combined only give occupation to five resident European merchants, and of these five three are Germans. Little attention was paid to Chungking, the "condition precedent" being considered too onerous and too risky for any prudent merchant to run. In order to be allowed eventually to settle in the port, he must first build a steamer fit to navigate the rapids, then get permission for her to run, and if he succeeded in getting up to Chungking and back without mishap, he would still have to wait an indefinite time for the practical result. For thus ran the wording of this celebrated negatively-worded convention:—

"British merchants will not be allowed to reside in Chungking or to open establishments or warehouses there so long as no steamers have access to the port. When steamers have succeeded in ascending the river so far, further arrangements can be taken into consideration."

But what if he lost his steamer in the first attempt? The Chinese might easily assert that this fact proved the river not to be navigable, and so endeavour to dispose of the question once for all. Even if, backed up by a minister in Peking, of more energy and determination than falls to the share of the average official, he should succeed in obtaining permission to make a second, or a series of attempts, where was the man of business possessed of the inexhaustible resources that might be needed? In this way Chungking was forgotten, and the Convention generally regarded as one more of the many sham triumphs of

a diplomacy content to rest on the practical successes of a past and more vigorous generation. At length, in 1883, I made a journey up to Chungking, subsequently described in *Through the Yangtse Gorges*, and was so much impressed with the capabilities of the region that on my return I set to work to get it opened up. A preliminary application for permission for a steamer to run, made at my request to the Tsung-li Yamen by the then British Chargé-d'affaires in Peking, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, produced a favourable although somewhat indefinite reply. I felt, however, so far encouraged to proceed that, failing to find the required support in China, I came to England in 1885 in the hope of arousing public interest here. For, strange as it may seem, European residents in China are somewhat sceptical of the benefits derivable from new ports. They are not unnaturally wholly absorbed in their own special business, in which too, as a rule, all their available capital is engaged. A new port in their neighbourhood takes away some business from the old-established firms at the existing ports, and often compels them in self-defence to incur the expense, risk, and labour of establishing a branch at the rival *entrepôt*. Although there is indisputable evidence that the general trade between Great Britain, her colonies, and China, besides the profits in the new carrying trade thereby opened up to British vessels, is largely increased by the admission of new regions to the rank of a privileged "treaty port"; yet much of the produce, that formerly came to the old port, may now find its way to the new, while native buyers, if they find their wants supplied nearer home, will cease to make the more distant journey to the original mart. Hence the lack of enthusiasm in progress in China on the part of those supposed to be most interested, which is a surprise at first until we remember how strong is the conservatism of vested interests, with their rooted antipathy to any change that may disturb them.

But here in Britain the case stands differently: Manchester cares not whom she sells to, and the more

marts are open to her wares, the more she rejoices ; Glasgow, too, finds, in new ports, new routes for her steamers and new openings for her indefatigable citizens. And it was in these centres of our trade that was found the main support of the scheme. A small company was formed, entitled the Upper Yangtse Steam Navigation Company, which in 1887 despatched from the Clyde their pioneer steamer the *Kuling*, a sternwheeler designed to navigate the rapids above Ichang, and so open out the road to Chungking. But after returning to China the real difficulties commenced. Whether the Tsung-li Yamen, or Chinese office for foreign affairs, felt themselves entrapped into their original assent by Mr. O'Connor and so determined to back out of it at all hazards, or whether they really feared the resistance of the local authorities to the carrying out of the Chefoo Convention as far as Chungking was concerned, it is needless to decide. Suffice it to say, from the day of the arrival of the steamer in Ichang, February, 1888, to the day of her sale to the Chinese Customs in December, 1889, the Chinese authorities, both central and local, exerted every artifice for delay that a crafty people could devise, or a British Minister over anxious to stand well in their good graces would submit to. We were referred about from Peking to Ichang and back again without being able to get possession of the repeatedly promised permit to run. It was granted at last in Peking, subject to confirmation by the local officials, with whom it seemed that now nothing further remained to be done but to draw up simple rules for the navigation, for which ostensible purpose, certain "Wei-yuen," or deputies, were sent to meet and arrange with the British Consul and myself at Ichang in the early part of the year 1889, and there to hand over formally the hitherto intangible document which, it was alleged in Peking, had already been despatched to Ichang for that purpose.

The Central Government had already exhausted their reasons why the steamer should not be allowed to run.

Despatch after despatch had detailed to the British Minister the impediments that would inevitably be met with, and for which the Tsung-li Yamen protested in advance that they would not be held responsible. The dangers besetting the path of an explorer upon the 450 miles which separate the haven of Ichang from the goal, Chungking, were depicted in most forbidding language. Not alone the irate junkmen and trackers would sink the steamer by collisions, but the monkeys, on their precipices in the long gorges, would resent the intrusion of the strange apparition into their domain by hurling down rocks on her devoted decks. All these the Chinese Government expressed themselves powerless to control. Now that the "Deputies," or High Commissioners, had arrived in Ichang, professedly to make arrangements for the coming voyage of the *Kuling*, they put forward the danger to the junks as the chief obstacle, and proposed all kinds of impossible rules, evidently with the sole object of procuring delay. In order to remove all pretext for further delay, we offered to pay the value of all junks the steamer might run down, whether the steamer were in the right or in the wrong, and to enter into a bond giving security for the payment of such sums as might be adjudicated as due to the sufferers by collision both in life and property. This offer was telegraphed to Peking, but without result. The Chinese had determined the steamer should not go; and when one pretext after another was set aside, they finally avowed that the Government would not permit steamers and junks to navigate the river simultaneously. Their final condition was that two days in each month should be set aside for the steamer's exclusive use of the river, during which days the junks should be tied up to the bank. This preposterous clause would have made of a run to Chungking a three months' voyage at least. Though seriously put forward, it was, of course, never meant to be accepted seriously. In short, the proposal was so absurd that it had the desired effect of breaking off the negotiations in Ichang, and thus, after

three months wasted, the farce of the Ichang Convention, so called, came to an end. The British Minister in Peking, Sir John Walsham, refused to give the Chinese notice that after a certain date he should authorise the steamer to start and that he looked to the authorities to see that she was not molested. This simple course which would most certainly have been adopted a generation back, and which was strongly pressed upon the Minister, appeared not to be in accordance with modern diplomatic ideas, and the opportunity was lost. For the more our diplomatists get involved in correspondence with an astute people like the Chinese, the more hopeless does their position become.

At last the Chinese proposed to secure themselves a respite by purchasing the *corpus delicti* of the diplomatic struggle, and so temporarily putting an end to it. This solution was eagerly seized upon on all sides. It conceded no principle; it was a purely private transaction, and it gave everybody a breathing time after a wrangle in which all concerned were worn out. Thus the proverbial patience of the Chinese triumphed over the impatience of the barbarian, and the tortoise once more got the better of the hare. The legation officials in Peking were sick of the whole business after the *impasse* they had arrived at, and the shareholders in the steamer had reached the end of their resources. The abortive congress of Chinese and British officials, at Ichang, broke up in May, 1889, and in December of that year the steamer *Kuling* finally changed hands; the interval having been occupied in vain attempts, by the British Minister in Peking, to obtain a serious reply to his repeated request that the *Kuling* should be allowed to run. Lord Salisbury, we are told, pressed the Chinese to fulfill the convention of 1876 with persistent vigour, and did not fail to urge our Minister in China to bring matters to a conclusion. But the Chinese are past masters in the diplomatic art, and instantly perceive how far an antagonist is likely to push matters. Having found that we are no longer likely, as in the old

days, to push matters to extremes in case of refusal, they now, when an unpalatable concession is demanded, take refuge in a *non possumus* and in absolutely shameless procrastination. They had pursued this policy in the Tibetan Question for years successfully, and they did the same in this Upper Yangtse business. So, when the offer for the steamer was telegraphed to London to the owners, we hear that the Foreign Office, who were, of course, informed of the offer and consulted on the matter, decidedly approved of its being accepted, believing that negotiations would go on more expeditiously with the steamer out of the way. And, in truth, no sooner was the steamer gone, than a counter-proposition appears to have been put forth by the Chinese—on the one hand, to open the port of Chungking at once, without waiting for the proof of the navigability of the river, which was the “condition precedent” set forth in the ambiguous Chefoo Convention; while, on the other hand, access to the long-sought goal was denied to British steamers until the Chinese themselves had led the way. An immediate advantage, in the admission of foreign goods into Szechuan upon payment of one import duty in Shanghai, was conceded, while the implied right to run steamers forthwith through to Chungking was withdrawn.

These terms having been accepted by our Government, it remained then to be seen how long it would be before Chinese steamers commenced to run. In the meantime, the admission of Chungking to the rank of a “Treaty Port” undoubtedly led to a considerable increase in the consumption of British manufactures in Szechuan and Western China, as a result of the abolition of all intervening transit dues from the coast; but for the further cheapening of the cost resulting from the substitution of steam- for man-power, we had still to wait till the Japanese cleared the way for themselves and other nations by their war with China. The thin end of the wedge had however been inserted, and, from this time on, we expected to see the revivifying effect of foreign intercourse as potent

in Western China as it had been on the eastern seaboard. There, as in all regions where Chinese come under our rule or influence, wages advance, and the people are better housed and clad, while a general air of prosperous activity prevails. But away from this influence, alike in Peking, the capital in the far north, and in Yunnan, the province bordering on our Burmese possessions, stagnation and decay fill the traveller with pity and bewilderment.

All travellers through this region are unanimous on two points: one, the richness of the resources and the natural wealth of Western China; the other, the rudimentary condition of its material development, and the (shall we say—consequent?) deep poverty of the greater number of its inhabitants. Taking Western, or rather South-Western, China as consisting of the three provinces of Szechuan, Kweichow, and Yunnan, we find it comprises an area of 340,000 square miles, or about 20,000 square miles more than the combined area of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. Its aggregate population is estimated at about 80,000,000, or much the same number as find subsistence over the corresponding area in Europe. But in China the bulk of this population is concentrated in the fertile lowlands of Eastern Szechuan, which province appears to be hopelessly congested with a population of sixty odd millions; while the two provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan are credited with barely twenty millions between them. The much-needed migration does go forward to a small extent; but it is hindered by the want of roads, and the reluctance of the Government to facilitate mining enterprise, except when organised as a purely official undertaking. Hence the settlement of these two provinces, which have been largely cleared of their original inhabitants during the past two decades, proceeds but slowly.

The causes of these clearances were: the well-known Panthay rebellion in Yunnan, which resulted in the practical extermination of its Mussulman population; and the insubordination of the "Miao-tse," the aboriginal

population of Kweichow, which has led to their being mostly killed off from the northern half of the province ; scattered remnants having alone escaped to the more inaccessible regions in the south. These interesting and by no means uncivilised peoples seem, like their Mahomedan fellow-subjects in Yunnan, to have been goaded into rebellion by the exactions and breaches of faith practised upon them by the provincial officials. These men, whose aim, with a few honourable exceptions, is simply to pass their three years' term of office in peace and quietness, while amassing as much wealth as can be squeezed out of their district in this limited period, are merciless in the face of any opposition on the part of the people. Held responsible for results, and at a distance which takes months for a despatch to the Central Government to cover, the means are their own affair ; and as a local Viceroy had, until quite recently, but a very limited amount of physical force at his back, he felt obliged to maintain his prestige by severity, and to crush ruthlessly disaffection in the bud—a policy usually successful. But the present instances formed exceptions to the rule ; and the knowledge that no quarter would be given, compelled the unfortunate Mahomedans to fight out the struggle to the bitter end. The final catastrophe was the surrender of Ta-li-fu, then the Panthay capital, and consequent extermination of its inhabitants, men, women and children alike, by the sword and by drowning in its lovely lake. General 'Yang,' who commanded the Imperial forces at the time, was said to have amassed six million taels—about a million and a quarter sterling—for his own share of the plunder ; and we well remember meeting the ruffian, who was returning home by the *Messageries* coasting steamer with six wives, laid out on the cabin table being shampooed by two of them.

Consul Rocher, the French representative at Mengtse, in Yunnan (a town adjoining the Tongking border), and who was formerly for many years in the Chinese Customs service, gives a graphic account of this terrible massacre

in *La Province Chinoise du Yunnan*. M. Rocher was sent to deliver in Yunnan the arms of precision and the European cannon which alone enabled the mandarins to prevail in the end. He thus describes the outbreak of the conflict in 1856 :—

“ This new massacre of St. Bartholomew, so anxiously looked for by the anti-Mahommedan coalition, was at length carried out on the 19th of May, 1856—at least, this was the beginning. Bands of marauders, levied and subsidised by the mandarins, entered upon the campaign, supported by a number of the populace attracted by the prospect of plunder. Notwithstanding that the Mahommedans had been forewarned, few of them took any precautions : they had allowed themselves to be lulled into a false sense of security, in the belief that their friends and neighbours of the day before could not possibly become, all of a sudden and with no apparent motive, their murderers the day after. Meanwhile the people, worked up by the authorities and egged on by promises of booty, became lost to all sense of duty, and threw themselves upon innocent families with that savage fanaticism of which one sees but too many instances in wars of religion in all countries. In regions where their numbers were few, the Mahommedans were cut down without mercy ; in other places, where resistance was attempted, they succumbed to numbers, and the remnant, utterly without resources, set fire to their homes and fled. Old men and children, incapacitated from flight, found no mercy at the hands of their executioners, and the young women whose lives were spared were only reserved to be the victims of worse brutalities.”

and its termination in 1873 :—

“ The Fu-tai (Governor of the Province) made use of the pretext of celebrating the deliverance of the city (Ta-li) to invite all the Mussulman chiefs to a grand banquet ; those who had openly fought against the capitulation suspected a trap, while the prime movers in the surrender, who had been loaded with honours by the Imperial authorities, looked upon the invitation as nothing more than an obligatory ceremony. Yang Yü-ko, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, alleged illness as an excuse for not being present, and sent one of his lieutenants in his place. The invited guests duly made their appearance, and were cordially received by the Governor ; but when the time came for adjourning to the dining-hall, they were seized by soldiers posted in readiness at the doors, and in less than a minute seventeen heads rolled on the floor. Thereupon the Governor ordered a salute of six guns, the preconcerted signal for the commencement of the massacre in the town. It was the eleventh day of the occupation. What followed is indescribable. The soldiers pitilessly set themselves to massacre their hosts, whose hospitality they were enjoying ;

and the population, who had flattered themselves that all fighting was over, found themselves taken by surprise, and never attempted any resistance. After three days of this inhuman butchery, the city of Ta-li and its environs presented a heartrending spectacle: out of 50,000 inhabitants, over 30,000 had perished in these ill-fated days, the survivors being totally dispersed. To show that there was nothing more to be feared from the rebellion, at the termination of the massacre the Governor despatched to the capital twenty-four large hampers, making twelve mule-loads, of human ears, sewn together in pairs. This trophy of the capture of Ta-li-fu was there exposed to the public gaze, along with the seventeen heads of the murdered chiefs."

This final scene reminds us of the analogous piece of treachery perpetrated by Li Hung-chang, afterwards so well known as the Viceroy of Chihli, when, in 1863, the Taiping Wangs, having surrendered their strong fortress of Soochow upon the personal promise of Gordon, that their lives should be spared, were invited by Li to a feast where they were all ruthlessly massacred, Li posing in popular estimation as the hero of the rebellion from that time forth. It is difficult to imagine the ordinarily quiet, effeminate-looking Chinaman capable of the savage atrocities in which he seems to revel when once his blood is roused.

Mr. Davenport, in his Consular report, also tells us of Yunnan:—

"I have already described the fearful depopulation of this province, and which invariably accompanies a civil war in this country. The Imperialist soldiers seem to be seized with a kind of frenzy after an action, when nothing less than the destruction of all destructible property, and the slaughter of old men, women, and children, will suffice to satisfy their "intense hatred and animosity," to use the exculpatory language of their commanders. During a short rebellion, such as visited the neighbouring province of Szechuan, the great bulk of the people are enabled, especially in a mountainous district, to seek shelter from the soldiery, and a few years after the termination of the struggle the gap in the population is filled up. In Yunnan, however, the war lasted for eighteen years, many towns were taken and retaken upwards of ten times, while during this long period the people who had taken refuge in the mountains, being unable to cultivate the irrigated bottom lands, died of starvation or its accompanying diseases. . .

"At the census of 1812, the population was estimated at 5,561,320, and the following forty years of peace probably brought

the numbers up to 8,000,000. The decrease from 8,000,000 to 1,000,000 will astonish none, who have had the opportunity of seeing the country on the sea-board, before and after it was devastated by the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. As to recovery, the very few officials in the province, who seemed to take an interest in the matter, were of opinion that the only possible means was to institute a compulsory immigration of the surplus population of Szechuan, under the management of the Chinese Government. The Chinese are very willing emigrants, even in opposition to the laws of their Empire, to any country under foreign rule where labour is well paid for, and their lives and property, as a general rule, fairly protected; but inside the Great Wall they are very unwilling to change their habitat. In Yunnan, in particular, beside the usual dread of the authorities and the supposed ferocity of the natives of a strange province, they complain that, owing to want of roads and feasible transportation, rice and everything else they could produce would be of no appreciable value."

Messrs. Davenport, Hosie, and Rocher all describe the vast extent of terraced hills and of irrigation works, now abandoned, that cover the whole face of the province, as well as the seemingly ubiquitous mines of gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, zinc, and copper, besides jade, amber, sapphires, lapis-lazuli, turquoises, and agates. Mr. Davenport winds up by saying, "In short, a volume would be required to point out all the mineral wealth of this richly endowed province."

The province of Szechuan, literally "Four streams," or, as the ideographic characters may be freely rendered, "gridironed by streams," is well named. Szechuan is a grand natural basin, watered through a thousand channels by the perennial streams that flow from the lofty Tibetan mountains on its western frontier. Artificially increased and regulated in the plain of Chêng-tu, which thus rejoices in the most perfect system of irrigation in China, one group of these streams goes to form the Min-kiang, or left fork of the great Yangtsé river, which after uniting with the Kin-sha Kiang (Gold-dust river) from farther west washes the walls of Chungking in a mighty stream 800 yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Other streams from the north unite in the navigable Kia-ling Kiang, which joins the Yangtse at Chungking, the two streams being there divided by the rocky peninsula

on which this celebrated city stands. Rain falls almost daily in this favoured province, and the land being high the floods which curse the Yangtse's lower course are there unknown, though navigation is not seldom arrested for a time by the conversion of the Szechuan streams into raging torrents by the summer rains. The climate is damp and warm, eminently beneficial to vegetation, but less healthy for man than the drier regions to the north and south. A belt of cloud and fog, through which the sun's rays pierce intermittently, but with great force; envelops the province during a great portion of the year.

Yunnan, which enjoys a bright and more bracing climate, although in a lower latitude, means literally "south of the clouds," thus indicating the misty character of the northern province. Yunnan, though lying between the 22nd and 28th parallels, is, owing to the average elevation of its valleys being some 5,000 feet above the sea, less oppressive, and at the same time less favourable to vegetation than the hothouse atmosphere of Szechuan, situated between the 28th and 33rd parallels of latitude, but on an average level of about 1000 feet only above the sea. And the vegetation of Szechuan sets off the picturesque rocky outline of its scenery to perfection. Outside the plain of Chêngtu, every stream and streamlet has worn its way through the soft red sandstone, and thus the rolling plateau of Eastern Szechuan is cut up by innumerable glens, each one of which, with its clothing of ferns and wild flowers on the ruddy background of rock, presents a succession of pictures for a landscape painter. Where the transverse ranges of limestone, which break through the sandstone in parallel ridges of about 2,000 feet altitude, trending generally N.E. and S.W., are cut through by the larger navigable rivers, we find true gorges with vertical cliffs and deep abyss-like bottoms. All the products of the sub-tropical regions there flourish to perfection with the exception of cotton, which is always at its best in plains by the sea. In addition to the staples of rice and wheat (this latter now largely supplanted by the

poppy) the land is gay with crops of beans, barley, maize, buckwheat, pulse, sorghum, ground-nuts, rape, sugar-cane, hemp, potatoes (sweet and ordinary), the tobacco plant, and the mulberry. A scientific rotation of crops, and the conscientious returning to the soil of the residue of all that is taken from it, explains the exceptional fertility. No sooner is one crop maturing than preparations are made for another, the new crop being often planted in the rows between the ripe crop yet unreaped. Groves of trees, evergreen and deciduous, surround the farmsteads which are here scattered all over the country at 100 or 200 yards' distance from each other, and are not so much grouped in villages for mutual protection as in the less favoured regions in the outer world beyond the mountains.

Unlike the Japanese, in this utilitarian land a thrifty people grow trees for profit rather than ornament, and except the banyans (Hoang-ko) round the numerous shrines and sheltering the interminable succession of tea and rest-houses which line the chief highways, the groves have all an industrial value. The bamboo, which is to the sub-tropical regions what the palm family is to the inhabitants of the tropics,—food, shelter, and raiment—frames every village prospect with its graceful feathery verdure. On the higher slopes stand glorious woods of walnut and chestnut, while the bottoms are lined with the bright green mulberry and the delicately tinted tallow tree. The wood-oil tree and the varnish-tree yield valuable products in universal demand for home consumption, and furnish a surplus for export as well.

Sericulture is universal in Szechuan, and all but the very poor dress in silk. Every household breeds its silkworms, which are fed not alone on the mulberry leaf but also on the leaves of the oak and of the *Cudrania triloba*: the women even go so far as to hatch the eggs in their bosoms.

The district of Ya-chow supplies Tibet with the greater part of its brick tea, the quantity sent by the road of Ta-chien-lu being valued at about £200,000 annually.

Another most interesting produce of these parts, and

which has been carefully examined into and minutely described by Mr. Hosie in his reports to the Foreign Office, is the insect wax—the *Pai-la* or white wax of commerce. The insect producing this wax is bred in a valley situated 5,000 feet above sea-level among the mountains in the south-west corner of Szechuan, which drive the Yangtse to make its great southern bend, in latitude 28°. The larvæ of this insect (*Coccus Pai-la* of Wedgewood) are here found on the large-leaved privet (*Ligustrum lucidum*) living in pea-shaped excrescences or scales: these are easily detachable, and in the end of April they are gathered from the trees and collected in the town of Teh-chang, situated in latitude 27° 24', on the right bank of the Anning river.

Mr. Hosie, in his *Three Years in Western China*, which will always be a valuable compendium for reference on the subject, goes on to tell us:—

“To this town (Teh-ch'ang) porters from Kia-ting annually resort in great numbers—in former years they are said to have numbered as many as 10,000—to carry the scales across the mountains to Kia-ting. The scales are made up into paper packets, each weighing about sixteen ounces, and a load usually consists of about sixty packets. Great care has to be taken in the transit of the scales. The porters between the Chien-ch'ang valley and Kia-ting travel only during the night, for at the season of transit the temperature is already high during the day, and would tend to the rapid development of the insects and their escape from the scales. At their resting-places, the porters open and spread out the packets in cool places. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, each packet, on arrival at Kia-ting, is found to be more than an ounce lighter than when it started from Chien-ch'ang. In years of plenty, a pound of scales laid down in Kia-ting costs about half-a-crown; but in years of scarcity, such as last year, when only a thousand loads are said to have reached Kia-ting from Chien-ch'ang, the price is doubled.

“In favourable years, a pound of Chien-ch'ang scales is calculated to produce from four to five pounds of wax; in bad years, little more than a pound may be expected, so that, taken as a whole, white-wax culture has in it a considerable element of risk.

“West from the right bank of the Min river, on which the city of Kia-ting lies, stretches a plain to the foot of the sacred O-mi range of mountains. This plain, which runs south to the left bank of the Ta-tu river, which forms the northern boundary of the Chien-ch'ang valley further west, is an immense rice-field, being

well watered by streams from the western mountains. Almost every plot of ground on this plain, as well as the bases of the mountains, are thickly edged with stumps, varying from three or four feet to a dozen feet in height, with numerous sprouts rising from their gnarled heads. These stumps resemble, at a distance, our own pollard willows. The leaves spring in pairs from the branches. They are light green, ovate, pointed, serrated, and deciduous. In June, 1884, when I visited this part of the country, some of the trees were bearing bunches apparently of fruit in small pods; but as no flowering specimens were then procurable, there still exists a little uncertainty as to this tree. I am informed, however, that it is, in all probability, the *Fraxinus Sinensis*, a species of ash. The tree is known to the Chinese as the *Pai-la shu* or "white-wax tree."

"The wax first appears as a white coating on the under sides of the boughs and twigs, and resembles very much sulphate of quinine, or a covering of snow. It gradually spreads over the whole branch, and attains, after three months, a thickness of about a quarter of an inch."

Mr. Hosie does not fully explain why the tree which produces the insect, and the tree upon which the insect deposits its wax, should not be cultivated in closer proximity. No other people but the Chinese would incur the labour and risk of transporting insects a distance of 200 miles on men's backs, and by night, for such an object. The melting-point of this insect wax being 160° Fahrenheit while the animal tallow melts at 95° , explains the great value placed upon this production in a land where (the treaty ports always excepted) gas and electric lighting are still for the most part unknown. The Chinese "dips," with their clumsy rush wicks, give little light, but they have one virtue, that they will burn in the open air without guttering, and it requires a gale to extinguish them. This virtue is due to their outer coating of insect wax, and accounts for its former value of £500 per ton. Of late years, however, the competition of cheap petroleum from America has largely reduced the consumption of candles in China; and where these were formerly burnt in every house, their use is now mainly confined to the handy varnished-paper lanterns, which the condition of Chinese streets renders absolutely indispensable to all, rich or poor, who venture out after dusk.

The price of insect wax has now fallen to £200 per ton, and the import into Shanghai from Szechuan last year was only 500 tons, valued at £100,000.

Fences are rare in China, and so valuable is the land in Szechuan that each farmer plants his ground close up to his neighbour's boundary, with no intervening division. The roads were all narrow enough when originally laid out, but we have seen, in places away from the main arteries of commerce, raised footpaths between the paddy fields cut down by the greed of the cultivators of the land adjoining to a width of five or six inches : and a considerable traffic was going on along these paths, even not excluding an occasional sedan chair. To protect their crops from the ravages of the passing pack animals, the farmers along the borders of the roads scatter feathers in amongst the growing plants. The Chinese agriculturist neglects nothing : of the poppy, which now apparently replaces all other winter crops, to quote from *Through the Yangtse Gorges* :—

“ If it were forbidden to collect the drug, his winter crop of poppy would still pay the farmer by its other products, such as the oil produced from the seed ; the lye, used in dyeing, produced from the ash of the stalk, and the heavy crop of leaves which goes to feed the pigs, which every Chinaman keeps. Nor, with the Chinese system of applying all the town manure to the fields, does the crop exhaust the ground or render the summer crop of maize any less prolific.”

We see that the Chinaman has long ago forestalled us in his attention to by-products, which in this country have only begun to be properly cared for quite recently. Britain would support double its present population upon our actual resources, if every inhabitant were as thrifty as are the Chinese, both rich and poor, and its agriculturists as well informed in their own special department and as minutely painstaking.

A very fine tobacco grows largely in Szechuan, where alone it is smoked in cigar form. The Ramie fibre is widely cultivated for the manufacture of grass-cloth, that indispensable material of the well-to-do Chinaman's

elegant and appropriate summer clothing, and the *Fatsia papyrifera* is planted for its pith, out of which deft Chinese fingers cut the thin sheets miscalled rice paper. Dye plants are less widely sown than formerly: the brilliant yet, at the same time, soothing colours of nature—safflower, indigo, madder—are giving place to the glaring products of chemical ingenuity. Aniline dyes are fast ruining Oriental art, and it is a question whether all the good we have given to Asia by our intercourse is not counterbalanced by the destruction of the old artistic feeling, which permeated all its productions, the commonest household utensil as well as the finest fabric, and the most precious “curio” of China and Japan.

Pisciculture has from time immemorial occupied the Chinese, and most successful they are in entrapping the spawn in the rivers in spring-time and transporting it to inland fish-ponds. In Hupeh in the month of May row upon row of fine meshed fishing nets stretched on small square bamboo frames are seen floating in the muddy stream of the Yangtse in which the ova collect: these are afterwards taken out and placed in large earthenware jars, and as soon as the shoals of minute young fish appear, they are transported to inland towns and villages for deposition in the local fish-ponds. On their long journey by land and water, often extending over several weeks, the fishlets are fed from time to time with yolk of egg. We have seen many of the final homes of these fish far away in the hill country, hundreds of miles from the river of their birth. In the enclosed courtyard, which forms the entrance of every decent house in China, a square stone-walled basin is let into the ground, atrium fashion, and in this the fish disport themselves ready to the hand of the cook, whose cheerful workshop frequently forms one side of the entrance yard. A small conduit of clear running water from the neighbouring mountain stream is conveyed into the basin under the enclosing wall at one corner and makes its exit by another. A small village is often composed of a double row of such

houses, each with its private reservoir served from the common stream. In Szechuan even the shallow stagnant water of the paddy-fields is utilised for pisciculture, and the land not only produces the Chinese staff of life, rice, but the staple next in importance in their diet, fish. In the early spring, reeds and rank grass are cut from the hill-sides, made up into bundles, then strung on bamboos and laid down in the shallow water in the Yangtse weighted with stones. Here the fish spawn and the ova adhere to the grass and reeds, which are then taken up and sown. The grass is afterwards scattered in the terraced fields, running water being carried down from field to field by small cuts in the dividing earth banks, each of which can be readily plugged with mud, and the circulation arrested or re-opened as occasion requires.

Salt, produced from brine evaporated over natural fire wells, silk, opium, and drugs, form the staple exports to the East. To quote again from *Through the Yangtse Gorges*, there is an "inexhaustible supply of drugs, huge junk-loads of which are despatched from Chungking throughout the season, to enrich the drug stores and destroy the stomachs of their customers, the dyspeptic well-to-do classes. The whole air of the principal street of Chungking is redolent with the heavy fragrance of Chinese medicines, a *mélange* apparently of rhubarb, liquorice-root, orris-root, lovage (*Radix levistici*), and musk." The Chinese, wisely or unwisely, imbibe their medicines in the form of *tisanes*, and a prescription made up at one of the chemists' shops requires a special porter to transport it. The movement of drugs in bulk, many valuable, some purely fanciful, is a conspicuous feature in the goods traffic from the West, and a large proportion of the freights on the river steamers trading to Ichang is derived from the cumbrous bales in which they are packed for transport.

Of the opium cultivation, in speaking of the endless stretch of country now devoted to this enervating drug, it is perhaps best to quote again from the description of a

journey in the month of April, "The whole Pong valley was beautifully cultivated, exclusively with poppy; the brilliant dark green of the plant, sprinkled with the white flowers, giving the hills the appearance in the distance of being covered with rich pasture, from which the sun had not yet dissipated the morning dews."

The value of the opium produced in Western China is (no statistics being available) generally believed to be fully equal to that of the foreign import from Persia and India, say 8,000,000*l.*; the quantity of native-grown, which fetches only two-thirds of the price of imported, being thus half as much again as its foreign rival. Even this sum of 16,000,000*l.*, spent on a drug which, in the opinion of many Chinese patriots, as well as in the opinion of the bulk of our European missionaries, is steadily and stealthily undermining the manhood of the nation, is but a flea-bite compared with the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in this country of 120,000,000*l.* On the other hand, China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, possesses probably less accumulated wealth than do Britain's forty millions.

The Chinaman's wants are fewer, and he leads a more contented life. Yet, in their way, the Chinese are great traders, and the interchange of products carried on by Szechuan with the neighbouring provinces is estimated at something like 27,000,000*l.* Of this amount only a very trifling percentage passes through the Imperial Maritime Custom House situated at Ichang, the toll-gate of the Upper Yangtse. The value given in the "returns" for the year 1888 is 1,230,000*l.* This covers all the goods landed at and shipped from Ichang in steamers. An equal value probably passes Ichang in junks. Deducting this, as well as the value of the salt and opium (the greater part of which is carried by by-paths overland to avoid the tax stations), from the above total, we find a trade of some 15,000,000*l.* being carried on by other routes. The principal of these are the combined land and water route from Southern Szechuan, by way of the Yuan

river and the Tung-ting lake, and the northern land route to the Han river, which debouches at Hankow. There is farther an overland trade between Yunnan and Burmah, *viâ* Ta-li and Bhamo, estimated at about 500,000*l.* in annual value. The French in 1889 succeeded in running a stern-wheeler, or *monorue*, as they have dubbed this class of vessel, through their new Tongking territory by the Red river to Laokai, on the Southern Yunnan border. This is the shortest by far of any of the outlets of Western China to the seaboard, but the navigation, owing to the smallness of the stream and the greater fall in its bed, is far more difficult and dangerous than that of the Upper Yangtse. It is estimated that, notwithstanding the difficulties of transit, one-fifth of the woollen goods imported from Great Britain into North China, *viâ* Shanghai, goes on to Szechuan, as well as one-tenth of the cottons, the figures being so long ago as 1888 :—

Total import of woollens into Shanghai	..	£	1,500,000
Of which for Szechuan	300,000
Import into Shanghai of cottons	12,000,000
Of which for Szechuan	1,200,000

It must be remembered that the bulk of the cotton clothing of the people of Western China is made from imported raw cotton spun and woven by the women of the family. Cotton being little grown in the west, it has to be imported from the outside, and, as a consequence, all the roads converging on Yunnan and Szechuan are covered with cotton in the season. We have seen the rocks on the rapids of the Yangtse strewn with cotton, and on the land roads, strings of porters struggling along under the huge unpressed bales, like ants under their eggs in the breeding season. Mr. Holt Hallett tells us that a quantity goes over from Zimmé, in Siam, at a cost of carriage of one shilling per ton per mile, while raw cotton is the main staple of the imports from Burmah. In the woollen trade, the heavy Russian cloths take a great part: these are also imported overland, and, owing to their good

quality, and total freedom from shoddy or other admixture of fibres, are in large general demand, notwithstanding their very high cost.

Mr. Exner, in his *China ; Shizzen von Land und Leuten*, Leipzig, gives an interesting account of the working of the salt monopoly—a curious mean between the farming of the revenue so prevalent in old times in Europe and our modern European methods of indirect taxation :—

“ The salt trade of China is of special interest for us, seeing that it is in the first place a monopoly of the Chinese Government, and at the same time, in its working, a rare and interesting instance of the carrying into effect of some of the Socialist ideas now prevalent in Europe. One of the leading theories of certain political Socialists, viz. that traders' profits should be regulated by the Government, viz. that traders' profits should be regulated by the Government, is here exhibited in practice. China is, for the purposes of salt distribution, divided into, I believe, seven districts, each of which has its special centre of production. Salt may only be sold in the district in which it is produced. Any salt sold in another district is regarded as smuggled and liable to be seized. The salt must be sold at a price fixed by the State, which for this purpose has in each district great centres of distribution, where it is then sold by the State at a correspondingly high price to so-called salt merchants. No one can be a salt merchant without having a warrant from the Imperial Salt Commissioner, and this warrant not only enables the possessor to buy salt for an indefinite time, but it can be sold again, or, what is more usual, bequeathed as an heirloom. These warrants have a high value, and although differing in the different districts can on an average be sold for from 3000 to 4000 pounds sterling. This licence enables the salt merchant to buy about 250 tons of salt and to sell this amount at any market he pleases in the district. But he cannot sell it to any one he chooses. As he got possession of the salt through Government, so must he also dispose of it through the Government. To this end he must deliver it to the District Salt Inspector in a Salt Customs Building. There are several of these buildings in every place of any importance. The Salt Inspector then sells at a proportionately higher price fixed by Government and in the order of its arrival. After it is all sold the merchant gets back his warrant, and the money for his salt, custom dues and other official expenses having been deducted therefrom. His profit in each transaction is therefore absolutely fixed, consisting only of the difference of the price fixed by Government for buying and selling, minus customs and other expenses. It varies from year to year, depending upon the merchant's sagacity in choosing the best market, and thus getting back his warrant more quickly, so as to be able to go back and buy another 250 tons.”

The salt merchant's profit thus depends upon the speed with which he can turn over his warrant and recoup himself his outlay. It is not often that a warrant is turned over more than once in a year. One sees tier upon tier of junks lying for months waiting to load at the salt depots, and again waiting their turn to discharge when, after many weeks' toilsome tracking, they have at last reached their destinations.

Mr. Baber, in his inimitable account of his journeys in Western Szechuan (*Travels and Researches in Western China*. Geog. Society), speaking of the country between Chungking the commercial and Chêng-tu the political capital, states that the agriculture of this district,

“favoured by the comparative level, and by the exceptional possibility of irrigation from the river and its tributaries, is successful above the average, particularly in sugar. . . The whole country is dotted over with cottages at a short distance from one another, picturesque and frequently spacious edifices composed of a strong timber frame filled up in the interstices with walls of stone below and mud above. . . .”

Baron von Richthofen, in drawing attention to this broadcast distribution of habitations, remarks that, “people can live in this state of isolation and separation only when they expect peace, and profound peace is indeed the impression which Szechuan prominently conveys.” Richthofen further says of this part of the country:—“There are few regions in China that, if equal areas are compared, can rival with the plain of Chêng-tu as regards wealth and prosperity, density of population and productive power, fertility of climate, and perfection of natural irrigation; and there is probably no other where at the present time refinement and civilisation are so generally diffused among the population.”

Baber goes on to tell us, “Another characteristic of the purely farm life as distinguished from village life of the agricultural population is the markets (ch'ang). . . . These gatherings are the centres of news, gossip, official announcements, festivals, theatrical shows and

public and family meetings." Farther west, he tells us, "Gold is found in nuggets occasionally of large size in the border country." At the turn where the highway to Ta-chien-lu leaves the Tung, gold borings driven into the rock may be seen on the further bank. . . . The gold was offered me for sale in the shape of pills of clay, full of minute scales of the precious metal. Quite lately gold has been discovered close to Ta-chien-lu (on the Tibetan frontier) and the rush of diggers has caused a good deal of embarrassment to the authorities."

The present inhabitants of Szechuan are nearly all descended from immigrant families, chiefly from Hupeh and Kiangsi, dating from the sixteenth century. The original population was almost entirely exterminated by the wars with which the province was ravaged upon the accession of the reigning Manchu dynasty; hence, as might be expected, no distinction is observable between the Szechuanese and the inhabitants of the more easterly provinces. Of the aboriginal inhabitants absolutely nothing is known. Striking evidence of their existence is displayed in the cave buildings cut out of the sandstone cliffs that line the rivers, roomy dwellings, highly ornamented. The people who executed these works are known to the Chinese as Man-tse, which means "barbarians," a term sufficient to destroy all interest in them in the eyes of a native archæologist. Mr. Baber says of them:—

"A persistent and plodding exploration of these interesting monuments will have to precede the formation of any trustworthy opinion respecting their design and their designers. The caves are of many kinds, and may have served many uses. They may have been tombs, houses, granaries, places of refuge, easily defended store-houses, shrines, memorials, and even sentry boxes, according to their disposition and situation. The local Chinaman, a person of few thoughts, and fewer doubts, protests that they are the caves of the Mantze and considers all further inquiry ridiculous and fatiguing. His archæological speculations have not been greatly overstepped by my own theory, which I offer with diffidence—that these excavations are of unknown date, and have been undertaken, for unexplained purposes, by a people of doubtful identity."

This vast and magnificent country of Western China has been at last opened up: its commercial metropolis, Chungking, has been made a Treaty Port. This great advance was quietly effected by the negotiation with the Chinese Government, through our Minister at the Court of Peking, Sir John Walsham, of an additional article to Sir Thomas Wade's treaty of 1876. A clause to this effect, supplementary to the original Chefoo Convention, the article of which we have quoted above, was signed at Peking on March 31st, 1890. In the words of the *Times* correspondent, wired from Peking on the 3rd of April of that year: "Direct intercourse is thus established with a large, wealthy, and prosperous province, and British steam enterprise inland is guaranteed as soon as Chinese steamers ply. This success is now achieved where the Chefoo agreement failed. This considerate negotiation promotes friendliness, and a large, healthy, and natural trade will develop, and, with the help of improved appliances, expand, the good will of both people and Government being assured, instead of their opposition."

The comments made upon this news, which was published in the *Times* of April 5th, as well by the provincial as by the metropolitan press, hardly appreciated the full value of this advance. They seemed to say, "What is the use of an open port if you are not allowed to go there?" It is true that British steamers had yet to wait for Chinese to lead the way, and that thus steam communication with the new port appeared to be indefinitely postponed, and that so far the astute Chinaman might be assumed to have scored a point against us. But the fact remained, that the long disputed haven of Chungking was actually "open," and it is needful to know what this phrase means in order to be able to appreciate the full value of the concession made to us. An "open" or "treaty" port is one at which foreign goods are admitted upon payment of one *ad valorem* duty of 5 per cent., and at which native Chinese produce is exported on the same terms. In the case of an inland port like Chungking, which is situated

1,500 miles distant from the seaboard, all its foreign imports must necessarily pass through Shanghai for trans-shipment from the ocean to river steamers. Such goods, by paying duty at the Customs in Shanghai, will be free from all further tax, and can then be conveyed by steamer and junk to their destination unmolested by the numerous inland custom-houses (li-kin) and the local octroi (lo-ti-chuan). Farther, after his goods have been thus safely landed in the new treaty port, the foreign merchant there can forward them on his own or on native account to more remote inland marts in communication with Chungking on payment of an additional transit tax of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only, again clearing all the local custom-houses *en route*. In this way, centres like Yunnan-fu and Tali-fu in Yunnan, Kuei-yang, the metropolis of Kwei-chow, Chêng-tu, the State capital, and Ta-chien-lu, the great trading mart on the Tibetan frontier, will be effectively reached by the foreign trader with his cotton and woollen piece goods, in exchange for which he will be empowered to take back the native productions of the country upon the same easy terms. Besides being thus placed in connection with the different entrepôts of the Great South-West, the foreign merchant established in Chungking is further, by the Kia-ling river, which debouches at that port, placed in direct relation with the less known provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su in the north-west.

It is pardonable that press-men and others in this country should have difficulty in appreciating the full advantage of adding a twentieth to the nineteen treaty ports already open in China. No one who has not visited them on the spot, and travelled in the interior as well, can know what the full meaning of the magic words "open port" really is. The open ports are oases of light and activity, in a waste of darkness and stagnation. The dark ages of Europe seem to be reproduced in many of the remoter regions of China. All our modern ideas of progress and the possibility of improving their lot, seem

non-existent in the official as well as in the popular mind. A literary mandarin, who has worn out his eyesight in studying for the many examinations he has passed through, will ask you calmly if the same sun shines in your country, and whether it is true that your men-at-arms are only invincible as long as they maintain their upright position. Even the wise Li Hung-chang, generally and rightly considered to be the most enlightened statesman that China possesses, once alleged in our hearing that it was useless for us to attempt to navigate the Upper Yangtse, for the reason that the great Yü, when opening out the channel of the gorges, neglected to remove the rocks. This great Chinese artificer, who was kept so hard at his engineering labours, draining the marshes and embanking the rivers, that for years he never returned home, and during that time on two or three occasions passed by the door of his house without going in, retired from his labours 2278 B.C. His Excellency implied that the great Yü had evidently intended no steamers should run there.

Doubtless, there is a leaven at work in our presence in China, which will in time leaven the mass, and the more points of contact, in the shape of treaty ports are created, the quicker will be the advance, but to the outward eye only a small radius round each port has been so far affected. It is true that the electric wire now unites in its bonds all the chief cities of the eighteen provinces, but its use, except always at the treaty ports, is almost always entirely confined to the carriage of official despatches. As usual in all officially conducted enterprises in China (and the Chinese Government acknowledges no union of capitalists for large enterprises apart from official management), little encouragement is given to the general public. In the case of the telegraph, the charges are high, averaging about one shilling a word, more or less, according to distance. This tariff is, with a thrifty people like the Chinese, quite prohibitive as far as social messages are concerned; and for business purposes its use is confined to the few wealthy merchants in the larger towns, and by

them used very sparingly. In the less important places it is not open to the public at all, although the needful stations and operators are to be found there.

At one such station, in the town of Shin-tan in Hupeh, we once tried to send a message. After much inquiry we at last found our way to the Tien-pao-chü, or "lightning despatch office," and were shown to an old out-of-the-way two-storied Chinese dwelling-house. Climbing up an inconveniently steep ladder we reached the upper storey, which consisted of a roomy loft, with a rickety loose plank floor and no ceiling beneath the uncemented tile roof. The apartment had every appearance of not having been swept or garnished since the day it was constructed. As our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light admitted through the small paper windows, we perceived in one corner a curtained trestle bedstead illuminated by a diminutive opium-smoker's lamp, in another corner a telegraphic signalling instrument with a silk cover to protect it from the dirt, and a couple of the usual stiff-backed wooden Chinese chairs. A few clothes-trunks and a tumble-down wardrobe completed the furniture. As we entered, a man of thirty, handsomely dressed in silk, arose from the bed and welcomed us to a seat. He received us with great effusion and, to our surprise, seemed really pleased to see his haunt invaded by a barbarian. A lad of eighteen or less, also gaily dressed in silks, produced the hospitable tea, and conversation commenced. The manager could not accept my message without a card from the Taotai, or Governor, who resided forty miles distant and with which he advised me to provide myself on a future occasion. The lad, who turned out to be an operator trained in Shanghai, had merely to report on the condition of the wires, which he did daily by telegraphing to the next station the English words "all right." The rest of the English he once knew he appeared to have forgotten.

As to the elder man, the manager, a sociable Soochow man, he talked of himself as an exile among

savages with no society, no occupation, and no amusements: he thoroughly enjoyed a visit from one who came from the civilisation of Shanghai, and seemed deeply to regret our departure. He particularly lamented his hard lot, in that having bought two thousand English words of a native teacher of English in Shanghai, at a cost of two dollars per hundred (so he expressed himself), he had now only use for two words, and had almost entirely forgotten the remaining nineteen hundred and ninety-eight. This amount of English, so expensively acquired, should have been the means of his securing a better appointment than forty pounds a year in a remote inland town.

We have given prominence to this incident as it is characteristic of the enormous gulf that separates China at the treaty ports from China uncontaminated by our presence, in all that makes up the movement, intellectual and material, of our modern progressive civilisation. The electric telegraph was forced upon the Chinese by the acutely felt need of the Government in the north to communicate with their troops who were fighting the French in the south, two thousand miles away in Tongking. A Danish company, the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, were the fortunate contractors, and the network of wires, embracing all the eighteen provinces, was erected by them with marvellous despatch, and handed over to native operators, some trained by themselves, some trained in America—to work.

Thus China moves, and so far wars have been her chief instigators in the path of that material progress which it is now generally conceded must accompany, if not precede, moral progress; and that there is room for and sharp need of progress in China, the perusal of every work of travel in that country cannot fail to convince the most conservative. Even those who take Ruskin literally, and sympathise with the old Chinese statesman's ideal of every man on his plot of ground, growing the food for his family and the raw material for their clothing, which is

spun and woven by the women of the house, must admit the failure of the present system. The inequalities of fortune, and the inequitable distribution of the necessities and comforts of life, are all too glaring in our European cities and in our country villages; but the poorest workman or workwoman here looks well fed in comparison with the crowds of shrivelled, half-starved wretches by which one is surrounded nearly everywhere in inland China. The ravages of the most horrible diseases, which medical science has practically stamped out of Europe, are patent on all sides, and on fête-days and festivals we have seen the country roads thronged with, literally, thousands of the most cruelly repulsive specimens of rotting humanity. In the environs of the larger treaty ports we find the labourers' wages tripled, and the value of the farmers' produce quadrupled. The people are better fed, and large numbers of the sick are treated in our hospitals, so that scenes like the above are seldom seen there.

Under existing conditions large regions in China, and notably the rich and fertile province of Szechuan, which has formed the main theme of our present review, are vastly over-populated, and large numbers exist there in a condition of permanent semi-starvation in consequence. But resources capable of maintaining in comparative comfort a far larger population exist here as elsewhere in China. The mineral wealth, notably coal, only requires the application of Western methods, to become a large source of revenue to the State, and of employment to the surplus inhabitants. Above all, however, means of communication are the first necessity. With no roads but narrow mountain footpaths, every impediment stands in the way of migration from the congested districts of Szechuan to the sparsely peopled valleys of Yunnan and Kweichow; and even when once there the immigrant farmer, owing to the difficulties of intercommunication, finds no outlet for his surplus produce, which, on the other hand, is so sadly wanted for the masses in the great cities.

A "treaty port" established in this region means a new centre of activity, higher wages, and vastly increased employment for the labouring classes : to the surrounding country it means an increased outlet for their productions, and a steady rise in values. To the "officials and gentry" it means a concrete example of the gains to be derived from Western methods of progress as opposed to the stagnation involved in fixing their ideals in the past. To the missionary it means a fair field and no favour, and to the medical missionary an additional sphere of work amongst the indigent sick. To the people generally our settlements yield a specimen of order and cleanliness in a wilderness of dirt and discomfort, which they do nothing to alleviate until stimulated by our contact.

As Mr. F. H. Balfour, an old resident in China, in an article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, speaking of the Model Missionary, most truly tells us, "He lives in some dirty, crowded town, far away in the interior, where his modest Chinese house, running round a well-kept garden, and presided over by a notable English or American housewife, is not only *an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt and stench*, but a reproach and an example to the sordid dwellings of his neighbours." Chinese cities boast no municipalities and practically no police : each man does what is right in his own eyes, and it is open to one and all to befoul the roadways at their own sweet will, while the greed of the shopkeepers is for ever narrowing the crowded alley-ways that, with the one exception of the capital (and this has its own peculiar amenities), do duty for streets. Our "settlements" with their broad tree-lined avenues, magnificent quays, and garden-encircled houses, are greatly admired by the natives. At Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtse, the common term in use among the Chinese for the British settlement, which is built on the site of an old swamp filled up and raised by the enterprise of the residents until its level is now higher than that of the Chinese town adjoining, is "Hwa-lo," or "Flowery Pavilions."

Such oases are not without their influence and example, and in the native cities at the treaty ports a marked, though very slow, advance in the direction of order and cleanliness is distinctly noticeable. Streets have been repaved, and the black slush underlying the broad stone slabs, which has a peculiarity of squirting up under the trousers of the unwary European as he treads on what the Chinese elegantly term, "swimming stones," has in many cases been dug out and removed. In Hanyang, the prefectural city adjoining Hankow, from which it is separated by the deep but narrow "Han" river, a tree-lined "bund," solidly built up with blocks of red sandstone, has been laid out.

At some of the more recently opened ports, such as Wuhu and Ichang, which were thrown open to British trade by the Chefoo Convention of 1876, the privilege of a separate area for "foreigners" to reside in appears not to have been insisted upon. In the case of Ichang, the unwise abandonment, under Sir Thomas Wade, of the concession originally marked out for a foreign settlement, has undoubtedly been the cause of much sickness, and some deaths, among the few Europeans who have as yet resorted to that port, and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a decent site to reside in, has deterred more than one would-be settler from adventuring there. We might have hoped that in the newly-opened port of Chungking, in Szechuan, wiser counsels would prevail, and that the right of British residents there would not be construed merely into the right of renting (at an exorbitant rent) a Chinese house with its pestilential surroundings. At the time the older "treaty ports" were opened, it was looked upon as a *sine qua non* that British subjects should be encouraged to resort to them by having every possible facility for settlement offered them. Such facilities include the power to live under the conditions that health, under a sub-tropical sun and damp, rainy climate, demands: these are not obtainable in ports where the foreign residents are scattered about amidst Chinese surroundings.

Foreign settlements are regarded with no friendly eye by the Chinese official ; and, apparently, it is in the vain endeavour to please this class that our Ministers in China have ceased to insist upon what was, till quite lately, regarded as the necessary concomitant of a " treaty port." The climate *per se* undoubtedly is healthy, as Pliny describes it—" coeli jucunda salubrisque temperies leniumque ventorum commodissimus flatus " ; but, as far as unseasoned Europeans are concerned, it is not giving the climate a fair chance when it is only to be enjoyed in the midst of Chinese humanity ; while " gentle, favourable winds," when tempered with the breath of Chinese cities, decidedly lose their virtue.

Few now living are likely to see railways permeating and developing this grand region of the earth's surface. These three Western provinces are so cut off by precipitous ravines, steep mountain ridges, and deep, wide rivers, that the outlay necessary to make roads for the iron horse is quite beyond the means of the Chinese people or their Government as at present constituted. Ordinary roads barely exist in China, and, without the aid of Western capital and science, railroads will never penetrate those distant regions. One railway—a short line of eighty miles, connecting the coal-mines of Kaiping, on the Manchurian border, with the shipping port of Tientsin—was finally completed and opened to traffic in 1888. This line runs through a marshy, thinly-populated country, but which has the advantage of being immediately under the jurisdiction of the powerful Viceroy of Chihli, Li Hung-chang. Yet even his influence failed in prolonging the line eighty miles farther to its natural terminus, Peking.¹ This line was built with native capital, but with imported English rails, and the rolling-stock was

¹ The line was taken into the heart of Peking by the Allied Powers after the Boxer Rising of 1900, and since then the Chinese, unaided, are carrying it through the Nan-kou Pass on to Kalgan, from which point we may hope ere many years are passed to see it connected with the trans-Siberian, thus bringing Peking two days nearer Europe.—A. E. N. L.



Chang Chih-tung, one of the most energetic and most learned of Chinese Viceroy's, whose Appeal against opium-smoking and foot-binding roused all the literati to the need for reform.

also imported, mainly from England. But, now it has been decreed that future lines are to be built by Chinese, of Chinese materials, and with Chinese capital exclusively, the progress of future railways will be slow indeed. The Hukwang Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung, within whose jurisdiction lay the line from Hankow to Peking, was for years engaged with two German mining experts, searching for suitable coal and iron ore with which to commence operations, and in a country like South-Western China, even were foreign capital to be invited to construct the roads, they could hardly prove remunerative, as long as free exploration of the mineral resources of the region is prohibited. The Chinese have neither the capital, the knowledge, nor the energy, to develop their mines seriously ; and the Government will not allow the small native companies, that here and there attempt mining in a most primitive, old-world manner, to avail themselves of foreign assistance.

With the restless European pressing in upon them on all sides: with Russia occupying the best part of Manchuria on the north, with France holding Tongking in the south, with the British-Indian frontier touching them in the west, the Chinese can hardly remain long as they are. Either they will be absorbed gradually by their more enterprising neighbours—a process which we believe to be a matter of indifference to the great mass of the people, who care little who governs them as long as they have equitable rulers able to keep order ; or, like Turkey, they may rub on as they are on sufferance, owing to the mutual jealousy of their enemies. The latter seems the more likely prospect ; and, eventually, the time must come when Western modes of thought will have taken hold, and the present archaic system of education be reformed in accordance with modern requirements. We shall then see of what a race like the Chinese, endowed with exceptional industry, perseverance, *and patience*, and with no lack of brain power, is capable. But, unless another convulsion like the Taiping rebellion should occur (and

this is by no means an impossibility), throwing over tradition bodily, as did the "First Emperor," 220 B.C., it will be a long time yet before China takes that place in the world to which her numbers, resources, and high civilisation, justly entitle her.

BRITISH TRADE WITH CHINA

IT is difficult for people who have not lived in China and travelled in the interior, away from the busy life of the Treaty Ports, to realise what the Chinese Empire is to-day—an enormous stretch of country larger than the whole of Europe, peopled by a dense population, most industrious and civilised, yet still living under conditions which vividly recall the descriptions of our own Middle Ages.

Few people realise upon what a democratic and decentralised basis the Chinese Empire stands. The Central Government at Peking may exercise despotic sway over its own appointed officials, but it dares not touch the people at large, who have their own ideas of self-government consecrated by centuries of "custom." This unwritten law goes ever unchallenged, while the codified law is more often than not a dead letter. Theoretically the local magistrate, the appointee of the provincial viceroy, and so the officer of an infallible Emperor, is absolute; in practice his powers are extremely limited. The fact of his having no armed force at his back prevents his issuing any decree not in accord with the public opinion of the citizens he is supposed to rule over; should he attempt anything of the kind, he is soon made to withdraw by public demonstrations of discontent, which never fail ultimately to bring him into line with the popular will; and he will go great lengths in evading disagreeable instructions from above, rather than expose himself to humiliation from below. The "father and mother" of his flock dares not incur an exhibition of his rebellious children before an invidious world.

Dating back from the time of the Taiping Rebellion (1848-1864), the Chinese people have been encouraged by their officials to form themselves into militia for self-defence. This militia, analogous to the train-bands of the Middle Ages, is officered and armed by the citizens themselves, and, again like our train-bands, resents official control. They refuse to obey their officials, whom I have known order them to put down riots, mostly anti-missionary, and at times assemble in open defiance of instructions, in order to defeat some scheme which they consider anti-patriotic. Thus at Chungking, in 1897, when, at the close of the war with Japan, it was rumoured that Japanese merchants and officials were coming up the Yangtse to take up a concession of land that the Governor had marked out for them, the local militia assembled, literally in its thousands, swearing that never! never! should the audacious Japs be permitted to take possession. Fortunately for the peace of this far inland and, from the European resident point of view, defenceless treaty port, the Japanese expedition was delayed in the rapids, so that the militia, after three days' shouting and demonstrating—an extraordinary mixture of the comic and the picturesque—at last got tired and returned to their occupations. Having fired off all their powder and neglected their business in the interval, when the Japs did arrive no notice whatever was taken of them. The only result of this exuberant patriotism was to alarm the unfortunate Chinese officials and the merchants and gentry who had anything to lose, as well as to afford an amusing spectacle to the onlookers perched on the high city walls above them.

The weakness of the Central Government in China has ever been the bane of our diplomatists. Instead of recognising things as they were, and redressing grievances on the spot, our Government has cherished the illusion that by holding Peking alone responsible for every disturbance in the provinces, they could strengthen the Empire and simplify their work. The result has been to worry the

Peking officials, as well as our own ministers there, beyond endurance ; while many a crime, such as the absolutely unprovoked murder of two Englishmen by the Wusueh mob, not a hundred miles from Hankow, and many other outrages too long to enumerate, have gone unpunished. The old gunboat policy of seeking redress on the spot has been the only successful one in China, and it is gratifying to see that this has been the policy pursued in Hong Kong—a policy too, which in the long run, earns the approbation of the Chinese themselves.

In travel in China there is a charm which repays the traveller for the many discomforts incidental to finding oneself suddenly transported into the life of the fifteenth century and enabled to realise the state of our ancestors generations ago ; a state from which the “revival of learning” gradually transformed the civilised world so-called, into its present state of activity, mental and physical, and the resultant astonishing development of material comfort and international intercourse. But it is difficult for denizens of Europe to realise that a highly civilised people like the Chinese should be so behindhand in many of what we hold to be the first necessities of civilisation such as roads and railways. Magnificent waterways supply the place of roads throughout the alluvial plains, but in the hilly and mountainous regions, which occupy three-fourths of the whole empire, nothing worthy of the name of road exists.

The difficulty of inter-communication is thus the great obstacle to any rapid increase in our trade. The present Manchu dynasty in China has discouraged intercourse between the different provinces and, has allowed the old roads to fall into decay. This state of things will be slowly remedied by the introduction of railways, but it will be a long time before many of the numerous projected lines come into existence, and in the meanwhile it will be well to induce our Government to aid in removing the other great obstacles which oppose the advance of our trade with China. The chief of these is the opposition

still placed by the Chinese officials in the way of developing the country, and so enriching the people, and giving them the means wherewith to indulge in the foreign luxuries of Manchester cottons and Sheffield hardware. The mass of the Chinese people are poor labourers living from hand to mouth, fairly well fed, food being good and cheap in this fertile land, but with no possible surplus for good clothing or comfortable lodging. All work such as tracking boats against the swift current of the Chinese rivers, and, in the mountainous regions, conveying merchandise on their backs from town to town, is done by overtaxed hand labour, and thus the mass of the people are little better than the beasts of burden, docile to a degree, but with few more wants than the animals, with the additional quality of being a cheaper machine for the work, for over rough mountain paths a coolie will carry more than a horse and cost less to feed.

Now liberal mining laws would lead to the almost unlimited investment of foreign capital in China, and thus to the better employment of the people, and their gradual enrichment ; but so far mining continues to be generally discouraged ; a few big concessions to privileged syndicates appear to have been granted, but anything like general permission to mine, either to Chinese or to Europeans, is still persistently refused. Our Government, through their Minister in Peking, should press upon the Chinese to adopt mining laws similar to those in force in our great colonies. Everything is possible in China by a mixture of pressure and persuasion ; but it has required the late successful action of Germany and Russia in their so-called spheres to bring the fact of this possibility home to our Government, who, until the recent startling intrusion of our rivals into Chinese politics, have been for the past fifty years deaf to the remonstrances and recommendations of British residents in China.

When Russia advanced another thousand miles south, practically shutting us out of Manchuria, with a second Sebastopol in Port Arthur, ready to pounce upon Peking

at any moment, some attention was at length paid to the critical condition of the Chinese Empire, and there is some chance now of the "open door" remaining open as long as our attention is not called off elsewhere. We have an active Minister watching our interests at Peking; all that is now needed to ensure due protection to our trade in China is for the people of this country to see that their representatives in Parliament understand and watch the China question, and so keep the Government of the day up to the mark, and compel them to give hearty support to our Minister's representations. We must give the young reform party in China our moral, if not material support and help them to rid themselves of the reactionary Manchus. We should keep wide awake when the coming tariff revision comes under discussion, and in any modifications of the tariff study carefully our own interests as well as those of the Chinese people, which, in truth, run on all fours with our own. Should higher export and import duties be ultimately agreed upon (ten per centum *ad valorem* is spoken of in lieu of the present five per centum) we must demand a *quid pro quo* in the total abolition of all inland transit dues and likin, by whomsoever collected, and let the internal trade of China be made as free as is that of protectionist America to-day. There is great danger, that, in the state of chaos into which China is falling, these inland dues, under "foreign" control, and against which our diplomatists have been carrying on a continuous struggle for many decades, may become crystallised and irremovable. The Imperial Maritime Customs, under Sir Robert Hart, is no longer confined to the ports on the coast and along the land frontier: strings of new inland custom houses have of late years been gradually established, with foreign staffs along the Yangtse, and now a steamer or foreign-owned junk is called upon to pay "export and coast-trade" duty on the cargo it carries of seven and one-half per cent. *ad valorem* between ports sometimes less than a hundred miles apart.

The above are abuses that need diplomatic aid to get removed, and it behoves China merchants not to let the import tariff be raised (which, under treaty, cannot be done without our free consent) unless at the same time all inland dues are abolished. The boon that this reform would be to the Chinese, and so to ourselves, can hardly be realised, except by those who have had experience of the vexatious delays, often amounting to days at a time, which these inland Custom-houses inflict upon merchants and shipowners trading in inland waters. Like the through transit pass system we have forced upon the Chinese, such wholesale changes necessarily upset many venerable interests and cause much local distress, but such interests can be compensated out of the increased Customs dues.

Good roads, liberty to mine, and free internal traffic—these are the three essentials to a really appreciable increase in our present limited trade, to bring about which we must look to diplomatic pressure. I do not think that any great reform in our business methods in China is needed unless it were the training of young English merchants to be fluent Chinese scholars. This is almost a counsel of perfection, as, to learn Chinese well enough to dispense with a native interpreter or writer, would mean a young man beginning not later than fifteen years of age, and devoting himself exclusively to the language for three years at least. As a matter of fact there are no Europeans now in China capable of speaking and writing the language like natives. All use Chinese writers to eke out their deficiencies. In the present state of transition and in the coming development of the country by European syndicates, trustworthy British interpreters would be invaluable, and their employment would save much friction.

As it is, no pains are spared by British and other merchants in China to find out what goods will sell in China, to get home manufacturers to make such modifications as their customers demand, and to facilitate business by

acting as middlemen on the lowest possible terms. Competition has so reduced the laying down costs that most European articles can be bought to-day in Chinese stores, in Shanghai and Hong Kong, at lower retail prices than are ordinarily paid in London.

If any improvement in business methods in the China trade is possible, it must be on this side and such as will enable us to hold our own in the stern competition to which Germany and America are now subjecting us.

The most restless and pushing men from all the countries of Europe, with their varied training, and their different idiosyncrasies, have gone forth to build up the commercial supremacy of their adopted country in America; their children inherit their capacity, and the blend of all nations speedily develops a new and harmonious whole. They learn to "hustle" and to be hustled, and, as workmen, if they show the least sign of laziness or incompetency, they are ruthlessly fired out. No sentimentalism protects them on the part of the employer; no poor-law necessarily provides for the lazy or incompetent. Hence the utmost is made of their vastly superior natural resources, and each step gained towards perfection is but an incentive to a new advance.

Another weighty hindrance to our trade, and one which it lies in our own hands to remove, is our absurd repugnance to adopt the Metric System. Our present antiquated British system of weights and measures has nothing but its antiquity and its consequent familiarity to our own people to recommend it. Foreigners never succeed in mastering it, and we, ourselves, memorise the figures as children, often to forget them afterwards in mature age. The Chinese and Japanese use only decimal divisions, and have difficulty in making calculations not based on the decimal system. In their calculations they do not use pen and paper as we do, but the swan-pan (counting board, or abacus), the divisions of which are purely decimal. The French metric system is possibly not the best that could be devised, but it is there, and is being fast adopted

throughout the civilised world, and we are only cutting our own throats by standing aloof so long. We must come to it sooner or later ; then, why not sooner ? Only the other day the Japanese Government placed a very heavy order for dockyard machinery and ships' plates for new battleships with the agent of a French firm in Yokohama, rather than with the agent of a British firm, although the latter's prices were far lower, simply because they could work to metric measurements with less loss of materials and time. The Chinese have no standard weights and measures, they vary from town to town, but, being all decimal, the necessary adjustments are easily calculated, and the apparent confusion is reduced in practice to the minimum of inconvenience. This is another grievance which can practically be remedied by a stroke of the pen, provided our manufacturers can be brought to see how they are losing trade through their blind conservatism. They have only to awake to the necessity of reform to induce its immediate enforcement by Act of Parliament.

These above-mentioned drawbacks to the free development of our trade with China are within our own control. The remedies suggest themselves, and if we lack the energy or the means to apply them, we have only ourselves to blame. For the other extraneous causes of the stationary, if not declining, condition of our trade with the Chinese empire our traders cannot be held responsible. These depend more on political conditions, and need the aid of Government interference to ameliorate.

We may find compensation for this great decline, as far as tea is concerned, in the fact that China's loss is India's gain, but the once flourishing silk trade appears to have left our shores for ever. Sundry exports, the "muck and truck," as they used to be contemptuously styled by the merchant princes of the good old times, no longer come to London as the great distributing depôt. Continental ports, such as Hamburg and Havre, Antwerp and Trieste, now all import direct, and they have been

most unpatriotically favoured in their not unnatural struggle for independence by our own steamship lines, not excluding the subsidised P. & O. Company, which, for many years past, have been carrying the same goods from China, *via* England, at cheaper rates to Antwerp and Hamburg than to London and Liverpool, and have been equally handicapping our manufacturers in their competition with those of the Continent by charging them proportionately higher outward rates on their shipments to China. In the case of iron from Belgium, the handicap against shippers from British ports has been as high as 7s. 6d. per ton, and ranges to-day from 2s. 6d. to 5s. For many years past it has been possible to lay down in China, American cotton goods from Massachusetts for 2d. per piece less freight than for the identical goods manufactured in Lancashire. Merchants know that such differences more than cover the margin of profit and loss on the usual range of shipments from this country to China, and that such differences are the sole cause of many large orders being diverted from the manufacturers of our own country to those of the Continent, and of the United States. Still, we must admit that the greater energy of our Continental rivals, especially the Germans, must be credited for the great expansion in recent years of miscellaneous exports from China. The same painstaking efforts that have discovered the value of so many heretofore discarded by-products of the industrial arts, have been applied to the discovery in China of many heretofore neglected raw materials serviceable to home industries on the Continent of Europe.

Here again cheap freights by rail and steam have done much to develop intercourse between the ports of China and the inland manufacturing towns of Germany; the heavy subsidies which the German taxpayer pays to the fleet of the North German Lloyd Company are amply recouped in the facilities which it, as well as the State-owned railways of Germany, afford to German trade. Our British steamers discourage the export from China of

articles of low intrinsic value, such as sheep's wool, cheap skins, fowl and duck feathers, cotton refuse, waste silk, fowls' eggs, cereals, pulse, oils and varnishes—the innumerable products of a vast farming region as large as the whole of Europe, with a cultivation more “intense” than in any other region of the earth's surface, due to the rich soil of the vast alluvial plains, a perfect system of manuring and a warm, moist, stimulating climate, which permits of an endless rotation of crops. It is in stimulating the disposal of their agricultural resources that we must look to the enrichment of the Chinese people, of whom the farming and labouring classes form fully nine-tenths, and these are the people we must cultivate in our efforts to provide customers for our imports: in a word, in China we must

“TAKE CARE OF THE EXPORTS, AND THE IMPORTS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.”

It is with the desire of helping to prove this axiom, that I myself established agencies in the Far West of China for the collection of varied produce, which, at the time of my first visit to that region, fifteen years before, were looked upon by the natives as almost worthless, but I have not been seconded in my efforts by British steamship companies. Remonstrances are useless in the face of “conference rates,” which leave a shipping agent in China tied up with red tape, and unable to meet the wants of shippers by reasonable reductions on cheap produce, which cannot afford the high tariff rates agreed upon. That these rates are excessive is shown by the fact that to New York, where there is no conference, the rates of freight rule thirty to fifty per cent. lower than to London or Liverpool. These conference rates were originally adjusted to meet the carrying of produce worth, say, £50 per ton, and are now equally enforced upon produce worth £10 to £15 per ton.

Interviews with steamship companies lead to no result; individual owners would gladly meet you if they could,

but Mr. Jorkins (in the shape of the allied companies) in the background is always obdurate. A similar conference rules the river companies plying from Ichang to the coast, who, on the one article of Tibetan wool, extort for 960 miles carriage down-stream, a freight of £2 5s. per ton. Hence we welcomed the introduction of Japanese and German steamers on the Great River, as well as on the Ocean lines, as likely to put an end to the shortsighted and unpatriotic action of our own British companies. It is not as if the steamers were full; as a matter of fact most of them come home half empty and, if many find it hard work to pay their way, this difficulty is as much due to a neglect of their own and their customers' interests as to the increasing competition which affects everybody alike.

The chief foreign imports into China from Europe are cottons, woollens, and hardware. In cottons Britain still holds her own, although hard run by the United States. In light woollens and mixtures we are slowly yielding to Germany; the manufacturers of Saxony possess excellent raw material at their doors, and their competition is aided by cheaper freights as above explained. In hardware Pennsylvania is cutting out our own Midlands. It is true that Sheffield cutlery is unsurpassed, and hence eagerly bought; but in such articles as locks, bolts, hinges, and house fittings generally, America leads the way in better designs and more highly finished work at the same price. More brains in the workmen and better tools to work with are the secrets of American supremacy in this field—not so long ago the undisputed monopoly of Birmingham. Generally, I regard American competition as far more serious than German. Doubtless this unsuccessful competition of the Old World in its struggle with the New was inevitable.

All business is war. Meanwhile with the resources we possess, I cannot doubt that, as the need is felt and better technical training and closer application takes the place of the old, now lapsed apprenticeship system, both

workmen and capitalists will find means successfully to meet the keen competition that now encounters us on every side. As long as our present general prosperity lasts we may be content to go on in the old grooves, but let the pinch of adversity be felt, and we shall doubtless find the way to turn out as good and as cheap work as our neighbours. Our German rivals have been driven to improve their ways by the spur of necessity ; may we learn to improve ours in time and before the spur of necessity is driven home, sparing no efforts to recover that commercial supremacy, once our boast, but now the absolute condition of our continued existence as a populous and powerful nation !

“EX ORIENTE LUX!”

A REJOINDER

THE curiously instructive article under the above heading in the *North American Review* of July, 1899, written by Mr. Vladimir Holmstrem, provided an interesting sketch of the Russian view of the Far Eastern question as it affected the United States. It should be equally interesting to look at the same question from the opposite point of view of the Western merchant trading with China, and to trace, if we can, to what extent Russian political interests in the Far East are reconcilable with the commercial interests of the civilised Powers who now hold the largest stake in the trade of China.

Mr. Vladimir Holmstrem's appeal to the American people was fathered by an introduction from the pen of Prince E. Ookhtomsky, the eloquent annalist of the journey of the present Emperor of Russia, then the Czarewitch, through British India and Eastern Asia, seven years before. This short introduction is of special value to the student of Far Eastern politics of the present moment, for it indicates the basis upon which recent official action by Russia in China is avowedly founded, viz. : (1) the idea of autocracy ; (2) the idea that the culture of the West leads to anarchy ; (3) the idea that America must emancipate herself from England's political tutelage, and co-operate with Russia in China.

Now, seeing that America is in herself the living embodiment of this Western culture which Prince Ookhtomsky so unhesitatingly condemns, and to which alone Russia is indebted for her civilisation and influence in the world,

it will be seen that logic does not play a high part in the Prince's argument. When we bear in mind the extent of his travels, and of his acquaintance with European, notably English, literature, one can only account for such sentiments by the ultra-patriotic wave of Pan-Slavism that dominates the conservative Russians, men who will professedly have no part in the accursed thing called Western progress, and whose leading spokesman has been that notorious reactionary, the (late) Imperial Minister, M. Pobiedonostzeff.

These are Prince Ookhtomsky's words :

“ May not the culture of the West (or an excess of it) with its pronounced individualistic tendencies, leading almost to anarchy, inflict on the Chinese, these Asiatics who have never known the meaning of material progress, nor have ever striven for it, the misery of a civilisation out of harmony with their natural inclinations ? ”

Now, to one who knows the Chinese people, a people who, though cursed with a corrupt central government, are themselves indefatigably industrious both in agriculture and in useful arts, and certainly far more civilised than Russia, the statement that the Chinese have never known the meaning of material progress nor even striven for it, is too palpably absurd to deserve contradiction. The Chinese have progressed steadily from dynasty to dynasty, as well in peaceful and orderly self-government as in material civilisation. They are as curious about new inventions as any Westerner. Steamers they took to almost with enthusiasm ; if they were slower to adopt railways, this was solely because of the well-justified fear that foreign-owned railroads would, among a people helpless from a military point of view, accentuate foreign occupation. The country is intersected by magnificent waterways, and hence railways were not the pressing necessities they were in many other countries ; but the Chinese authorities were gradually introducing them, as far as the poverty of the empire would admit of their doing so without borrowing foreign capital, long before the time

when the Japanese war with its outrageous indemnity forced them to throw themselves, almost unreservedly, into the arms of Western financiers, and rendered the hasty development of the Empire under foreign administration a capital necessity in order to enable it to pay off its foreign indebtedness. The real point with Russia is: Are these administrators to be of the nationality of those powers who have for years long past had the trade of China in their hands—Britons, Germans, and Americans chiefly—or are these to be superseded by Russians, the latest comers upon the field?

The Prince proceeds:—

“The dominant factor in the history of Russia’s past is the influence of Asia. . . . In common with her we have created the *idea of autocracy* (which has nothing in common with the Cæsarism of the West); it is an idea that pervades all Asia and is as the breath of life to her.”

All of us who know China, the leading and most populous country in Asia, and whose Empire, leaving out Siberia, covers two-thirds of that vast continent, know that the life-breath of its prosperity is precisely its independence of autocracy. Though in name a despotism, the Emperor is little more than a figure-head; all official appointments are nominally in his hands and his decrees are regarded almost as divine, the “Son of Heaven,” like the Pope of Rome, being looked upon as God’s Vice-regent on earth; but he has not like the Czar of Russia an army of docile *Tchinovniks* to see his decrees carried out, and to worry and oppress the people. A Chinaman, unless in the rare instances when he is entrapped into a lawsuit or caught as a criminal, may spend his whole life without ever crossing an official. In the cities, he has neither licence tax, nor house tax, nor municipal rate to trouble him. No tax collector calls at his door. He is free to trade and travel where he will; passports are unknown. He settles his disputes by the arbitration of his own voluntarily supported guilds. A nominal land-tax, a customs entry tax of five per cent.

ad valorem, and a transit tax, or *likin*, of two and a half per cent., together with the produce of the Government salt monopoly, are estimated to burden the Chinaman with an annual contribution amounting to less than half a dollar per head, as against an exaction from the far poorer Russian people of some five dollars per head. In short, Russia is a real autocracy. China, on the other hand, is a democracy in all but name, and this democracy has been gradually evolved and fought for in the course of centuries, having started over two thousand years ago from the point which Russia has now reached in her emergence from feudal barbarism. China may, in short, be said to have reached a point toward which the Russian people are only tending, with many painful struggles yet to be passed through ; and to suppose that " the idea of autocracy is the breath of life " to the Chinese is to put back the clock two thousand years.

Finally, we come to the point that " America should emancipate herself from England's political tutelage, veiled though it be in guise of cousinly friendship. The Chinese question, the touchstone of this friendship, has already displayed the duplicity of the English, etc." What this exactly means it is difficult to say. America has never shown any disposition to place herself under England's tutelage, except in so far as she has inherited her language and her common law from the same British ancestry. In China, she may be said to have followed England's lead, in sharing in the advantages consequent upon the original opening up of the country by England, much as England followed America when her merchants settled themselves in Japan, as a consequence of the opening up of that country by the treaty enforced upon the Japanese through Commodore Perry in 1857. But we fail to see any duplicity on one side or the other in cases where no interference with the rights of others is effected and where all obtain equal privileges. The duplicity is with those European Powers who, under the guise of philanthropy, aim at excluding their neighbours

by the establishment of preferential rights for themselves. That America should suicidally support Russia in the latter policy, as against uniting in the free cosmopolitan policy of England in China, is a supposition almost too childish for controversy. The only question for America to decide is: How far is it wise for her to abandon her present expectant policy in the Far East, and actively to interest herself in the international struggle of which the Chinese metropolis has unwittingly become the distracted centre?

For there is little doubt that events in China are hurrying to a crisis, and that every nation that would safeguard its interests in the face of such a crisis must decide on a course of action, form a definite policy, and be prepared to meet eventualities that all can foresee.

If, then, America answers the question we have posed above in the affirmative, and abandons her present expectant attitude, shall she throw in her lot in China with Russia, or the contrary? Shall she work on her own account in favour of the “open door”?

Americans who read Mr. Holmstrom’s article on the Russian side and who have read Lord Charles Beresford’s “China and the Powers” in the May number of the same review, may well feel flattered at the way in which the two great rival Powers of modern Asia have descended into the arena to court and win the favour of the Great Republic. “Codlin is the friend,” says the Russian writer, and he proceeds to show up the villainy and the duplicity of her would-be-friend, Short. It is well to see ourselves as others see us, and it is a good thing for an Englishman to be reminded once more that the leading Russians—those who guide the inert masses of the ignorant, peaceful Russian people, profess to hold precisely the same suspicion of our motives and the same dread of our actions as we assuredly hold of theirs. Doubtless, such suspicions are not without some foundation on either side; where they are groundless, it is better for both sides to clear them up and so pave the way

to a better common understanding. It is because we are anxious to see a general international understanding brought about in regard to China, that we propose to make an attempt to expose the many fallacies upon which Mr. Holmstrom's suspicions of our motives are founded, and so vindicate British policy in China from the indictment he brings against it.

Mr. Holmstrom begins: "I shall now demonstrate that in the Chinese question England has already outwitted the Americans." The alleged self-styled demonstration that follows is by no means clear; but a few quotations may serve to show the gist of the writer's arguments. Thus he denies all sincerity in England's cry for the "open door" and "equal opportunities." He tells us:

"The banner with the 'open door' inscribed upon it, which England waves so furiously before the eyes of the desired anti-Russian concert of Powers, is nothing else but the scarlet cape of the Spanish bull-fighter, which is meant to blind the bull and make him an easy prey to the aggressor. It only affords England the opportunity of plundering China elsewhere as much as her heart can wish."

Now, this is certainly a novel view of the "open door" policy, which could hardly enter the head of any one but a guileless Russian. As facts are truer guides than theories, let us look at the facts anent England's and Russia's action touching the open door in the past. Our first war with China, due to the arrogance of the Imperial Commissioner Lin in refusing to meet and discuss matters with the British Superintendents of Trade, Lord Napier and Sir George Elliot, resulted in the Treaty of Nanking, signed in 1842. This treaty stipulated for the opening up to foreign trade of the coast ports of Canton, Swatow, Amoy, Ningpo and Shanghai, long known as the "Five Treaty Ports," as well as for an indemnity to the merchants whose property had been arbitrarily destroyed at Canton. Otherwise the loss to the Chinese, except in prestige, was small. Hongkong, a rocky, barren island off

the coast, some twelve miles square in area and of no material value to the Chinese, was ceded to England and by her made a free port open to all, and was thus the first object lesson in the “ open door ” in China. Some years passed before its value as a depôt for the China trade became apparent ; so much so that its abandonment was openly advocated by more than one of its early governors. The “ Five Ports ” were opened to all “ foreigners,” without distinction, for trade and residence, and would-be settlers in them had to make their own bargains for land and dwellings, needless to say at fancy prices, and settle down in the outskirts of the five cities as best they could. The Chinese were the real gainers by the treaty : the five cities rapidly increased in wealth and importance, under the golden touch of foreign capital and energy—oases of prosperity in the desert of general stagnation that seems to have invaded the once rich empire in the wake of the Manchu conquest of 1644. Outside of the British, other Governments paid little or no attention to Chinese affairs at this period, although their nationals, mainly German and American, gladly took advantage of the opening made by Britain and were freely welcomed in the new treaty ports and in the colony of Hongkong : their ships soon took possession of the lion’s share in the coasting trade that now sprang up, and their merchants ranked equally with the British in importance.

So matters went on for fifteen years, trade steadily progressing to the enrichment of “ foreigner ” and native alike, when the latent animosity of the Chinese officials again broke into flame. The treaty of 1842 had been forced upon the Chinese Government against its will, and although the Chinese people concerned, traders by instinct and education, rejoiced in the prosperity brought to their doors, the Mandarins sulked. They tried in their feeble way to restrict intercourse as much as possible. They refused to allow any “ barbarian ” to defile the sacred city of Canton with his presence ; they never

discouraged, even if they did not encourage, isolated murders of Englishmen who went beyond the limits of the "factories" in Canton, some on boating, some on shooting trips. Memorials went up to the throne, stating that the "foreign barbarians" were draining the country of its wealth. Constant sources of friction sprang up, which it was impossible to induce successive Viceroys to attempt to quell; requests for attention to, much more for compensation for, wrongs inflicted upon British subjects, met with only evasive answers; until, after years of patience, as is the way with our Government, hostilities had to be resorted to. The Viceroy, Yeh Min-chên, was taken prisoner and sent to Calcutta, where he died. Canton was captured and ransomed for a million dollars. The foreign "factories," or settlement outside the walls, were destroyed by the mob; the foreign residents fled to Hongkong and to the neighbouring Portuguese settlement of Macao. The Chusan islands, off Ningpo, were seized. The war, so-called, dragged on, failing the appointment by the Chinese of a plenipotentiary to make peace; until, at last, in 1859, the Central Government decided to send a plenipotentiary to treat; whereupon the British Government on their side sent an envoy, with an escorting fleet, to Tientsin to meet him. The fleet fell into a trap. Heavy guns from the Taku forts were accurately trained upon the channel (it was asserted at the time by Russian help); Admiral Hope suffered a defeat, with the loss of four hundred men, and no settlement was come to. It was on this occasion that the American Commodore Tatnall helped to pick up the wounded British, making use of the since famous saying, "Blood is thicker than water."

In the following year, the French joined with us in sending an expedition to Peking. The Taku forts were destroyed, the Peiho River was forced, Peking was captured, the Emperor Hien-feng fled to Mongolia, the beautiful Summer Palace was unfortunately burned and its treasures ransacked, as punishment for Chinese treach-





The Hua-Hua Lo at Wuchang, opposite Hankow ; one of the most beautiful pavilions in China, unfortunately destroyed by fire.

To face p. 59.

ery in torturing and murdering the party sent out with Sir Harry Parkes under a flag of truce. In the end, a fresh treaty of perpetual peace and good-will was signed by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, on behalf of the Anglo-French, and by Prince Kung, on behalf of the Chinese. This peace has now been happily kept for forty years by Great Britain, but was broken by the French in 1885.

The new treaty stipulated for the opening of three new Treaty Ports on the “Great River”—Chinkiang, Kiu-kiang, and Hankow—and for three new Coast Ports in the north—Chefoo, Tientsin, and Newchwang. The British Government now for the first time stipulated for fixed concessions, or the setting apart of a plot of land, averaging less than a square mile, on the outskirts of the respective towns opened. The owners of the land upon which these concessions were situated, land mostly submerged at high water, were handsomely paid for their rights. The land was ceded to the Crown; and after being laid out in half acre building lots, was leased, by the medium of the British Consulate established in each port, to all comers, irrespective of nationality. Later on, municipal councils of the residents of all nationalities were formed for the purpose of policing the new settlements, laying out roads, drainage, planting, building bunds and quays for shipping; until now these aforetime swamps form oases of order, verdure, and a wealth of architecture in the midst of wildernesses of Chinese dirt, poverty, and decay. In the so-called British settlement of Hankow, situated six hundred miles up the Yangtse River, as a consequence of the decay of the Chinese tea trade with England and the growth of that with Russia, the bulk of the river frontage and the handsomest mercantile establishments are owned by Russians, who find no difficulty in co-operating with their British and German fellow-citizens on the concessions and in working together for the common good. This is a part of what Mr. Holmstrom, endeavouring to throw dust in the eyes of the American people, styles “the annexation by the British of all the principal elements of the social

life of China, of all the branches of her industry, trade and administration, thus instituting a practical, if not a theoretical, protectorate of Great Britain over the whole of China." It will be interesting to note, by contrast, what the Russian Government has done in this same Hankow, since it recently set to work, avowedly to arrest the not unnatural growth of British influence in China.

Owing to the influx of foreign nationalities into the strictly limited British concession at Hankow, English merchants, settled there, found it to their advantage to gain more room for their factories by purchasing direct from Chinese owners land outside the Concession. The title-deeds for these lands were duly sealed by the Chinese Governor of Hankow, and subsequently, in due course, registered by the British Consul, as far back as the sixties. In 1897, the Russian Government came upon the scene and compelled the pliable Chinese Government to cede them this land, for a separate Russian concession, saying: "Leave us to settle with the British." They obtained the grant of the land, and then landed Cossacks to turn the unfortunate British merchants out of their property. The British Government, anxious to remain on friendly terms with Russia, refrained from answering force by force, as they would have been justified in doing, and is now limiting its efforts to the obtaining of pecuniary compensation for these arbitrary ejections. Yet Mr. Holmstrom tells his American readers that "siding with England will mean the destruction of China by revolutionary methods." It is instructive to contemplate the analogy and the contrasts in the condition of the two vast empires of Russia and China. The population of both is mainly composed of a poor, hardworking, peaceably disposed peasantry, but governed by corrupt and unscrupulous officials, who are constantly leading the peace-loving peoples they rule over into troubles and adventures which only end in increasing their poverty. The civilian Chinaman, like the ordinary civilian Russian, is an exceptionally quiet, peaceful individual; he knows little of

and cares still less for politics, which, he considers, his superiors are paid to attend to. Yet turn a Russian into a Tchinovnik, or a Chinese into a Kwan, and his natural amiability and honesty seem to be at once unaccountably transformed into the opposite qualities of oppression and deceit. Certain it is, in any case, that Anglo-Saxon methods do not square with those of Russia ; and the inference is that we, who are convinced that the “ open door ” with equality of opportunity is the best policy for China and the best for all foreign nations who desire to have purely trading relations with her, would do well to unite in a pacific endeavour to maintain this policy.

Another of Mr. Holmstrom’s grotesque statements, of the falsity of which we propose to give one more instance, is the following :

“ The ideas of Prince Ookhtomsky and the measures proposed by the Rev. Gilbert Reid (American missionary in North China) as representing respectively Russia and the United States, are *conservative* in the best application of the word ; they aim at the welfare of an independent nation, while on the other hand the English schemes are revolutionary in theory and meant to be carried out by violence in order to pander to the lust of the English for gain and conquest.”

The instance is this. Newchwang, as one of the Treaty Ports, possesses a branch of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs, at which the treaty tariff of five per cent. *ad valorem* is payable on all imported merchandise, including railway material. The limits of these Treaty Ports are everywhere strictly defined, and no cargo is allowed to be shipped or discharged outside of them. In 1898 Russian vessels, laden with railway and other material, entered the port of Newchwang and were requested to conform to the official Customs’ regulations. The vessels thereupon proceeded to land their cargo outside the port, in defiance of the rules which the Commissioner of Customs, without arms at his back, was unable to enforce. Which, in this case, was the conservative and which the revolutionary method ? Would any other Power, having treaties with China, have thus set at defiance the consti-

tuted authorities of the country? Truly, in quoting Mr. Holmstrem's absurd conception of British policy in China, we are compelled to say: "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" This same Newchwang has special interest for Americans, as being the leading port of entry in China of American cotton goods. Opened originally, as we have seen, by the efforts of British statesmanship, two-thirds of its trade is in American goods, and it is a significant fact that, upon the British Government's recently endeavouring to settle outstanding disputes with Russia in regard to railway concessions in Northern China, by a convention which should stipulate for equal rates for all by the proposed railroads, Russia then refused to be bound by a promise that on her railways in China she would not distinguish against non-Russian merchandise by preferential rates. (*Vide* British Blue Book, *Affairs in China.*)

We have seen that, in the treaty made with China by the Anglo-French plenipotentiaries as a consequence of the war of 1860, barring a small pecuniary indemnity, no exclusive advantages whatever were taken by the two Powers who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and many of whose citizens had been treacherously murdered by the Chinese in cold blood. Not so, however, with Russia—of which Mr. Holmstrem writes, "The independence and integrity of China is a fundamental principle of Russian policy in Asia": Russia did not hesitate to take advantage of China's weakness at the time to advance her frontier one thousand miles to the south-east, and to absorb the Amur Valley and Northern Manchuria down to the Korean frontier. And again, quite recently, posing as the protector of China, Russia turned the Japanese out of the Liaotung peninsula and subsequently seized the peninsula herself, including the naval depôt of Port Arthur; thus converting the only naval fortress owned by the Chinese into a Russian possession and thereby advancing her frontier down to the Gulf of Pechili and threatening the very existence of the Chinese empire by rendering

Peking untenable. The practical proposition made by England, that the terminus of the Siberian railway should be a Treaty Port open to all, was scouted by Russia. Is this what Mr. Holmstrom has in mind when he writes :

“ Such a humane interpretation of the idea of business, as bringing fresh Power and salvation to people, commends itself to the Russian mind ; hitherto we have been accustomed to see ‘ business ’ interpreted in the English sense of rapine and slavery—economic and political—*the famous murder for gain !* ”

The truth is that, when Russia changed the plan of her Siberian railway, and, instead of making its terminus in an ice-free port on the Pacific, as was the original intention, decided to prolong it into the Gulf of Pechili and make the terminus in Chinese territory, she found the region already in commercial occupation of other nations—England, Germany, and America—and was unable to take up exclusive privileges there without interfering with treaty rights already acquired there by other Powers. Hence the furious outburst of spleen and misstatement displayed in this egregious article. The Chinese Maritime Customs, a cosmopolitan service which has totally reformed the collection of duties and for the first time in its history provided the central government of China with a reliable revenue, was as a red rag to the Russian bull ; hence one of Russia’s first moves, when she came into the field, was to manœuvre for the supersession of the present Inspector-General of Customs by a Russian.

Again, China had already commenced tentatively to build railways with her own capital—a natural and not unpraiseworthy ambition—and had already in this way constructed a most successful line from Shan-hai-kwan to Tientsin and Peking, under the engineering superintendence of a capable railroad man, Mr. Kinder. Mr. Kinder had served the Chinese Government well and faithfully, and for far less pay than such valuable services would command in Europe or America. But he must forsooth be ousted to make room for a Russian, and the

Chinese, loth as they were to part with their old and tried servant, would have had no alternative but to dismiss him at Russian dictation, had not the outcry at this contemplated injustice been so great that the British Government, notoriously loth to interfere in what it is pleased to consider private affairs, was compelled at last to put its foot down and support Mr. Kinder, whereat the Chinese Government felt emboldened to refuse the Russian demand. This is another instance of how, in Mr. Holmstrom's words, Russia would guard China: "We are an Asiatic Power and as such must guard the East, because *its consolidation means our own consolidation.*" Whatever this enigmatical phrase may mean, it assuredly does not point to the "open door," nor can we see in it an argument to induce America to give up endeavouring to maintain the policy of the open door, and, instead, to join hands with Russia in thwarting a policy profitable to all who have purely commercial, as opposed to territorial, designs upon the empire of China.

It is unfortunate that the British Government should have acceded to the suggestion of the Chinese and consented to the occupation of Wei-hai-wei, as a counterpoise to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and to the German occupation of Kiao-Chao Bay. This occupation, valueless as it is to England, is undoubtedly a contradiction to the policy of the open door, and in so far is wrong in principle. Notwithstanding that the lease of this *place forte* from China in no way affects freedom of trade, it is an instance of the opportunist policy now unfortunately popular, chiefly because it avoids the necessity of planning out and executing a definite line of conduct in any course of circumstances. It would, I have always contended, have been better to risk the wrath of Russia, and leave our ships moored in Port Arthur in 1898, and so have reserved for the Chinese, to whom it then belonged and by whose permission our ships were there, their last remaining fortress. This was not done and Wei-hai-wei was afterwards accepted. But Wei-hai-

wei, unlike Port Arthur, is no fortress in the modern sense, and it is not likely that the British Government will spend the millions necessary to make it one. It could only be useful in the event of a war with Russia, which no one contemplates. Should such a calamity occur, however, it would be easy enough to gain a footing there or elsewhere in the North when the time came. The motive of the Chinese, in offering us Wei-hai-wei, must have been to keep France and Russia out, or, probably, to embroil us with Russia. In any case we should have done better to arrange with China to leave the place in the hands of the Japanese who originally held it.

The non-alienation of the Yangtse Valley, mutually agreed upon by the British and Chinese Governments, arouses the unmitigated wrath of Mr. Holmstrom, and forms the main theme of his argument and appeal to the Americans to beware of being outwitted by the perfidy and rapacity of the English. Now, what does this non-alienation treaty really mean? It means simply the maintenance of the *status quo* as long as China is able to defend it. but that if some other Power, taking advantage of China's weakness, should invade the Yangtse Valley, we should have the right of protesting. The *power* of preventing it we should be free to exercise in any case, and we need no treaty to attain it. Whether we should exercise it is doubtful, if we may take as a precedent the similar stipulation made by the British Government in regard to the "Shan" state of Kiang-hung, on the Yunnan border. This the Chinese were compelled to hand over to France, with whose Tongking conquests it is now incorporated. In this case, our treaty with China turned out to be not worth the paper it was written on; and so probably will it be, if the occasion ever arises, with our famous treaty regarding the Yangtse Valley.

Now, it is the prospect of the possible alienation of this region, the main seat of our trade in China, that exercises the mind of British writers upon the China question. We cannot get over the fact, which is so exasperating to Mr.

Holmstrem, that England by her trade has, and deserves to have, a preponderating influence in China. How long her trade will continue to preponderate is doubtful ; but it is the plain duty of every one who, like myself, is engaged in that trade, to endeavour to preserve it, and, seeing that every step in advance that the Russian Colossus has made in Asia has resulted in the relentless shutting out of British and American manufactures, as well as British and American missionaries, from each fresh area annexed, we, who have watched this ominous progress during long residence in the East, are impelled to tell the truth and to warn our countrymen and allied trading nations of the inevitable result of the invasion of China by Russia. Hence the unconcealed wrath of the writer of *Ex Oriente Lux* with those who innocently attempt to throw light on the Far Eastern problem. Lord Charles Beresford is denounced as having been sent on a *secret mission*, the result of which, had he been a secret envoy, he would certainly not have given to the world, and to Russia especially, as he has done in his well-known *Break-up of China*. A Russian cannot get out of his head the fact, true in his own country, that all who speak and write authoritatively speak with authority, little knowing how difficult we find it to gain from our Government the hearing we strive for. Thus again, speaking of Lord Charles' mission, Mr. Holmstrem writes :

“ He was but an emissary, he has fulfilled a mission not wholly self-imposed, and behind him stand such men as Colquhoun and Archibald Little, who may be regarded as men expressing the *mind* of the British Government, as the Admiral is one of their men of action.”

I should not have taken such pains to quote Mr. Holmstrem's arguments, nor have thus endeavoured to controvert them in detail, but for the fact that prominence has been given to them in an international organ like the *North American Review*, whose influence is such as to weigh upon the decisions of thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. I am therefore anxious that readers

should have all sides of the question before them—and especially with regard to the Yangtse Valley, which England is represented as trying to annex. As a matter of fact, the British Government has not taken a single step pointing to annexation, it has not defined its area nor has it seized an inch of its territory: its gunboats occasionally ascend the Great River, but so do those of all other nations. When I passed through Hankow in the summer of 1898, a Russian man-of-war was conspicuous, moored off the so-called British, but really cosmopolitan, settlement. I have suggested, it is true, in despair of seeing the integrity of China, for which I have long and ardently pleaded, continuing to be upheld—since the attempted seizure of Manchuria by Russia and of Tsing-tao by Germany—that England should ear-mark the Yangtse Valley as her “ sphere of interest ” before other Powers, notably France, who, with Russia, is making ceaseless efforts to acquire exclusive rights there, should have shut us out. I am Jingo enough to desire that, if there is to be a fight over China, England shall not be out of it. I do *not* believe in abdicating where we have long held prescriptive rights; and hence my advice, (“ veiled sentences,” Mr. Holmstrom calls them), in a recent number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, that if all other European nations have determined to partition China and our pacific remonstrances (in favour of the “ open door ”) are of no avail, then that it is the duty of the Government to see that Britain takes her share, if only as a stake and means of bargain for the open door; but I added, and this Mr. Holmstrom does not quote :

“ The open door all round is a true, clear policy; it is humane, just to the Chinese, and in the interest of every nation that seeks trade and intercourse with the Chinese, with no ulterior motives of preferential advantages for itself. The nations who now hold the lion’s share of the China trade are deeply interested in upholding the *status quo*, and it ought not to be beyond the powers of diplomacy to bring about an agreement between them to resist farther aggression upon China, and to compel the Russians to keep the door open, even in Manchuria, on the terms of our treaties with China. A joint protectorate by these nations, not

a political interference, but an assurance against outside aggression, should meet the case if it can be brought about." *

Unhappily any such combination to save the venerable survival from antiquity which appeals so strongly to the cultured imagination, as does the tottering empire of China, both as an object of antiquarian interest and as a potentiality of unlimited trade, just now appears a Utopian dream. It may not always be so, if we can persuade others to share our views; if we cannot do so, nothing is left for us but to protect our interests as best we may, and thus, though I for one do not think it likely, the occupation of the Yangtse Valley may yet come within the sphere of practical politics, which it certainly has not done so far. Even if it should do so, it will still mean the "open door" to all, as far as trade is concerned, as against the closed doors of all Russian and French annexations up to date in Eastern Asia. Hence the interest of America, if she wishes to keep the door open to her trade in China, in giving, at least, her moral support to those who are struggling to the best of their ability to controvert the opposite alternative of preferential railway rates and preferential tariffs generally.

Fortunately, the Americans resident in China and those who are familiar with the subject are all on our side. The American Asiatic Association and the British China Association march hand-in-hand toward a common object—the upholding of our treaties in China and the maintenance of the *status quo*. In the winter of 1898-99 in Shanghai, the union of the American and the British, supported too by the German residents, was successful in foiling the intrigues of the French, unwisely backed by Russia, against the extension of the area of the cosmopolitan settlement. This is what Mr. Holmstrom apparently alludes to as the "English advance from Shanghai," adding that "English schemes are *revolutionary* in theory and meant to be carried out by violence in order to pander to the lust of the English for gain and conquest." Now,

* See page 103.

it cannot be too generally known that, although the square mile of land that was assigned for British residence by the Chinese in 1842 was originally a settlement exclusively British, yet a few years later (I think in 1848) the British Government abandoned the exclusive jurisdiction under Consul Balfour, and started it as the cosmopolitan settlement with municipal rule, but under Chinese sovereignty, which it seems happily destined to remain for all time to come. And it was fortunate for the world that our Government of the day (Lord Palmerston) inaugurated this liberal policy; as, by so doing, they provided an object lesson in international combination for the common good, quite unique of its kind, which may some day provide a precedent for common international action on a larger scale—

“When the battle-flag is furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

For there is no necessary conflict of international interests in China; the field is so immense that there is room for the occupation of all the spare capital of both Europe and America, for a century to come, in exploiting the undeveloped resources of this huge empire.

Let every one, without regard to nationality, be authorised to work at any mining or railroad scheme for which he can produce the *bonâ fide* capital, and the next capitalist on the scene would still find work to do. So far, in all the concessions granted, Chinese interests have been thoroughly safeguarded. In fact, China is the main beneficiary under them; for all the work done and the capital invested revert to the Chinese Government after a term more or less short. Russia alone forms an exception, having insisted on the right to build railways on Chinese territory which remain under her exclusive control, and it is these railways that form a menace both to Europeans and Chinese, to the latter politically, and to the former commercially. It is, too, a significant fact that, to the opposition of Russia, allied with France, should have been due the delay in the much needed extension of the cosmopolitan settlement at Shanghai. This extension

was a necessity not easily appreciated by those unfamiliar with the conditions under which Shanghai exists. The settlement is administered by a Municipal Council elected annually from among the cosmopolitan residents, and the result is the enjoyment, within this square mile, of all the amenities of Western civilisation. But, Shanghai having become the commercial metropolis of China, populous suburbs have grown up around the privileged district, outside of municipal rule: their insanitary condition is a menace to the health of the overcrowded "settlement" and hence their incorporation is a vital necessity which has at last, after many years of weary waiting, been officially acknowledged. This is the game of "grab" which Mr. Holmstrom so virtuously deprecates.

The truth is that wherever men of Caucasian race congregate in the East, expansion is a necessity and by no means a "lust of conquest." "Foreign settlements" bring wealth and prosperity to previously decaying regions; by our enterprise we "foreigners" attract population which threatens to crowd us out; Asiatic conditions arise under which the European in hot climates cannot exist, and extension follows to the great benefit of native and European alike. This applies equally to the "Hongkong extension" formed by the recent cession of Kow-loon, which "formidable advance" our author is never tired of citing as the latest instance of "English rapine and slavery—the famous murder for gain."

The catchpenny statement that England is the inveterate enemy of America and ever scheming to injure her, is too absurd to merit contradiction. The argument that "both countries (Russia and America) afford opportunities for liberty in the highest sense of the word, as founded on genuine equality of rights and certainly realise this idea more than any other country," will certainly be derided, as far as Russia is concerned. The more specious argument that "it was from Asia that the glorious principles of truth, of faith and of love were sent into the world for the salvation of mankind," and that hence "the

Americans must look far back and far into the Asiatic East in order to shape their progress,” may be true if it means that they should take the teaching of the Saviour as their guide in politics, but not if, as Mr. Holmstrom’s further remarks would appear to indicate, it means that they should re-baptise themselves in the civilisation of China, and that “the American democracy itself, in order to be something whole and undivided, must keep in touch with the spiritual forces which are the symbol of unity—yea, which are unity itself—and which underlay that ancient civilisation.” The conclusion is “that if America would be true to herself and to her noble traditions she must come over to our side and accept the Eastern conception,” for “we have common foes bent on mischief, as Americans will soon realise on their own continent; it would be well for us to reach one another a helping hand where needed.”

Flattering as it may be to the Great Republic to have on hand two suitors for her favour like Russia and Great Britain, I do not fear that she can long hesitate in deciding whose policy in Asia best promotes her interests; whether China should be developed under Russian autocracy, or under conditions of free competition for all as it will be wherever British influence predominates. Idealists, like Mr. Stead, see only the good side of Russian aims and civilisation, but practical men of business feel the pressure of her exclusive commercial policy and dread the arbitrary rule of her officials. There are two Russias, a liberal, peaceful Russia, and an aggressive, despotic Russia. The latter is now in the ascendant, and we have cause to fear its action in China. No one knows better than do Russian publicists and politicians that the British Premier, Lord Salisbury, spoke the truth when he said in 1898 in the House of Lords: “If I am asked what is our policy in China, it is the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Empire and its guidance in the paths of reform.” All nations have been invited to join us in upholding this integrity; had Russia been sincere in her protestations,

she would have promptly joined us in protecting the Empire from outside aggressions. Germany could not then have seized Kiao-chao, and Manchuria would not have been lost to China.¹ Possibly, we may yet, with the moral support of America, succeed in upholding what is still left of the integrity of the tottering Empire.

The fact of the matter is, as a Russian writer in the London *Daily Mail* has recently pointed out, that Russia is passing through a crisis at the present moment.

“The dark spirits collected round the throne by the late Emperor are still there, but the leaden hand that gave to their actions some uniformity, is gone, and at present we have, instead of one irresponsible potentate, quite a number of them. The main feature of the foreign policy of Russia is to press in the direction of the line of least resistance. The pushing Russian foreign policy is mainly due to financial considerations. The mass of the population is ruined, consequently the internal market is going down. Therefore, all the tendencies and hopes of Russian financiers are fixed upon transferring the centre of gravity of taxation from agriculture to manufacturing industry, and thus saving the State Budget. M. Witte is artificially feeding and rearing that industry, and in the meantime foreign markets are being hastily created by means of all kinds of annexations, and then safeguarded from foreign competition. The success of this financial policy depends on whether M. Witte succeeds in strengthening the capitalistic productiveness of the manufacturing industry, before the financial crisis arising out of the *ruin of the agricultural population* comes. M. Witte is showing signs of alarm that he will not succeed. He has already exhausted all the means at his disposal for keeping up the balance. All the tricks for favourably arranging the items of the State Budget on paper have been resorted to; direct and indirect taxation have reached their highest possible point, and yet the danger of having to wind up the next Budget with a deficit is staring M. Witte in the face.”

Russia is in the cruel position of having to ship away the food products of her impoverished peasantry at home, in order to meet her heavy commitments abroad, and pay the inexorable interest of her extravagant loans in foreign lands; yet the forward party, who have the ear of the Czar, are constantly pushing her into fresh ventures and fresh extravagances in pursuit of fresh annexations. She

¹ As it then appeared to be, and even yet it is only being regained by great care and unremitting watchfulness.—A. E. N. L.

reminds one of a bankrupt, before his exposure, plunging into reckless speculation, hoping, while his credit lasts, that a fortunate *coup* may bring him round; if not, the inevitable deluge. In such circumstances, one would think that Russia would be glad to arrest her ambition and come to an amicable arrangement with the Western Powers in regard to the position of China, ceasing to block the way in Peking when Germany or England attempts to put through fresh industrial enterprises. Russia herself can do nothing without borrowed money: foreign capital is her last resource, and “M. Witte does his best to lure it to Russia with the prospect of mulcting it in the near future.”

As regards America, her interests in China, so far, have not suffered. Her trade still flourishes. The door for her imports into Manchuria and Shantung has not yet been shut, though there is no guarantee that it will not be closed in the near future. France has already closed the door in the South, in Tongking, and imposes a differential transit tax of ten per cent. on American goods crossing her border on their way from the free port and depôt of Hongkong to the free Chinese province of Yunnan. Americans have secured a concession for one of the best trunk lines of railway in China—that from Canton, in the South, to Hankow, in the heart of the Yangtse Valley,¹ and it is thus doubly in the interest of America to join in keeping the Yangtse Valley open, together with such remainder of the eighteen great provinces of China proper, and her outlying dependencies, as still remains free. As for Mr. Holmstrem’s tirades against England, they remind us of nothing so much as of the old Italian proverb, “*The offender never pardons.*”

¹ Since parted with. The United States claim concessions and then can find no capitalists to work them, their market at home being so much more profitable.—A. E. N. L.

TWO CITIES : LONDON AND PEKING

Two cities in the modern world claim pre-eminence as the capitals of the two most populous empires in existence—Britain and China. Both claim further attention as the respective centres of two of the leading types of human civilisation, as well as of the great political interests that have in them their *foci*. London, the metropolis of the English-speaking world in the extreme West, with Peking, the metropolis and Mecca of the Indo-Chinese nations in the Far East: one at either extremity of the great Eurasian continent, a counterpoise, as it were, to each other, they stand forth like sentinels at the two ends of the ancient world. These two beacons of light and learning, situated on the margin of the once impenetrable bounds of the watery setting in the midst of which *terra firma* stood forth, now both face that New World of the existence of which their respective founders were naturally ignorant, but which bids fair in the not far distant future to reshift the centre of gravity to a new continent. In the meantime a comparison of the points of analogy and of antithesis which these two great metropolises offer to the unprejudiced observer, visiting them as they now exist at this latter end of the Nineteenth Century, offers much matter for reflection, from which I purpose to select a few of the more salient points.

All British interests centre in London, for as long as the wide Empire which acknowledges the sway of the King of England holds together, so long will the title-deeds of its vast possessions continue to be held in the British Metropolis. The bonds that unite its scattered

parts may be drawn yet tighter, as the patriotic friends of "National Unity" so ardently desire, or they might conceivably be so far slackened as to admit of absolute Colonial independence; but short of annexation to another Power, its varied offshoots and dependencies will still continue to regard London as the common focus of their civilisation, as much as it must for ever indisputably rank as the fountain source of their common history. So the numerous heterogeneous provinces of China proper and the outlying regions over which the Emperor of China still holds sway, as well as those which no longer pay their tribute, although still compelled to acknowledge their primary obligation to China for the elements of their written languages, their arts, their ethics, and their civilisation generally—all still look up to Peking as their common *alma mater*, while their learned men regard a pilgrimage thither as the crowning step in their educational career. The decrees of the Chinese Emperor, if no longer regarded as actually divine even by his own immediate subjects, are still respected as the oracular dicta of an infallible pope.

The Emperor of China, as God's Viceregent on earth, has alone the right to offer sacrifice to Heaven directly. His subjects can only approach Heaven through him as intermediary, and a peacock's feather or silk riding jacket bestowed by him, or, still better, a tablet with his autograph, is the highest honour this world can offer.

The members of the vast bureaucracy that rules the lives and fortunes of 400,000,000 of people must, one and all, proceed to Peking to do homage on promotion, while the surrounding semi-independent nations like Corea, Anam, Siam, Nepal, and Burmah have all been accustomed to send their representatives at regular intervals to lay tribute at the feet of the "Son of Heaven." Even Britain, her once upstart and proud antagonist, has, by her latest treaty with poor despised Peking, now become enrolled in the register of tribute-bearing worshippers at the Dragon Throne, for has she not agreed that the annexation of Burmah to her Indian

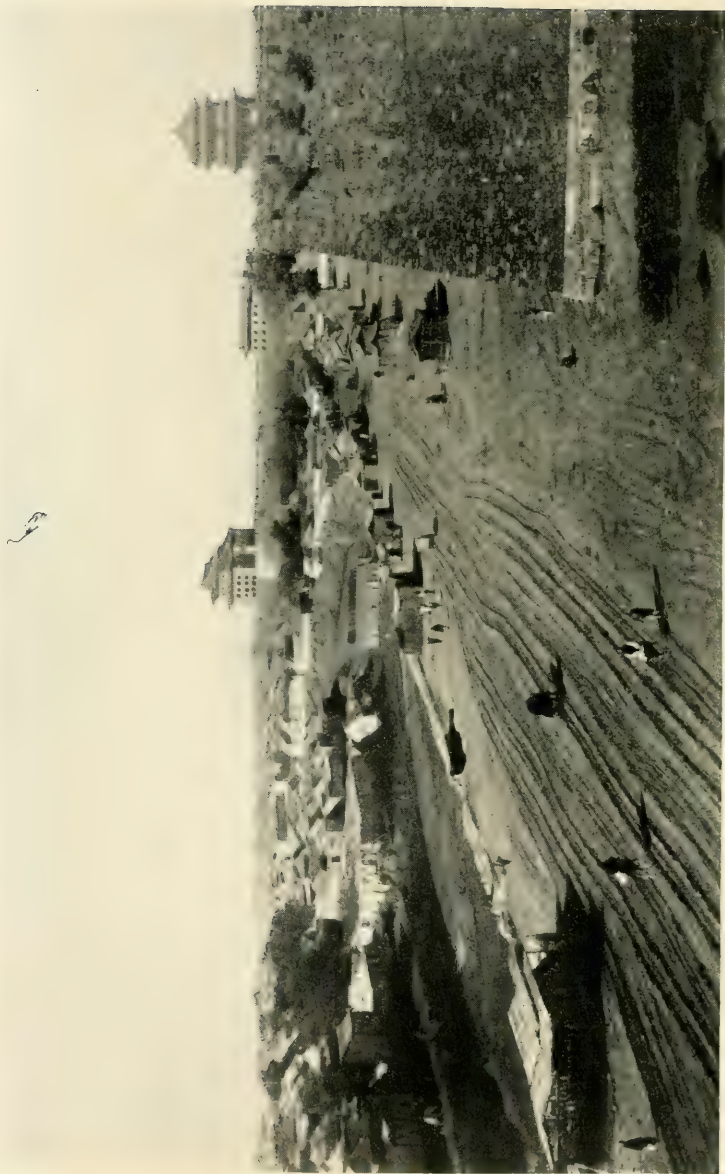
Empire shall not interfere with the old custom of decennial tribute? I see no harm in thus flattering the harmless pride of so venerable an Empire—now, alas! in its dotage.

Peking, although its existence as the capital of the small State of "Yen" dates from the fifth century B.C., was not raised to the rank of metropolis of the Chinese Empire until after the conquest of the "Liao" or Kitan Tartars, which was effected by the "Kin" Tartars or "Golden Horde," who, in A.D. 1151, made Peking their seat of government under the title of Chêng-tu or "Central Stronghold." The word "King," meaning Capital, was then first applied to the old city of the Yen, its alternative name under the Kin Tartars being "Yen-king," or capital city of Yen. By the Mongol conquest, A.D. 1215, it was again degraded into a provincial city, Genghis-Khan holding his Court of nomad warriors at Kara-koram. But in A.D. 1264 Peking was once more restored to Imperial rank by his grandson Kublai-khan, Marco Polo's great patron, under whom it was known as Ta-Tu, or great stronghold, in Chinese, and as "Khanbaligh," or City of the Khan, in Mongolian, euphonised by old Marco into the world-renowned "Cambaluc":—

" In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree ;
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man,
 Down to a sunless sea.

" So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-burning tree ;
 And here were forests, ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

The name "Pe-King," literally "Northern Capital," was unknown until A.D. 1409, when the third Emperor of the Ming dynasty, known generally as Yung-Lo, transferred his seat of government hither from "Nan-



Peking as a watch tower: outside the walls of the Manchu city, the Chinese town stretching into the distance, ruts made by small Peking carts rather plainly visible.

King," the "Southern Capital," with the, as subsequent events proved, fruitless object of being in a better position to defend his dynasty from its northern foes. So much for the history of this venerable capital. It goes to show that London has nothing to yield on the score of antiquity to its Eastern rival.

London appears to have had its origin in prehistoric times in a fort, built at the first practicable crossing of the Thames open to an invader from the adjoining continent making his way northwards, and from that small beginning to have grown rather than to have been made the emporium of learning, arts, and commerce, in which its early fortress origin would have become entirely obliterated but for the happy survival of the Tower of London.

Peking also was originally a fortress, and a fortress—of mediæval type be it well understood—it still remains. Built as a watch-tower over against the unruly tribes of the North, the quarter whence all Chinese invasions have come, its Tartar conquerors expanded it into their Court and camp, and this stamp of its origin pervades the whole of the vast enclosure to the present day. Bearing a striking resemblance to the symmetrical encampment which the old Roman discipline required to be erected at every halt of their armies, this city has its earthen rampart, brickfaced and with crenulated top, set four-square about it; a wide approach from the southern tower-capped gateway leading to the commander-in-chief's quarters—now the Imperial palace—with the pavilions of his staff to the right and to the left—now the palaces of the princes of the blood—with the bulk of the army arranged round about in their orderly rows of tents set out along wide alley-ways giving ample room for rapid manœuvring.

The wide, low, curved-roofed buildings of to-day are but the crystallised tents of yesterday. This is the modern Manchu city, which surrounds on all four sides the Imperial City, an enclosure within an enclosure, the former a parallelogram three and a half miles by four, an area of fourteen square miles, having within it a second walled

parallelogram, the "Forbidden City," about one mile square. In this latter lives the Emperor; immediately outside and around him his faithful Manchu bodyguard, who alone are supposed to inhabit the Manchu city. This bodyguard is known as the "Eight Banners," who form the twenty-four territorial divisions of the garrison. Outside, again, are encamped the sutlers—the Chinese—come to buy and sell to the Army and the Court. Their quarters cover a somewhat smaller area (five miles by two), and are also surrounded by a brick-faced earthen rampart of the same type, though lower than that of the Manchu citadel adjoining. Peking is laid out on a grand plan, is intersected by noble avenues forty and fifty yards in width, and its temples and palaces, though decayed and dilapidated like everything in the China of to-day, stand with imposing grandeur in wide park-like enclosures, a marvellous contrast to the narrow, crooked thoroughfares of London, and the shabby framing, generally limited depth of, and cramped approaches to her most ambitious buildings.

If the approach to the port of London (and the gate by which no few of her visitors from the Continent enter her renowned precincts) is on the murky surface of the open sewer into which modern science has succeeded in converting the once gracious Thames, the approach to the barbaric splendour of the Chinese metropolis is little less disheartening, but in another sense. Here, too, we have a magnificent approach in the shape of a grand stone causeway, which at the time of its construction by the "Mings," nearly five hundred years ago, was probably the greatest work of its kind then in existence. It extends from the eastern gate of the capital down to Tungchow, its port, a provincial walled city built at the head of navigation of the Peiho river. It is a paved roadway formed of enormous stone blocks quarried from the western mountains, laid on a causeway of earth raised some four feet above the surrounding plain. The blocks average eight by three feet surface by two in thickness. Not

having been touched apparently since the day that the great Ming Emperor had them orderly placed there, time has undermined their bed ; they lie tilted at every conceivable angle, and they now form a barricade rather than a road of approach. Yet—and it is hardly to be expected that any one who has not been there and seen it with his own eyes will believe the statement—over this “ obstacle chase ” come and go daily four-fifths of the whole trade and travel of the metropolis of this huge empire with the outer world.¹ The traffic on this road is enormous : carts (springless, of course)—some with passengers and some with goods—camels, laden donkeys, mules and pack-horses, sedan chairs and wheelbarrows follow in endless procession from dawn to dark. To the well-mounted equestrian able to enjoy it at his ease from the swampy but safer vantage of the country alongside, the sight is a most inspiring one ; but that officials from every corner of the Empire, who must come and go by this road upon their periodical visits to the capital to do homage on promotion, should have accepted it so long apparently as an ordinance of nature, is truly astonishing. It would be thought that some among them who have arrived at high positions, such as Viceroys and Privy Councillors, would have reformed this abuse ; but apparently they have no more control over it than have our own mandarins, who stroll on the river terrace at Westminster, over the pollution of the Thames. The serious and obvious temporary disadvantages to be encountered in carrying out the much-needed reformation outweigh in their minds the permanent good to be reaped in the future. In either case, the possible future gain appears too remote for it to act as an incentive to prompt and immediate action. And so, such palliative measures as an alternative road in the worst parts where land is obtainable alongside, or the filling up with rubbish of some of the most dangerous holes in the roadway, sum up the repairs

¹ Since this was written a railway has been made, but the road still remains the same.—A. E. N. L.

of centuries. To the Chinese, and alike to the conservative-minded Londoner, radical treatment seems fatefully distasteful.

Thus, as roadmakers, we are justified in regarding the Chinese with well-merited contempt; but how does a comparison of their pellucid waterways hold with regard to our own polluted streams? We are content simply to put out of sight the offensive accumulation of refuse matter; but in China, owing to the imperative demand for fertilisers in an over-populous land, and to the absence of guano islands on its coasts, the people have solved in principle one of the most difficult questions attending large agglomerations of human beings, if not quite successfully, at least in a manner more logical than that of casting it into the sea. In the outskirts of these northern cities advantage is taken of the extreme dryness of the air and the great heat of the summer sun, to manufacture the solid dejecta into a valuable portable fertiliser by mixing it with earth, when it is made up into small flat discs perfectly inodorous and in appearance not unlike oatmeal cakes; these are neatly packed in sacks suitable for land transport, and sold to farmers for about 10s. a cwt. In the south, where the summer air is too moist for this process, but where cheaper water carriage is available in almost every direction, the soil is removed bodily on to the land that needs it in its natural condition, and in this way the invaluable nitrates which the crops extract are returned direct to the soil. In and around Peking, however, the demand does not equal the supply, and as the above-described process is carried out as a private enterprise and from no sanitary motives, a large portion of the refuse is simply thrown upon the streets, where nature quickly disinfects it by a covering of "dry earth" from the dusty plains that surround the city. Thus, the Chinese have plainly shown us how this matter can be treated, but, as the produce cannot bear the expense of long land transport, sufficient only for the immediate neighbourhood is actually produced. In

countries permeated by the iron road the market should be a larger one.

In Peking the vast residuum is unfortunately dealt with in a manner most offensive to the foreign residents, but habit renders the natives almost unconscious of the imperfections attending this time-honoured method of ridding themselves of the chief encumbrance of city life all the world over. Indeed, a stranger visiting Peking for the first time, especially if the weather happen to be wet, which is fortunately not often, is so appalled and disgusted with the state of the streets that he wonders how it is possible for any mortal, even Chinese, to continue alive there; much as one entering London for the first time when a black November fog was at its height, and especially a foreigner who had never before heard of the phenomenon, would marvel at the fact of existence, not to say the pursuit of business and pleasure, being possible under such strange conditions. In both capitals "custom" seems to have rendered supportable by the natives conditions which *à priori* philosophers would infallibly have pronounced impossible. And that the two greatest capitals of the Old World should each accept such abnormal conditions so submissively, and apparently thrive under them, is but another of the many evidences we possess of the natural adaptability of the human race to environments the most unnatural. Peking did indeed once possess a magnificent system of underground drainage, but now the stone ruins of the culverts that remain are nothing but traps for the unwary, in which men and horses are now and again fatally lost.

If a Pekingese is remonstrated with on the atrocious system, or rather absence of system of drainage, he replies: "It is bad, but it can't be helped." And indeed it is not easy at once to suggest a remedy that shall meet the peculiar conditions of the place. The old plan prescribed by Moses to the Jews worked no doubt admirably in a camp probably under a mile square, but in a city covering fifty times that area, it is evidently impracticable.

Our sanitary engineers, if given full play, are capable of devising a scheme that should meet all the conditions peculiar to the place, scarcity of funds being not one of the least. Taking advantage of its dry air and wealth of open spaces, desiccation on a large scale would probably be suggested, and were such a desecration of the sacred city permissible, tramways would remove the produce to the outskirts cheaply and effectively. Apropos of carriage transport, it is worthy of remark that no city in Asia offers a more promising field for the cheap and popular tram—horse or electric—than Peking with its wide, straight avenues, busy population, and present absence of all easy means of locomotion. High officials ride in sedan chairs with four bearers, others ride on ponies and asses, and the greater number are content to be jolted in the springless carts that toil in crowds through the uneven streets; for the roadways are nothing but the natural soil dug out from the sides and heaped up in the centre with the added garbage. This central causeway, with its surface of hill and dale, is bounded by two lines of stagnant foul-smelling swamp which intervenes between it and the narrow side walks that run under the eaves of the gaudily decorated shops or alongside the endless walks of the residential parks and temple grounds which occupy so much of the city's space.¹ The poorer masses ply their way along on foot as best they can, and he is a man of daring who ventures to move abroad when darkness has once set in. Indeed after sunset the streets of the Eastern metropolis are almost entirely deserted.

On the other hand, if the stranger ask a Londoner why he puts up with his fogs which recur every winter with painful regularity and, as the city goes on growing, with steadily increasing virulence, he will doubtless reply, "The discomfort is unavoidable. Our system of open coal fires is too deep-rooted to be abandoned, besides being

¹ Some of the principal roads have been made possible even for carriages, but straying off these one still finds the conditions as here described.—A. E. N. L.

the healthiest mode of house-warming yet devised." If you point to the enormous monetary loss involved in the destruction of clothing and art materials by the sulphurous fumes and the slimy black deposit of the soot-laden fog, he may give you the shortsighted answer that it is good for trade. If you ask him whether it is good for trade that in the first shipping port and chief depôt of the world's commerce business should be suspended, often for a week at a time, while an impenetrable pall hangs over her wharves and warehouses, he will reply that the volume of trade probably remains the same, and that it is only a temporary suspension which is followed by increased activity when work is resumed.

Nor is an appeal to the æsthetic side of much more avail. The æsthetic feelings are not deeply rooted in the English character, and even in one in whom they are, you will find an apologist who will declare that the grime on our buildings does but complete the chiaroscuro which forms the charm of London prospects and adds that *cachet* of originality which makes London unique in the impression it creates on the sympathetic visitor. If, then, you ask him whether it is good that for nearly half the year the wealthy leisured classes should be driven away to spend their incomes (often earned in London) in foreign lands, he will reply that the fog is a necessary accompaniment of the climate, and that those who can will escape it anyway by removing to the Riviera and the sunny South. Further "custom" reconciles the native to all the discomforts of his surroundings, and leads him to submit to the inevitable with scarcely a murmur.

Thus each capital has its own amenities, which, forcibly though they strike a stranger, exist almost unnoticed by the native. A Londoner visiting Peking marvels at the barbarity still rampant in the heart of the polished civilisation of China, while a Pekingese in London (*teste* the reply once made to me by a Chinese Ambassador in Portland Place, on my inquiring how he liked the British metropolis), sums up his impressions in the

words, "Too dirty." To a Londoner who has lived in Peking it seems merely another instance of Chinese self-conceit when a Pekingese dares to expatiate on the dirt of London, as is to a Chinaman our own inexplicable pride in our agglomeration of dingy, cramped, mean-looking, ill-arranged, courtyard-lacking houses, which constitute the metropolis of the British Empire.

This special amenity of the Chinese capital which we have just described, probably has its origin in the habits of the camp which practically constituted the Peking of the Mongol conquest—habits which have survived its expansion into a magnificent city of a million inhabitants; curiously enough, it was about the same date that the "smoke nuisance" began to make itself felt in London. Up to the time of our Edward II. wood and charcoal appear to have constituted the common fuel, but already in his reign sea coal was coming into use, for we find, in A.D. 1316, Parliament presenting a petition against coal from Newcastle, which resulted in the total prohibition of its use. A fine was imposed for the first offence, and a second offence was punished by the uprooting and destruction of the offending chimney. From these small beginnings we have gone on until now the great smoke-producing factory of London uses up annually five million tons of our precious store of black diamonds, and destroys at the lowest estimate five million pounds a year of property, directly ruined by its emanations. A reckless waste and a cruel destruction! Yet the evil has grown and grown and been submitted to for seven hundred years, not entirely without a murmur but absolutely without any serious effort to amend it. And is there really no remedy forthcoming?

Fogs there will always be along the Thames valley, but, apart from the fact that they are believed to be attracted by, and their duration prolonged by, the cloud of sooty particles always in suspension in the air of our great cities, such white mists are innocuous, and in a state of nature seldom prevail for days together.

Eliminate the "blacks" from the London fogs and they will be shorn of all their terror. So with the sewage : we shall always have it with us ; but face the fact squarely and openly, and admit the necessity of dealing with it in the first instance each in our own houses, and means for its subsequent removal and disposal will in due time be found. Prohibit the pollution of the Peking streets, and the inhabitants will soon discover a better method, as have the large Chinese population that dwells within the bounds of the "Model Settlement" of Shanghai.

This is not the place, even had we the space at our disposal, to discuss methods ; we have not even touched upon the health question, which some will think the most important of all. A good suggestion in regard to the smoke nuisance was, however, made by a distinguished London physician, the reader of a paper at the Annual Meeting of the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh, in 1875, to the effect that, failing any general agreement as to the best means of abating it, a qualified prohibition should be enacted by law. He proposed that, after due notice given, houses of an annual rental of one thousand pounds and upwards should be absolutely forbidden to disgorge their smoke upon the community : then after another term, the prohibition was to descend to houses of nine hundred pounds, and so gradually downwards. Two points were emphasised : one, that the prohibition should be absolute ; the other, that the choice of means should be left to the individual house-owners. The writer's view was, that, given the necessity, human ingenuity would be quickly stimulated to discover the means ; and that if the problem were left to an unlimited number of workers, the best method was certain to emerge. Surely such purely mechanical problems are not of those which "it passeth the wit of man" to solve.

But to return to our comparison of the two cities. With all their drawbacks, and quite apart from their historical

renown, they both possess a fascination which grows upon nearer acquaintance, and which is in no slight measure due to their admirable situation. London stands athwart a river equally valuable for pleasure as for business, and in the centre of a basin, formed by gentle ranges of hills which surround it with picturesque environs and present to its citizens an inexhaustible field for enjoying the charms that nature offers. The day is unfortunately past when in every street could be seen a tree, but the soil and climate are such that wherever space for vegetation has been left the green leaves flourish, even despite the smoke. Peking is built at the foot of a range of mountains which shelter it on the north and west from the cold northern blasts, while the city lies open to the cooling breezes that come from the sea on the south and east. These "Hsi Shan"—western mountains as they are called—form an admirable curtain bounding the distant view, equally attractive whether seen in their summer garb of green or in their winter coat of snow. Upon them stand many old-world Buddhist temples, which form charming retreats from the heated city, and beyond these again the lofty grass-covered undulations of the wide Mongolian plateau. It is to the neighbourhood of these high grassy plains that is due the exhilarating nature of the Peking air in the long fine autumn season, when its breath is like champagne to the weary visitor from the humid south. But the city itself is a beautiful spectacle when viewed from a pagoda, or, better still, as one walks along the broad road that tops its colossal walls. The eye roams over a forest of foliage interspersed with the picturesque roofs of burnished tiles with their curved eaves and richly-coloured porcelain pinnacles, which peep out like gipsy tents in a woodland glade. Looking down upon this tranquil scene, with here and there a broad avenue visible, between which the few people scarcely discernible move at their leisure, unlike the hurrying throngs of London, and gazing on these symmetrical, perfectly balanced house-tops, one appreciates

indeed the contrast to the dispiriting chaos of roofs and chimney-pots which form the prospect from an upper story in London! When one remembers that amidst these tranquil groves live the rulers of a mighty empire, one is irresistibly reminded of the gods in Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*, who

" Careless of mankind
 lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curled
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world " ;

and can imagine how the Ministers of the thirteen outside nations who are accredited to the Dragon Throne butt their heads vainly against such impassive tranquillity.

As a well-known Danish *littérateur* (Georg Brandes) has written of another capital—that of a still wider empire: " Everything is laid out on a broad scale, and has the stamp of repose, whereas in London everything is planned for keen and immediate enjoyment." He adds, too, in speaking of Moscow, what is strikingly true of Peking: " There is open ground enough, but hardly any place where people can walk." Did the Mongols, who also ruled Russia (A.D. 1220-1480) while they held their Court in Peking, impart to its people their wide views and grand scale of construction? If we are asked what is the leading impression that the Chinese capital makes upon us, we should say pre-eminently—repose. Repose is the effect it indisputably produces, notwithstanding its busy movement and its streets filled with life. Through its sixteen gates (nine in the Tartar and seven in the Chinese city) from dawn to sunset flows a picturesque and struggling stream of camels, carts, barrows, horses and laden porters, sedan chairs, flocks of sheep, droves of swine and jolting carriages. Yet those entering are soon lost in the immensity of the city, as are those going out in the wide plain beyond. The stream struggles and boils in the congested narrows, but appears scarcely in motion when once it has passed them.

As there is no spot on the world's surface so truly cosmopolitan as London, so there are few spots where specimens of so many different, distant nationalities may be seen as in Peking. Besides the native Chinese, Manchus, and Mongols in their varied and gay costumes, members of Embassies from Lhassa, Corea, Turkestan, and Nepaul may constantly be seen in the capital, their costumes further enchancing the brightness of the kaleidoscopic Peking streets. The hated European alone, with his shabby, ungraceful dress, as rigid and angular as his perversely situated heart,¹ is out of place, and no hospitality is shown him. Whether the story of how, when he dared to attempt an invasion of the holy city, he was ignominiously driven back to his ships after a few days' stay on the confines of the citadel, still inflames the imagination of the Peking *gamin*, or whether the contemptuous distance at which the high Chinese officials hold our resident representatives, who were till lately, after thirty years' patient pleading, still vainly knocking at the outside door and begging the favour of a "celestial glance," we know not; but certain it is that in no other spot on the globe that I have visited have I felt myself such an object of contempt as in Peking. Sir Harry Parkes happily characterised this bad aspect of Peking in the words: "Dirt! Dust! and Disdain!" Here is at least one point, viz., in its treatment of strangers, in which London bears the palm. And yet, notwithstanding all, we cannot but be fascinated by Peking: being there we are set back a thousand years in history, and can see with our eyes living pictures of the Middle Ages, which here have been handed down intact for our special edification. We can realise what was the aspect of the cities of Europe with their gabled houses and gaily dressed inmates, their dirt and squalor, their towering walls, and their peaceful lives, interrupted, as here, at long intervals, by fierce convulsions. Japan, the last stronghold of picturesque æstheticism, is fast slipping from our grasp,

¹ A Chinaman's heart is in the centre, they say.

and rapidly encasing herself in the Philistinism of modern comfort and ugliness. China yet remains, and though we rail at her conservatism, let us be thankful for it.

The modern visitor to Peking sees China outwardly at rest after a cycle (the Chinese cycle is sixty years) of wars and devastating rebellions, which bring to the minds of those of us who have seen them the state of things that existed in Germany in the sixteenth century, when the relentless "Thirty Years' War" was pursuing its evil course. The recovery of the inhabitants who there survived from that cruel period was less rapid than is the recovery now going on in those provinces of China which were for a time almost entirely depopulated by the Taiping and Mussulman rebellions of 1848 and 1873. Weakened as the Government of China has been during the same period, by an unfortunate succession of foreign wars, its resources were most severely strained in its slow but ultimately successful attempts to quell these far more serious internal disorders. The fact that they have at last emerged from such a wide sea of troubles is a proof of the toughness and vitality inherent in the Chinese race. Now that their rulers are once more in the enjoyment of nominal peace on all their frontiers, and are no longer under the necessity of devoting every energy to the sole preservation of their existence, we may hope to see renewed attention paid to material reforms again.

The rulers of China, who have for so long been

" Looking over wasted lands.

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights and flaming towns, and sinking ships and praying hands,"

are at last enjoying a respite. We do not doubt that they will slowly profit by it, in emulation of their renowned progenitors, to "set straight the crooked and build up the fallen," to feed her millions and rebuild her altars, infusing into their work, let us hope, Western order and solidity while retaining their Eastern grace and simplicity. They

have at last made a beginning with railways—two lines are open and in working order: one from Shanghai to Wusung, a distance of nine miles, to be continued west up the Yangtse valley; one from Peking to Shan-hai-kwan, which brings the metropolis within four hours of the port of Tientsin, as against the old journey *via* Tungchow of six days in boat and cart. The 80 miles of land road which separate Tientsin from Peking have, in times of emergency and using relays of ponies, been covered by Europeans in a single day. Sir Harry Parkes, with his untiring energy when Minister at Peking, once performed this feat, and the resulting exhaustion is believed to have contributed to the attack of typhoid fever to which, to the great grief of his countrymen, he shortly afterwards succumbed.¹

As one gazed on Peking a few years ago and rejoiced in the freedom from war that after so many troublous years then reigned within her borders, one could but hope that the European Powers, then rudely knocking at her doors, would come to a peaceful agreement amongst themselves, virtually to respect the integrity of the venerable Empire. Spheres of influence for industrial enterprises may still be amicably arranged, but it seems as if it would be a crime against humanity to divide up this most interesting survival from antiquity and make it into another Poland, split into armed camps, making enemies of separate portions of that which has been a united Empire for 2,000 years. All lovers of justice and freedom must rather hope that a season may return to her such as is described by one of her famous poets of the brilliant Sung dynasty, the philosopher Sao Yao-pu (A.D. 1011-1077), who, commenting upon the happy restoration of peace that followed upon the long era of disturbance ending in

¹ Railways from Hankow to Peking; Tsingtao to Chi-nan-fu; Shanghai to Hangchow, and also to Nanking, as also the purely Chinese line from Peking into Mongolia and the French line from Hanoi to Yunnan-fu in the extreme South-West have since been opened and the network promises many ramifications as well as further extensions.—A. E. N. L.

the establishment of the famous dynasty of Han, sang as follows (we have endeavoured, while giving a literal translation, to reproduce the rhythm of the original) :

“ Midst five wild dynasties the war in dire confusion reigned ;
 When lo ! One morn the clouds dissolve ; the heavens are
 regained,
 A century of drought gives place to ripening rains and dews.
 The officers through countless lands no more their Lord refuse,
 The streets and lanes by day and night with flags and lamps
 abound,
 Throughout the halls and towers high the flute and zither sound ;
 The whole world wrapped in peace ; the days pass free from
 sighs or care ;
 Sweet slumber once more soothes the eyes and songbirds fill the
 air.”

THE VALUE OF TIBET TO ENGLAND

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous books that have been published on Tibet, from the time of Bogle and Manning, a century back, down to the more recent descriptions of the country by Rockhill, Bower, and others, the public generally have but a hazy idea of the wide Tibetan region, or of its great value to us and to all Europeans whose lot is cast in the surrounding lands, dominated by the huge table-land that towers above them. Tibet is the heart of Asia, rightly called the roof of the world; it forms the nucleus of the great Asiatic continent, and from it may be said to depend the low-lying peripheral countries by which it is surrounded, India, Burma, Siam, and Cochin-China on the south; China proper on the west; and the Tarim Basin with East Turkestan on the north. The great rivers which water these countries have all their sources in the high plateau,—the Indus, the Ganges, and the Brahmaputra, which flow through India and debouch into the Indian Ocean on the South; the Irrawaddy and the Salwin in Burma flowing into the Bay of Bengal; the Lan-tsan-kiang, or Mekong, which crosses Upper Siam and Cochin-China and, taking a south-west course, flows into the China Sea near Saigon; and finally the Red River of Tongking, which rises in the Chinese province of Yunnan, itself a high table-land and peninsular extension of the Tibetan plateau.

Coming round to China, we have the two great rivers, the Yangtse and the Hoang-ho, which make their way to the Pacific, running right athwart the "eighteen provinces" from east to west: the one a solid stream of

deep water navigated some two thousand miles from its mouth; the other wide and shallow, and, owing to its eccentric behaviour and irregular flow, commonly known as "China's Sorrow." All these rivers are fed by the perennial snows that adorn the great mountain wall which fences in the plateau from the peripheral countries, and by the heavy monsoon rains derived from the masses of vapour which the south winds of summer, crossing the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, pile up against the mountain barrier. The mountains which bound the great plateau on the north, the Kwenlun and the Altai ranges, have little rainfall, and here consequently the peripheral countries are little better than deserts, and their rivers only intermittent pools of water for the greater part of the year. Northern Tibet is itself a desert of lofty peaks and frozen plateaus, 16,000 and 17,000 feet above the sea, interspersed with desolate lakes of salt water, and is practically uninhabited. Southern and western Tibet, bordering on India and China, have a lower elevation, the plateau ranging generally from 10,000 feet to 13,000 feet, while sufficient moisture here penetrates the boundary wall to enable a considerable population to dwell in comfort and to combine agriculture with the pastoral pursuits dear to all Tibetans, and which form the basis of such wealth as they possess. The climate in this region is cool and bracing in summer, while the winter cold is by no means severe; fresh water abounds, and the streams are so rapid that they are seldom hard frozen. The thermometer at Lhasa is seldom known to fall as low as zero Fahrenheit, and, if the nights are cold, the sunshine by day, even in the depth of winter, is warm and pleasant. Occasional blizzards occur, generally of three days' duration, when all who can keep within doors; but calm weather is the normal condition, sharp, cold air tempered by almost continuous sunshine. My own small experience of it leads me to believe it to be one of the finest climates on the surface of the globe.

Bodyul, or the land of Bod, by which name the country

is known to the Tibetans, extends about 1,200 miles east and west (longitude 79 to 101 E.) and about 700 miles north and south (latitude 28 to 40 N.) The boundary wall on the south, or Indian side, is the Himalaya range, which runs east and west; after reaching the country of the Kachins, to the north of Burma, this wall turns northwards and forms the boundary between Tibet and China. This northern extension of the Himalayas is known to the Chinese as the Ta-shüeh Shan, or Great Snow Mountains, a name of the same meaning as the Himalaya of the Indians. In appearance the Chinese range is much the same, the view of the Ta-shüeh Shan from Mount Omi in Szechuan (11,000 feet) being analogous to that of the Himalaya from Darjeeling,—a grand wall of snowy peaks and glaciers towering into the sky to a height estimated at 22,000 feet to 24,000 feet, and dwarfing the high Szechuan ranges that lead up to it by contrast. Through this wall go passes which lead the traveller to the Tibetan plateau beyond. The two principal passes leading from Szechuan are that of Ta-chien-lu (8,000 feet) in the west, which forms the high road from Chêng-tu, the provincial capital of Szechuan, to Batang and Lhasa; and the Hsüeh-Pao-ting (13,000 feet), which leads from the north of the province into the Tsaidam and Ko-ko-nor country on the north-west.

I have traversed both these passes, and on each occasion found myself on a rolling grassy plateau, the home of innumerable flocks of the big Tibetan sheep and of herds of the hardy yak. Agriculture is impossible on the plateau itself, but in the deep ravines cut down by the many streams which form the sources of the great rivers named above, barley, the main food of the people, is grown in considerable quantity. While sojourning on the plateau—the *ts'ao-ti*, or grass land, as the Chinese call it—I have been the guest of the Tibetan border tribes, and although the people are timid and suspicious, I found the men far more frank and manly in their behaviour than the Chinese, while the women, who do all

the work and all the entertaining, are politeness itself, with a grace and freedom of manner which forms a contrast to that of the downtrodden Chinese women as pleasing as it is surprising. As a merchant and wool-buyer, my presence amongst them did not raise the suspicions which a missionary or a purely scientific traveller cannot fail to give rise to. The Tibetans on the Szechuan border are a remarkably handsome race, with the splendid physique and carriage of the mountaineer; they have little of the repulsive Mongol type in their features; many of the younger men would pass for handsome Italians, while the young women are florid brunettes, prepossessing both in manners and appearance.

The Chinese derive no revenue from Tibet, and their supremacy is all but nominal. The tribes are under their own Tu-sze or headmen, with a few Chinese "Residents" posted along the chief highways of the country. A few small bands of ill-disciplined Chinese soldiers guard the frontier towns in Szechuan, and are posted at wide intervals along the great high road to Lhasa. But generally the Tibetans know little of the Chinese, who scarcely interfere with them in any way. The Tibetans all go armed with sword and musket, while the Chinese in the border towns of Tibet, as elsewhere, are ignorant of arms, and could not resist a serious attack if made. But a peaceful trading intercourse between the two peoples appears to have removed all danger of a renewal of the wars that were constant for a hundred years or more after the so-called conquest of Tibet by the Emperor Kien-lung in the early part of the last century.

Seeing what a magnificent sanatorium Tibet, if properly opened up, would afford to our toiling fellow-countrymen in the torrid plains of India, it is lamentable to think that no serious steps have been taken to render Tibet accessible to Europeans since the days of Warren Hastings. This grand statesman, with the conquest of India on his hands, did not neglect Tibet. As long ago as 1774 Warren Hastings sent a mission to the Tashi-Lama, and actually

succeeded in making a peaceful agreement with him to open up a trade route between Tibet and Bengal. Later Viceroys left the matter in abeyance, and the intercourse so well begun gradually died out, and it was not until 1885 that a renewed attempt was made to open up the country. The Macaulay mission of 200 men with 500 mules was despatched to Lhasa, overcame the feeble opposition of the Dalai-Lama's force on the Sikkim frontier, but after three months of delay and negotiation with Peking was recalled by the Indian Government. This fatuous act was prompted by the foreign advisers of the Chinese Government. Sir Robert Hart, so it was currently reported at the time, warned our Government of the fatal consequences of the breach with China which their interference in Lhasa would produce. Our timid rulers, unworthy successors of Warren Hastings and his contemporaries, instead of treating China as a *quantité négligeable*, appear to have feared the shadowy consequences of their advance into Tibet, and thus a grand opportunity was carelessly thrown away.

Yet it is not too late for resolute action even at this late day. China is falling to pieces; its outlying dependencies must go. Manchuria has in part gone to the Russians, and Mongolia looks like going too. Are we content to see them in Tibet also, hovering over India, and threatening a descent at any moment? A mission of five hundred men despatched to Lhasa to-morrow might secure us the fealty of the Dalai-Lama, and free intercourse with the hardy Tibetan people.¹

To say nothing of trade, it is less on political than on sanitary grounds that I urge that Tibet be thrown open to settlement from India. I have myself twice recovered my health by fleeing from the steamy plains of China to the cold, dry atmosphere of the great plateau, and this notwithstanding the discomforts and hardships of land

¹ Alas! Since then Younghusband's Mission has gone and come away again! Coming away is always confused in the East with being driven out.—A. E. N. L.

travel under present conditions. Englishmen in India need such a change within easy reach. Darjeeling, Simla, and the other numerous hill-stations along the foot-hills of the Himalayas are on the hither side of the rain belt, and though comparatively cool, are still damp and relaxing. To obtain the real tonic of mountain air you must get behind the rain-belt. Such tonic as the Tibetan Plateau affords is (*experto crede*) not to be found in Europe, and when one realises that this glorious climate could be placed by rail within three days of Calcutta, one naturally asks, Why is it not done? The addition of Tibet to our Indian Empire would solve the problem of our permanent hold of India; our garrison of British soldiers could occupy cantonments as healthy as any in Europe, and our over-worked Indian officials could then run up to Tibet to recruit as easily as Londoners now run to Switzerland and the Tyrol. Let us hope that soon we may see a "Far East" Office added to our Ministries, and that China and Tibet will be studied and understood by our Government, and questions of the greatest import to the weal of the Empire no longer be left for an opportunist decision in an emergency through want of due attention beforehand and a little resolution.

THE PARTITION OF CHINA

This article was published in the *Asiatic Quarterly* in 1898 and, short though it is, is unfortunately still worth the reading for all those likely to have any influence on the conduct of affairs in the Far East.—A. E. N. L.

THE above sinister phrase has been much in men's mouths, and the heinous actions it calls up may become accomplished facts if Britain does not come forward and take the lead in averting from China the fate of Poland; for China is politically weak through the corruption of its rulers and the unwarlike character of its people. The corruption of the mandarinat I attribute to the evil system of paying the officials nominal salaries and allowing them to farm the revenue: pay them well, in ratio of their responsibilities and of the position and staff they are called upon to maintain, and I believe this great evil that now permeates the Chinese bureaucracy would disappear. Even as it is, incorruptible mandarins are not uncommon, *i.e.*, officials who will not take bribes and who do not collect more revenue from their districts than is actually needed for administration and remittance to headquarters; but, human nature being what it is—if officials are allowed to tax at discretion, have no real audit of accounts, and it is merely stipulated that a certain sum must be handed over as nett revenue, the majority of men, be they Mongol or Caucasian, will not neglect the opportunity of feathering their own nests; especially when, by the rules based upon the suspicion of their Manchu conquerors, office is held at the outside for a term of three years, and that never in the native province of the official, but in what is, to all

intents and purposes, a foreign country. This impediment to good government is well known to progressive Chinese, and, as they have a brilliant object-lesson before them in the administration of the Imperial Maritime Customs—in which both the Chinese and European employés receive high fixed pay, and where there is a careful system of book-keeping so that an honest return to the Government of the revenue collected is ensured—there is reason to hope in time for a change of system.

The Chinese are, in the view of latter-day Europe, provokingly conservative, yet hardly more so than were our own ancestors: they are an extraordinarily reasonable people, and when they once grasp a subject, action gradually results. There is a large reform party in the country, daily increasing in numbers and influence, but it takes time for new China to shake off old China: the old fossils must be given time to die out before the young men can give scope to their modernised ideas and reform the country—unless by a bloody revolution, which was tried fifty years ago and failed. Reforms too hurried lead to reaction, as we have seen in the case of the Emperor Kwang-hsü and his adviser and protégé, Kang Yu-wei—the so-called “modern sage”—and as our own European history most emphatically teaches us. To supplement this general axiom, we have the fact that, by custom which in China is law, innovations of any kind can only be carried out by universal consent. In private affairs, where great changes are in discussion, the majority must convince the minority; they cannot ride roughshod over dissidents as in Europe; they must get their assent, which, in practice, is usually given, where the minority is small, even against their convictions, for the sake of peace and quietness. It cannot be denied that the Chinese are often foolishly suspicious of innovations, especially when offered by Europeans, whose complex motives, not confined solely to money-making as they think, they are incapable of gauging, and they are strengthened in their convictions by one of their own expressive proverbs:

“ You yi, pi you hai ” or—“ Where there is advantage there is also disadvantage,” or, “ Evil lurks even in advantage.”

The second impediment to the continued independence of China is not so easily remediable as is the first ;—I allude to the unwarlike character of the people. In our present stage of civilisation, where Might is Right and Christianity nothing but an impracticable ideal, this is a fatal defect in any people, but it is specially fatal to the occupiers of a country so exceptionally rich and fertile as China. The Chinese cannot defend themselves against aggression, and will be utterly unable to do so for another century without European aid. To raise an army such as their numbers and hardy physique should render possible, strong enough to protect the country against European brute force, European organisers are absolutely necessary ; not simple drill-instructors as hitherto, but a trained European staff. This must come ere long ; the great question is, Shall this training be under the supervision of a semi-civilised corrupt bureaucracy like that of Russia, or under the guidance of liberal Powers like England and America, and I would even add Germany ?

China, in climate, resources, and population, is worth a dozen Africas to our trade,—that foreign trade by which alone we are enabled to feed our people,—and, in my opinion, is worth fighting for ; although at the same time I am convinced that, had Lord Salisbury’s Government paid due attention to China in 1897, when they were warned by the publication of the Cassini convention of what was in store for British interests in China,—the country which we had opened up to the world, where two-thirds of the trade and two-thirds of the foreign population are British,—and declared plainly for the open door policy “ even at the cost of war,” the late military aggressions of Russia would not have been attempted. It was what has been well called by Mr. Asquith the “ infirmity of purpose and inconsistency of method of Lord Salisbury,” that encouraged Russia to come on.

Originally she only asked for an ice-free port on the Pacific, south of Vladivostock : to this no one had any objection : then the project was amended by a proposal to bring the terminus of the Siberian Railway to the Gulf of Pechili, for which purpose the Chinese granted a right of way through Manchuria and, in their weakness, permitted the Russians to guard the line with Cossack troops. No formal cession of the country to Russia was made ; this is not Russia's way ; a stealthy seizure of the country is made noiselessly and thus European opposition is disarmed ; meanwhile, however, Russia advanced her frontier 1000 miles south. This was not enough : the peninsula of the Regent's sword was ceded by China, and Port Arthur, rescued from the Japanese, nominally in the interests of China, was being fast converted into a second Sebastopol : Peking was threatened, and all Northern China menaced by a Russian invasion as soon as the fruit should be ripe.

Meanwhile our Government had sent two men-of-war to anchor in the harbour of Port Arthur ; they were there with the consent of the Chinese : had they been allowed to remain, Russia would have been compelled to show her hand, either by attacking our ships, which she would not have dared to do, or else, which is the probable contingency, she would have put off the seizure of the fortress to a more convenient time. But for some unaccountable reason, our Government ordered the ships to withdraw, and the Russians moved in. This retreat on our part dealt a heavy blow to our prestige in the East, and necessarily threw China into the arms of Russia as the only Power in the field that knew its own mind and must consequently be conciliated on the best terms possible by the helpless Chinese.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a well-known speech in Manchester, defended the Government, and boldly asserted that no door had been closed upon us. We have treaties with China, and under these treaties our goods have free access to Manchuria. Newchwang is a Treaty Port in Manchuria,

and its Customs are under the management of Sir Robert Hart. Do the Russians respect this Treaty Port and observe the conditions under which they and the other Powers having treaty rights there are supposed to trade with it? Only the other day, the Russians totally ignored the Newchwang Customs, and landed the cargoes of three vessels destined for Manchuria in a neighbouring bay without paying duty. This is a sample of what we have to expect in any portion of the Chinese empire occupied by Russia. Ta Lien Wan bay, in rear of Port Arthur, we had arranged with the Chinese to make an open port; the Russians seized it, and no British subject could then land there without a Russian passport. When the new Russian navigation laws come into force, no British ships will be allowed to carry goods between two Russian ports; hence British steamers will no longer be able to carry kerosene oil from Batoum to ports in China occupied by Russia. The import of kerosene oil into China is a large and increasing trade; it is taking the place of all other illuminants throughout China, and forms a great field for our carrying trade, which our Government should have carefully safeguarded.

Having let things drift in this way, the question is, What can we do to recover lost ground? Many politicians appear to think that we should quietly accept the inevitable—that Russia is bound to annex Northern China, and we must make the best of it, *i.e.*, we must abandon the policy of the “open door,” and look for compensation elsewhere. Thus we fall back on “spheres of influence,” and so have indirectly marked out the Yangtse valley as our sphere. But our Government does not appear to be prepared to ear-mark this region in any way. Russia has invaded this sphere likewise; she has compelled the Chinese to give her a separate special concession in Hankow, and, together with France, is now in occupation of land there for which British subjects hold the title-deeds, and to which, by registry in the British Consulate Land Register years ago, they fondly imagined themselves to hold a clear





Group of Officials at Shasi, in Hupeh Province

This group indicates the different races from whom Chinese Officials are drawn. Leaving out the Japanese Consul and his subordinates, Chi Lin, Tartar General, in centre, has a Manchu Brigadier-General, the Hereditary Duke Juei Hsing on right, and a Chinese Taoist on left. At extreme right a Chinese Chih-shien, behind whom against Mr. Bessel, an Englishman in the same service, and another Customs Official, a German, behind the Manchu Duke.

title. The Lu-han railway, from Hankow to Tientsin, was built by a nominally Belgian syndicate financed by the Russo-Chinese Bank, while the nominally British, but really cosmopolitan, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation was prohibited by the Russians from holding a lien on the new railway to the treaty port of Newchwang for which they had advanced the funds to the Chinese Government.

These and many other encroachments on our influence in China testify to the fact that, if we continue to sit idle and to drift, our opportunities for trade with the largest potential market in the world will be still more seriously curtailed. Between the two stools of the "open door" and "spheres of influence," we are bound to fall to the ground if we do not bestir ourselves; and our Government should declare openly for one policy or the other, and then support the one selected with untiring determination. The open door all round is a true, clear policy; it is humane, just to the Chinese, and in the interest of every nation that seeks trade and intercourse with the Chinese, with no ulterior motives of preferential advantages for itself. The nations who now hold the lion's share of the China trade are deeply interested in upholding the *status quo*, and it ought not to be beyond the powers of diplomacy to bring about an agreement between them to resist further aggression upon China, and to compel the Russians to keep the door open, even in Manchuria, on the terms of our treaties with China. A joint protectorate by these nations, not a political interference, but an assurance against outside aggression, should meet the case if it can be brought about. China has the seeds of reform in herself, and, if given time and an assurance of protection, will surely, if slowly, bring them to maturity; and the wise policy is to help her to reform herself—analogueous to the policy Sir Harry Parkes was allowed to pursue in Japan. But if, on the other hand, all other European nations have determined to partition China, and our pacific remonstrances are of no avail, then, I take it, it is the duty of

the Government to see that Britain takes the lion's share, if only as a stake and means of bargain for the open door with rival Powers, and, farther, as a means of training the Chinese and enabling them *later on to undertake their own self-defence*. Continuous attention, to ensure which a special Far East Department should be organised, appears to me the only sure means by which either of the above ends can be satisfactorily accomplished.

HOW TO REGISTER YOUR TRADE-MARK IN TWENTIETH CENTURY PEKING

HAVING been informed of the proper course to take and that I should do well to register my valuable trade-mark at the central office opened for the purpose in this city, I forthwith set about acting upon the advice tendered, and, for the sake of others who may wish to learn the ropes, I now relate my experience.

All foreigners who come to Peking, either on business or pleasure, reside more or less in the Legation quarter, in and around which are located, in addition to the Legations of the different Powers, the principal hotels, stores, and foreign mission establishments. The Legation area abuts on the Winter Palace and the railway stations, and the famous Waiwupu or "Board of Foreign Affairs" is not far off; the now extensive offices of the Inspectorate-General of the Imperial Chinese Customs, which maintains a large staff in Peking, are equally in this, the southern and business quarter of the Tartar City. Now the Shangpu or "Board of Trade" is not in this quarter, nor could I find anybody to tell me where it was, and so, on the first day of my attempt, had to abandon my prospective visit to the Registration Department as a bad job. However, my intelligent native "Boy" undertook to discover the office and to provide a ricscha to convey me thither.

So, on the following day, I set out upon my voyage of discovery. The ricscha-man, as Peking ricscha-men do, bowled along at a great pace, smothering me with dust and whirling me through an intricate network of alleys

and narrow lanes and twisting round corners, over hillocks of garbage and through swamps of black mud, at the risk of my bones, if not of my life, much as do cabmen at home. They too prefer the by-way to the highway.

A main street through which I passed was thronged with people gathered to witness the execution of a criminal by the *ling-chi* process, and I had difficulty in making my way through the crowd. The event was more than commonly interesting owing to the fact of the criminal being a high official. This man, it appeared, had, during the disturbances in 1900, murdered two whole families and so acquired their possessions; he was recently denounced by a woman, his guilt proved, and sentence passed accordingly. I would not be diverted, however, from my quest of the Shangpu, but a European who was present at the execution told me that it was a most tragic spectacle; the prescribed process was literally carried out, the pieces of flesh, as cut away, being thrown to the crowd, who scrambled for the dreadful relics. In China we are still in the middle ages.

The Shangpu, after many enquiries by my ricscha coolie on the way, was at last discovered in a back street away in the north-west quarter of the city, a three-quarter-hour run from the Legations. It turned out to be situated in a spacious Chinese "Kung-kwan," with the customary court-yards and pavilions, all new and uncommonly clean—very much more so than the sheds in which the famous Wai-wu-pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, transacts the business of the Empire with the outside world. I had been warned that my visit would be regarded with suspicion and cause a flutter in the official dove-cotes, although I could not see why this should be the case, seeing that I was only bent on an ordinary matter of business, and in an office established *ad hoc*. Still, Chinese officials live in an atmosphere of suspicion, and credit the barbarian with even more than their own "tergitwistiveness."

Be that as it may, after sending in my card, I was kept waiting ten minutes, by my watch, on the doorstep in the cold wind, when at last a coolie appeared and wanted to know what my business was before admitting me. It was not an easy matter to explain to him that I had come to register a trade-mark, the Chinese language being somewhat inelastic where new-fangled foreign notions are concerned. However, he at last gathered that I was determined not to leave without an audience with somebody, and again left me on the doorstep. Another five minutes and the welcome announcement "Ching" was made and the coolie preceded me, holding aloft my rather insignificant-looking scrap of white pasteboard.

Passing through several courts and low doorways, I was at last shown into a pavilion supported on eight pillars and surrounded with glass windows, with a wide-open door through which I had entered on the south, and a similar door leading into another courtyard on the north, and through which the north wind was blowing strong, although a Japanese screen mitigated its force. The spacious hall contained a foreign carpet, a centre table with a gaudy table-cover, four foreign arm-chairs and tea-pots, each guarded by two foreign chairs round the walls. The coolie or "tingchai" disappeared and I cooled my heels for another five minutes. Then the man returned with an ash-tray and a box of Japanese matches, which he placed with great deliberation exactly in the centre of the big table. Another long pause and a second man appeared with a teapot, which he solemnly placed on one of the side tables and then went out. Hereupon the first man returned and poured a cup of tea into a foreign tea-cup, which he ceremoniously placed before me and withdrew. At length the "great man" himself appeared through the north door and, after having furnished him with a short autobiographical sketch of my career in the Celestial Empire, we came to the point, and, after smoking several cigarettes, which coolie No. 1 had meanwhile placed alongside the original match-box,

my interlocutor proceeded to realise the object of my visit.

“ Yes, this was the trade-mark registry office and was now in full swing.”

“ Had many applications to register been made ? ”

“ Yes, several.”

“ Any by Europeans ? ”

“ None so far.”

“ Whom by, then ? ”

“ Mostly Japanese, also some Chinese.”

“ Could the great man oblige me by showing me the register and supplying me with the needful application forms ? ” These I had seen at the office of the Imperial Maritime Customs, but that office transacts no direct business.

The register was not visible, nor had the application forms yet been printed.

“ Would it then not be better and save trouble if I were to send to Shanghai and have my mark registered there ? ”

“ Oh, no ! this was the Central Office and I should be far more secure registered in it.”

Meanwhile my friend summoned a clerk and had the two necessary forms written out in manuscript in exquisite Chinese caligraphy ; he farther produced a Book of Regulations and drew my attention to the more important clauses, especially Clause 16, which defines the form and size of the mark to be handed in, and which must not exceed three by four inches in superficies and seven and one-half tenths of an inch in thickness. Here the Japanese screen at our backs blew down with a bang and smothered us and our documents—a convenient signal for terminating the interview, which concluded by my being graciously presented with a copy of the “ Regulations,” the volume consisting of fifty pages of closely printed type, which I was advised to take home and study carefully, and proceed as therein directed—and not to forget to return again, bringing with me the prescribed fee of thirty-five taels silver, about five guineas.

Another cup of tea, a cordial "Chin-chin," and I departed, having spent an instructive day in learning "how not to do it," and in adding another to my previous experiences of the manners and customs of this delightful country. But my trade-mark has still to be registered!

NOTE.—The Chinese Trade-mark department was in a painfully perturbed condition at the moment. After the issue of an Imperial Notification that the Board of Commerce would commence registry forthwith, the German Minister, Baron Mumm, proceeded to interview the Board of Foreign Affairs and extorted from them a promise that registration of trade-marks should be postponed for two years, and notified his nationals accordingly. Thereupon the Japanese Minister hurried to the Board and demanded to know what they meant by setting aside an Imperial Edict. The harassed Board (Prince Ching and others) now denied that they had ever given such promise and said that, of course, the Imperial Edict held good. Meanwhile the Board of Commerce is officially open to register, and pining probably for the merry Mexicans, with visions of 10,000 trade-marks rushing for registry while the German Minister bravely goes on protesting.

Originally the trade-marks department was placed by the Waiwupu in the hands of the Imperial Maritime Customs; then the Shangpu wanted to know what their luxurious establishment existed for, and were they not entitled to do the business and collect the fees? So the Waiwupu took the matter out of the hands of the capable and business-like Foreign Customs, and placed it in hands manifestly more deserving. Whether these hands are capable of guarding one's trade-mark from purloinment, time will show. So far it looks as if the needy Chinese officials, and later on the legal profession, would be the chief gainers.

Part II: Travel

THE ROMANCE OF CHINESE TRAVEL

THE charm of travel in China is the unexpected. In Europe all is cut and dried. "Dresden; see the picture gallery. Admire the Madonna di San Sisto." "Munich; gallery again! Hotel des Quatre Saisons; excellent!" In all probability you have even heard beforehand of the quality of the rolls, and which is the desirable table for breakfast. As far as surprise goes you might almost as well be supplied by the accustomed baker, seated at your own fireside. Now in China it is all the other way. There is no guide-book. You never know when you may arrive, and so far is this carried that you rarely know where a head wind may delay your boat, necessitating tying up for the night in some noisy, carousing village; or a favourable wind carry you before sunset to the quiet haven under a projecting cliff where you desired to be, in time to take a walk and discover a beautiful old temple, now crumbling to decay but commanding one of the world's beautiful views and with quaint carvings on its gateways and stone lions guarding them, their heads on one side, and irresistibly mirth-provoking. In land travel it is the same. You design to alight at some townlet, all the inhabitants turn out *en masse* and pelt you through it, as if you were a Derby dog with a tin kettle tied on behind; or suddenly in passing you become aware of a whole hill-side shaped into the head and shoulders of a colossal Buddha, and in turning aside to admire, find yourself obliged, lest you should be belated, to take up your night's quarters in a place of which you have never heard.

With a well-appointed team of carrying coolies and

sedan chair well borne, if it is a land journey ; or with a well found Chinese house-boat and complaisant captain, there is a feeling of independence, such as can never be experienced by those dependent upon trains and steamers. Then you meet such strange things, a wedding-party, for instance, gaily caparisoned, going out to fetch the bride. As they wind down the mountain side with their flags flying you cannot but pause and watch. Then perhaps you see them meet another party : high words apparently arise, for next moment one of the gay cavaliers is being attacked by the other party, whilst all his comrades, huddled together on their ponies on a little hill by the road-side, are *More Sinensi* trying to look as if they did not belong to him. Another time we were badly pelted ourselves ; our cook with his clothes torn almost off his back was in high glee, because he declared he had given more than he got, and I had myself the pleasure of seizing the silk-clad town leader, who had been paying those of the baser sort to stone us, and taking him by the scruff of the neck, dipping him very satisfactorily into a paddy field, at that season simply a mass of liquid mud. Our major domo, who is as great a coward as he is a first-rate butler, explained afterwards to my wife : " My vely nearly fightee too. And then my thinkee how dleadful for you, Mississi, if my fightee too. So my come away."

On another occasion it was our fighting cook who was in the wrong. And the whole party of us were hurried along to a wayside house where some village elders were sitting. It seemed that in the anger of a *mêlée* our cook had showered maledictions upon the mother of one of his foes, aspersing her character. And it appears that in China this is an offence that cannot be made good by blows as in Europe, nor can it be atoned for by money. There and then, in the presence of those who had heard the insult, our pugilistic cook had to kneel down and solemnly retract and apologise. And yet some of us speak of the Chinese as uncivilised !

Travel in China is divided into two distinct phases, the one positively luxurious, the other *pénible* in the extreme : both are slow and dilatory and try your patience if pressed for time, but no one who is in a hurry should ever attempt to travel in the Flowery Land :—these two phases are, water and land travel. China, like all other large continents, excepting only that curiously abnormal land, Australia, is mainly mountainous. The level country is confined to the deltas of the great rivers and a few beds of ancient lakes, now dry : these cover a large extent of country, especially in the east and north where the land abuts on the famous Yellow Sea, daily extending the flat country seawards by the enormous masses of silt annually brought down from the interior by the swift currents of the great rivers that traverse the Empire from west to east. This level country, of vast extent, is intersected by a network of canals so efficient that land roads are not needed, the whole traffic of the country being carried on by water as was formerly the case in Holland. Here you travel in your own or in a hired house-boat, not perhaps quite as ostentatiously luxurious as those upon our own familiar Thames, but furnished with every necessary and comfort, including the cheap and handy native “ Boy ” and cook. Game abounds, and beyond the fact that a morning’s walk will surely enable a good shot to fill the larder with pheasants, wild fowl, snipe, or deer, there is little romance though great exhilaration in this mode of travel.

But when you come to traverse the mountainous regions of the interior which cover four-fifths of the country, and exchange your floating hostelry for the inns, food, and footpaths of the country, the romance of travel really begins in the shape of every possible discomfort and annoyance short of actual starvation, seasoned by a spice of danger. As to the mode of progression, you have usually your choice,—I am speaking of South and Middle China and not of the North, where springless mule-carts are in vogue,—of sedan-chairs, pony, or your own legs, and to

these last, if you are any sort of pedestrian, you will eventually resort as the safest and pleasantest mode of progression over steep mountain paths, up and down rocky ravines, along the boulder-strewn beds of dry rivers, across bridges formed of the trunk of a tree, by narrow cornices cut out of the side of a precipice and sometimes projecting out from it, supported on shaky joists driven into the rock.

Journeys on these main thoroughfares are divided into stages averaging 20 to 25 miles daily, at the end of which you sup and rest in a so-called inn, really a cross between a stable and a pig-sty, the food often differing little from that furnished to these valuable animals, who are generally better cared for than is their human rival, the biped beast of burden, the hard-worked patient Chinese coolie.

At the time that the Empire was in the throes of the great Taiping Rebellion, which had literally converted the garden of China, the broad Yangtse valley, into a howling wilderness, I was traversing the stretch of No-man's Land, some hundred miles across, that at that time separated the rebel lines from the headquarters of the Imperialist command, then slowly drawing tight the toils round the doomed capital of Taiping-dom, Nanking. Followed by two frightened coolies carrying my bed and food, I had marched three days through an utterly depopulated country, camping at night in deserted towns, where we slept in a ruined house, usually on a floor of broken bricks, the woodwork of the houses having been all torn away for fuel by the contending armies,—here and there an unburied corpse, not yet entirely devoured by beasts of prey,—and I imagined the country' to be as utterly depopulated as it appeared. The many years that the country had been deserted was shewn by the large flocks of wild fowl that covered every pond, while droves of pheasants, as tame as barn-door fowls, filled the no longer cultivated fields.

We had arrived early in the afternoon at a town within a day's march of the investing general's camp :

my men had routed out some broken window frames from the shop front under whose ruined roof we had found partial shelter from the weather, and were busy cooking our dinner. Outside the town, on a hillside, stood an ancient monastery, which I decided to visit. I strolled on alone, and was standing by the open door admiring the elegant proportions of the architecture, when, without a sound of warning, I suddenly found myself thrown to the ground—a dozen strong men holding me down and rapidly tying me up with strong cord. The previous unbroken silence was changed for the roar which only excited Chinese voices can raise,—a roar above which it was impossible for me to get in an audible word. Shouts of “Ta! Ta!”—“Kill, kill!”—were all I could distinguish; more people with boys and women seemed to spring out of the ground as the uproar increased; my clothes were torn off me and I was pelted with mud and stones; finally, bleeding and bruised all over, I was carried away half-unconscious and thrown into a filthy cellar, outside which I heard the assembled crowd, now happily for me reinforced by some older men, excitedly discussing my fate. “Kill him! Hang him!”—were the only words I could distinguish, but I felt less alarmed when I saw the village elders appear upon the scene lighted by a cluster of the picturesque Chinese lanterns.

The village elder is one of those grand institutions, handed down from antiquity, which has proved the saving of many lives, foreign as well as native, from an infuriated mob: they are highly respected by the people, and, in ordinary times, invariably their word is law, confirmed as they are in their position by the officials of the district. But at times the passions of the mob, and usually in the case of missionaries, are roused by hired ruffians from outside who are paid to kill, and from time to time an unfortunate missionary is sacrificed to the (not unnatural) hate of the Chinese *literati* to an alien religion. In my case, the excitement being confined to the people of the place who had taken refuge in the monastery, the elders

prevailed—telling the people, as I heard them when the excitement began to calm down, that in the morning they would take me alive to the Imperialist camp close by to be questioned under torture as a rebel spy. They then shut me up, padlocking the door, and retired for the night.

The winter nights in January in this part of China are bitterly cold with sharp frosts, and my great anxiety was whether, unable to move and the circulation impeded by my bonds, I should be able to keep alive through the night. I doubt if I could have survived under the circumstances, but fortunately my constitution was not put to the test. My faithful coolies had followed me, and before midnight, succeeded in finding me; they managed to convince the elders that I was on my way to interview the Imperialist commander; that I was a "great British merchant," not one of the many English and Americans who were then fighting in the rebel ranks (nearly all of whom were massacred three years later, at the capture of Nanking) and was come to supply the Imperial army with foreign arms and ammunition (which was not the case). My having come from the rebel headquarters, where I had had a most interesting interview with the "Chung Wang" (the loyal prince) and my possession of a flaming yellow passport issued by the Great Prince of Peace (the rebel leader Hung Shiu Chuen) they cleverly explained to the elders' satisfaction—and still more succeeded in frightening them with fears of terrible reprisals that would follow if they touched a hair of an Englishman's head—such was our prestige in the good old days of Parkes and Gordon.

To make a long story short :—I was released and escorted back to our encampment in the town. As I lay on my bed, utterly exhausted, the elders returned and begged I would not have them punished: in the morning they brought back my clothes and watch-chain in fragments, and my revolver, which was fortunately intact; after a day's rest in most uncomfortable quarters, but wrapped up in the warm wadded quilt which all travellers carry

with them in China, I was able to proceed to the fortified camp, where I presented my card to the General, who received me somewhat suspiciously, but was anxious to talk and much taken with my revolver, a double-trigger "Tranter." I captured his good graces by firing at his request at a mark about 40 yards off. By luck I hit the bull's eye, and the General was so pleased that he wanted to retain me for his body-guard, and offered me an attractive young girl as wife. Though the Imperialists treated the unfortunate population better than the rebels, still, such were their habits, no self-respecting European could serve either side unless in a free command which was never conceded. Besides, I had come on the business of chartering a steamer to convey troops along the Yangtse River—a business which I ultimately put through,—and not to play at soldiering, however attractive the prospect of seeing Chinese life under favoured conditions.

Many other adventures have I experienced in that weird land, but none that has left a deeper impression upon me than my march across country from the Rebel to the Imperialist camp in January, 1861.

A NEW ROAD

ONE of the most striking defects in the civilisation of China is the absence of anything that can be truly called a road. It seems strange that so vast, so populous, and, in many ways, so highly civilised a State should have held together longer than any other empire in history in default of any decent means of intercommunication. The wonder is that China did not remain the congeries of independent States that it practically was in the time of Confucius and such as Europe is now. Too few details have come down to us of the events of the third century before Christ—which led to the union of the whole empire under the despotism of Chin Shih Hwangti, the “First Emperor” so called—for us to understand how the Napoleon of China succeeded where a similar attempt, and by a more consummate genius, in Europe, two thousand years later, utterly broke down. We know that China again split up into “Three Kingdoms” four hundred years afterwards, and was not finally reunited until after another century of internecine strife. Since then, amidst the many struggles that have accompanied the several changes of dynasties, no attempt at separation has taken place, although did any province desire to set up for itself, nothing would seem to be easier than to hold any invading troops at bay in the roadless mountains which generally form the boundaries. No motive for any such separation exists now, however, the welding of the many regions that compose China proper being thorough and complete, and the intercommunication most active

though carried on under difficulties which would repel a less patient people.

The vast mountain-girdled province of Szechuan is one that possesses the strongest natural frontiers, and as the Kingdom of "Shu" it did succeed in maintaining for a time an independent dynasty, during the wars of the Three Kingdoms. How the invading forces from Hupeh ultimately overthrew the Szechuan army of defence, posted at the head of the gorges below Kwei-fu, is pointed out to the traveller by the remains of walls and camps and by the marvellous steps cut across the face of the cliff, that forms the south wall of the "Bellows" Gorge; by means of which, tradition asserts, the supposed impregnable position of the defenders was turned, their camp surprised and the rival Emperor killed, and so the temporary autonomy of Szechuan extinguished for ever. This historical spot is now crowned by a beautifully situated temple known as the Pai Ti Cheng, or Citadel of the White Emperor.

A plausible explanation of the evil condition into which the means of intercommunication in China have fallen, while traces of better roads having existed in former times are still everywhere visible, is the intentional neglect of the present dynasty in view of their precarious hold on the country after the successful dash on Peking made by their founder in the early part of the seventeenth century. Being so few in number and with an immense hostile population which it needed the space of two reigns completely to subdue, the Manchus, it is said, purposely allowed the fine roads which the country owed to the previous dynasty, the Mings, to fall into utter decay. Be this as it may, no system of maintaining the upkeep of roads exists in modern China and hence they necessarily suffer from neglect and aggression to an extent that in many places leads to their complete disappearance.

The range of not very lofty but extremely rugged and precipitous mountains, roughly some two hundred miles in diameter, that separates the basin of Szechuan

from the plains of Hupeh is, as most people are aware, pierced alone by the thread of the Yangtse river, which has found or cut for itself a comparatively level road, walled in by lofty cliffs nearly the whole distance. This road forms the main channel of communication between Eastern and Western China. But it is, and always will remain, a dangerous road as long as the vessels that navigate its foaming torrent are confined to the weak power of human muscle for their means of propulsion and are dependent for their safety on the strength of a plaited tow-line. Accidents are consequently of frequent occurrence, and though the loss of life amongst passengers may not be serious, that amongst the trackers is truly appalling, a "slip" from the almost vertical cliffs or from the huge, jagged rocks amidst which they painfully climb their way, harnessed to a five-hundred-yard tow-line, proving seldom other than fatal to life or limb, as we have too frequently ourselves had occasion to notice. Owing to the vast and rapid changes that occur in the level of the river, the extremes being as much as 200 feet, no permanent towing path can be built, and thus, hereabouts, in the summer season, when the current runs strong, eight to ten miles is a good day's journey; and such day's journeys as these are not seldom interrupted by a fortnight's rest, when the vessel, having grazed a sunken rock, is hauled aside for repair before she is able to resume her voyage.

The Chinese authorities, with whom of course rests the initiative of any change, would doubtless have resisted any improvement as keenly and as successfully as they did the recent proposed introduction of steam on this route, but for the unfortunate drowning some ten years ago of two of the sons of one of their number. As for England the immolation of a Railway Director was said to be necessary in order to compel the introduction of an improved brake, so the wreck and loss of a mandarin junk with its occupants was the least that could turn the attention of the local officials to the improvement of

means of communication in China. The late General Pao, or Pao-chao as he was generally called, was one of the celebrities of the Taiping rebellion, in the suppression of which he filled one of the leading parts. He had been rewarded with the command at Kwei-chow Fu, or, as it is commonly termed to distinguish it from the Kweichow in Hupeh, Kwei-fu, the great frontier city of Szechuan, where his spacious *yamên* is still a conspicuous feature in the landscape. The loss of his family, which, however, he did not long survive, led to the resuscitation of the old project of a land road through the gorges, in the construction of which there were no insuperable natural difficulties to be surmounted, although the, in China, more formidable question of how to provide the ways and means still remained to be met. Ultimately the Governors of the two provinces concerned, Szechuan and Hupeh, appear to have agreed to make the road, each province building its own portion. The total distance from Ichang to Kweichow Fu is in actual longitude a hundred miles, which with the windings round the ravines probably makes the distance to be traversed by the new road little less than 200 miles. Of this about sixty miles make up the distance from Kwei-fu to the frontier and fall to the charge of Szechuan; leaving the balance of 140 miles to be constructed by the Hupeh authorities.

The Szechuan portion of the road was successfully completed in 1890, but no beginning has yet been made on the Hupeh portion, and thus the road terminates on the brink of the almost inaccessible ravine which marks the boundary. Down this ravine passes a mountain burn named Pien Ue Chi (Bream Stream), which breaks the south side of the wild Wushan Gorge about 20 miles from its upper (western) end.

In the Chinese Gazetteer the distances are given as 435 *li* from Ichang to the boundary, and as 195 *li* from the boundary to Kwei-fu, making the total distance through the gorges 630 *li* or (at 3 *li* to the mile) 210 statute miles. It is curious thus to see a solidly built road

winding along the face of these desolate, uninhabited mountains, and still more curious to note its abrupt termination high up the hill side on the edge of an impassable ravine; but the traveller, wearied with ten days or a fortnight's confinement to his boat, welcomes its appearance as giving him at last the chance of a walk without having to stumble over rocks or climb mountain slopes that nothing but goats and trackers (and these latter often come to grief) can hope to traverse with impunity. His pleasure is only somewhat marred by regrets that the work, which when completed would do away with the necessity of a boat altogether, is still only half begun, and by the information received in Ichang that there is no immediate prospect of beginning the Hupeh portion, for want of the two and a half millions of taels which it is estimated to cost. The Szechuan portion is said to have cost 900,000 taels, being at the rate of 15,000 taels per mile, which seems an excessive figure for the actual work done.

Having in May, 1892, had the opportunity of walking ourselves over the completed portion of the road, as also often since then, we are able to place on record the result of our personal inspection of this work, which, apart from its intrinsic value to travellers on the spot, possesses an interest to distant students of Chinese polity, in its exhibition of native methods of procedure where public works are in question.

We climbed up to the road for the first time near Pei-shih, which is the first inhabited spot come to after crossing the Szechuan frontier. Pei-shih is a straggling village, adorned with a gaudy joss-house, built on a ledge of limestone rock just out of reach of the summer freshets—about a hundred feet above the present level. The descent from this ledge to the water is vertical, but behind the hills open out a little and are accessible to sparse cultivation. Above, the cliffs resume their sway and the double walls of the gorge close in upon the narrowed river. Here the new road has been blasted out of the cliff side, the

holes drilled for the charges of gunpowder being visible all along. The pathway is from five to six feet wide and the recess of which it forms the floor about 8 feet high. The smaller side gullies are mostly dammed with masonry, over which the path leads at right angles to the intermittent flow of the stream across it. The larger gullies and those with permanent waterfalls are solidly bridged by lofty bridges mostly 10 feet in width on top.

Where the gullies are too wide at their mouths to be conveniently bridged over at the points where the road should otherwise cross them, the path turns inland and ascends, in some cases several hundred feet, and by staircases of solid masonry, till a narrow crossing is reached. Wherever there is room to squeeze them in, and in many spots where there is no room except by encroaching on the road itself, the enterprising native has run up odiferous resting-places to serve the weary traveller, analogous to the tea houses in Japan in the wants they are supposed to fill, but as repellent to the sensitive Western in their dirt and squalor as these latter are attractive by their neatness and brightness and their cheery inhabitants. But so far the expected travellers have not appeared, and the first question we were asked, when after having watched for an accessible spot and climbing up from our boat two hundred feet over a "chute" of huge rock fragments, we mounted on to the road above, was "When is the Hupeh road going to be built?" The proprietor had laid himself out for the coming traffic by erecting a substantial one-storied cottage of mud-concrete walls with tiled roof, a staircase up to the front door and an open basement with the mountain side forming its steep floor for a goat and cow house,—not so very unlike an Italian peasant farm-house in principle, however widely removed from it in solidity and spaciousness. This proprietor was still awaiting the reward of his enterprise with a patience that makes the Chinaman's chief force. And hundreds more shanty proprietors and vendors of tea, wine and opium along the new road were in the same

position. Every available corner was being taken up, yet in our walks along this road through the two gorges it traverses, the Wu-shan and the Fêng-hiang, we only met altogether six persons.

The "people" are enterprising enough, but the feebleness of the upper and governing classes where any innovation is in question is beyond belief, yet it is the people who are put forward as the scapegoat when any foreign improvement is to be resisted. Did not the people, five years ago, ask every foreigner then travelling on the Upper Yangtse, "When are your steamers coming?" And if the steamer had come would it not have been received with the same curiosity and respect that was shown to the first steamer on the Lower Yangtse when it arrived in Hankow 31 years since? Assuredly it would, though certain "vested interests" might have temporarily suffered, as they have indeed already by the imposition of the Foreign Customs in Chungking, than which no greater blow to the conservative interests of the officials in the riverside towns between the new port and Ichang could have been given. *Quæ cum ita sint* (as our Latin grammar used to say), there is no doubt this new "Corniche" road would prove an unmixed boon should it ever be completed. The question is, will it ever be completed?

Towards the upper end of the Wu-shan Gorge (25 miles long), while the mountains on the left bank continue vertical—being so steep, says the native Gazetteer, that there is not even resting-place for a bird or foothold for a monkey—the country opens out a little on the right bank, making room for snug villages ensconced in bamboo and *Hoang-ko* groves with lilliputian paddy-fields terraced up the ravines. It was not to be expected that the thrifty farmer would look on with patience at a high-road of the extravagant width of full five feet meandering through his fields, and thus, notwithstanding that the considerate builders of the road had narrowed it from the useless contract width of ten feet (one Chinese *chang*) down to the five feet which

is the actual width of the major portion, no sooner were their backs turned than he commenced to set it right; and to such good purpose has he worked during the two years that the road has been in existence, that he has now brought it between the paddy-fields down to the sensible width of twelve inches (*sic*), English measurement!

At Wu-shan, the first Szechuan city reached on the upward journey, the road crosses to the left bank; that is, it stops short high up on one bank and recommences a mile or two off on the opposite bank, leaving the traveller to "make his connections" in the way that suits him best. We formed ours by scrambling with no little difficulty down the steep bank, rendered slippery by heavy rain in the night, and sitting on the rocks by the river side in the hot sun a couple of hours, shouting for a boat to cross in—our own houseboat having gone on to the city without us. Wu-shan is a picturesque walled city built on a projecting spur of the lofty Tangtai Shan, whose snowy peaks in winter form an admirable background.

This "Terrace of the Sun" appeared in May a patchwork of purple fields just sown with maize, mixed with the yellow stubble of the lately reaped barley, while its many groves and temples were indistinguishable in the distance. When we at last succeeded in crossing the river, we found that the city of Wu-shan, so nobly situated, commanding the entrance of its Great Gorge, is best seen from afar. A near acquaintance shows it to be as ruinous, dilapidated, and generally poverty-stricken in appearance as seem most Chinese cities that have not been touched with the magic wand of "Western" enterprise. From here to the entrance of the next gorge, a distance of twenty-five miles, the country being more open, the road is a simple affair, being merely an improvement of the old Chinese path, built up with masonry here and there where it crosses a ravine, but unpaved for the most part except in places where it rises and falls: in these the outside edge of the long shallow steps

was generally faced with stone. Here, as elsewhere, the road was being steadily encroached upon both by farmers and innkeepers.

At the entrance of the Fêng-hiang (Bellows) Gorge, so named by the boat people from a prominent stalactite on its walls, or as it is more poetically called in the Gazetteer, the Kü-tang Hsia—the “fearsome pool” gorge—ten miles below Kwei-fu the road rounds the corner at a point whence a stone would drop perpendicularly 200 feet into the river below, and a startlingly wild and romantic view meets the pedestrian’s gaze. The river winds like a thread between vertical limestone cliffs which render it impassable for junks without the help of a fair wind—for which, however, they have seldom more than a day or two to wait. The road being within a few miles (ten) of its starting-point—Kwei-kwan—is the best built portion; It is six feet wide with eight feet head-room and—boon to giddy climbers—has actually a parapet a foot high. It goes up and down by long flights of steps in a most extraordinary way; at one point rising 500 feet or more above the river. On the morning we started to traverse it, we ordered our boat, which was sailing on with a fair wind, to await us at the foot of the White Emperor’s Citadel just beyond the upper end of the gorge, and started gaily on our seven miles’ walk. At last, as the sun began to get oppressively hot and we were longing to be back in our boat for breakfast, we were gladdened by the sight of the “Citadel” crowning a hill in front of us, from which we were only separated by a steep ravine, down the side of which we now descended by the fine stone staircase of the new road.

On reaching the bottom, what was our surprise and disgust to find ourselves landed on the high muddy bank of a wide, rapidly flowing affluent of the Great River, which could neither be forded nor swum over: it had cut itself a deep channel through perpendicular banks impossible to descend. Two native pedestrians who were following in our track seemed equally surprised with ourselves to

find no bridge, and indeed we were all of us nonplussed. Our native companions started to walk up the valley to find a bridge said to exist ten *li* (3 miles) higher up, while we re-ascended the hill to a small temple, the priest of which showed us a steep zigzag path down to the Yangtse, and put us in the way of hiring a boat. We thus ultimately got across, and after scrambling for some distance over a rough mountain path on the other side eventually reached our boat two hours late for breakfast. A high, light suspension bridge is what is wanted here. Will some wealthy "barbarian" immortalise himself by providing it? Such an exhibition of "benevolence" might do more to make our Christian civilization appreciated than all the "Missions" in China together have yet succeeded in effecting. It would be in accordance with Chinese usage; unfortunately it is not in accordance with ours.

Were the new road completed, travellers, either by chair or pony, could get through the gorges from Ichang to Kwei-fu in a week and *without danger*. In May, in a light boat, the journey took us thirteen days, and we overtook a passenger boat that had started four days before us. In July a month is sometimes spent over this portion of the journey—the difficulties of which may be realised by the fact that in the time of the summer floods these 600 *li* occupy nearly as much time to get over as the 1,200 *li* that remain to be traversed from Kwei-fu to Chungking. But will it ever be completed?

As we said before, the new road is already being attacked by the rust and moth that corrupt and the thieves that break through and steal in the shape of squatters and farmers; let alone its natural enemies—floods and landslips. Even in the finest part of the road in the Bellows Gorge the levelled terrace ready to hand was too tempting for a farmer to resist. He had carefully spread a layer of soil over one-third of its width, embanked the same with a loose stone wall, and planted in the space so acquired two rows of thriving maize, while, as we noted



Szechuan ponies sent down to take part in Amateur Circus in Shanghai ; that with head erect our special pet.



before, tea houses were springing up in every vacant angle. A great effort seems at intervals to bring about some useful and long-needed public work in China, and the effort once brought to accomplish the object, all further interest in it ceases. No funds are provided for repairs and maintenance and no guardians exist or are appointed to save such a work, when once constructed, from the selfish rapacity of individuals. Hence one of the great questions for future visitors to and residents at the now open but, at the same time, most inaccessible treaty port of Chungking is—Will the present portion of the road thither decay before the remainder is built ?

A CHINESE SULPHUR BATH

TWENTY miles south of Chungking the range of mountains, that shields the eastern face of Szechuan's commercial centre, harbours a sequestered valley, in the floor of which bubble up the hot springs called by the Chinese Wen-tang. Having never visited a Chinese inland watering-place, we thought that a Christmas visit to the Wen-tang would form a pleasant outing for the holidays, and accordingly, packing up our beds and a change of clothing, we set out one Christmas Eve to make the journey. Crossing the great river by the ferry to Hai-tan-chi, a long straggling village composed of a narrow, winding street of steep stone steps, the terminus of the Great Kwei-chow Road, we ascended a thousand feet to the pass of "Hoang-ko Ya" (Banian Gap), so called from a group of magnificent *Ficus infectoria* shading the last few hundred yards of the winding stone staircase, that leads to the summit of the gap, a thousand feet above the river. And leaving on our left the beautifully-wooded peak of Lao-chün-tung, with its groups of halls and temples, rising in terraces one behind the other (commemorating some say the retreat in this spot of the philosopher Lao-tze, 600 B.C), we traversed the Straszendorf, the narrow, covered-in street of which forms the first halting-place for travellers bound from Chungking to the south. This pass leads into an upland valley, bounded on the east by another and loftier pine-clad range, its floor, here half a mile wide, terraced into an endless succession of paddy-fields, now clad in their winter garb of stagnant, but clear water; their banks green with bean plants just beginning to flower.

The backbone of all these mountain ranges is limestone, but their flanks are rich with tilted layers of red Szechuan sandstone. The great highway leads us by a gentle, almost imperceptible descent down the valley some six miles to the thickly built market town of Lao-chang (old market); another market town (called Shin-chang, or new market) lying up the valley side facing Hoang-ko-ya. Here the main road crosses the valley on a raised causeway, the path being from four to six feet wide and well paved with hard and slippery limestone blocks, and shortly afterwards ascends the second range, passing out into the country beyond and over the loftier mountains, whose crests form the boundary of the two provinces and whose blue forms are just visible in the distance on a clear summer's day. But at this winter time everything is enshrouded in mist and haze, and we make our way through a light fog in calm and refreshing coolness.

At Lao-chang we lunched in the usual open restaurant and hemmed in by the usual curious crowd. Our path hence kept on straight down the valley and, as this narrowed in, it commenced to ascend, leading along the side of very steep hills. This ascent, so contrary to expectation, together with the absence of any stream in the valley, gave proof of underground drainage, direct evidence of which was given later in the sinks in the valley floor and in a high ridge entirely shutting in its lower end. The country assumed the wild aspect of the pure limestone regions, nothing but huge ridges of forbidding, dark grey rock cropping up, wave upon wave, in almost vertically tilted strata with, at first sight, not a sign of man or of vegetation. But a closer inspection, when the strata were, so to say, enfiladed by the vision, brought to light row behind row of the jagged, dockweed-like shoots of the young poppy plants, sown in November, and then just appearing above the scant soil collected between the strata and painfully supplemented by manure transported from the nearest town. After a stretch of this barren land (as it would be, peopled by any other

than Chinese) the beauty of the valley returned; the heights were crowned with thickets of dwarf oak, palms and the *Ficus*, level fields of poppy in the valley floor and smiling farmsteads on the hillsides surrounded by groves of evergreens. Our path, just wide enough for the pony to keep his footing, was cut out of the steep hillside and, being comparatively level, was now very pleasant going; the walls of the cutting were decked with maidenhair fern and many pink wild flowers. So on about five miles, till the valley ended in a ridge, upon reaching the summit of which the ground fell steeply away from us and we entered the vale of the Wen-tang.

A breakneck descent by the roughest of paths paved with loose fragments of limestone, for about five hundred feet, brought us at length in view of a winding stream of blue water crossed by a very solid and handsome three-arched bridge, beyond which a well-paved wide roadway led to the pavilion-covered gateway of a small, closely-packed village nestling amidst the steepest of hills in this romantic and sequestered valley, apparently shut off from all communication with the outside world except by the most impracticable of mountain paths. The pine-clad peaks were half hidden in clouds and the valley itself was full of fog, increased by the clouds of steam from the hot springs. We crossed the bridge, entered the dirty village—a sort of Chinese Ashinoyu¹—and put up in the best room of the best inn, *i.e.*, in the corner of a fairly clean barn full of people.

The bath was close alongside, and we immediately gratified our curiosity as to what a renowned Chinese “bath” might be like, and, expecting nothing but dirt, were agreeably disappointed and did not hesitate to take a plunge at once in the common pool; and most refreshing we found it, though uncomfortably hot. The bath is walled in and has a high tiled roof; it is divided into two basins, one for men and one for women,

¹ Ashinoyu is the most frequented sulphur bath in Japan.—
A. E. N. L.

that for men being about thirty feet square and the water about three feet deep. Two sides of the basin are formed of the natural rugged limestone rock, such as would be a fine attraction in a Shanghai garden, while on two sides are wide-cut steps, most agreeable for entering the water and standing upon. Like everything of the kind in China, the bath is free to all. Two or three boys and men were in the water on this evening, but there is such a large inflow of water and the bath is consequently kept so constantly changed that we had no hesitation in joining the native bathers. The water is transparent, but smells strongly of sulphur.

We could not see the inflow, which is below the surface, but judging by the large stream that flows out, the supply of water is practically unlimited, and the natives informed us that the flow was the same winter and summer. A temple adjoins the bath, and large stone tablets, their inscriptions no longer legible, tell of its establishment. No natural phenomenon in China is without its thankoffering to the Unseen, and this pious feeling, so prominent in Szechuan, how will it fare in the face of the present active propaganda of a foreign creed? Possibly if it succeeds China will be civilised *à l'Américaine*, where almost every natural beauty and gift of Heaven is monopolised by the "Christian" speculator, and so none but those whose pockets are lined with dollars can partake of them! But in this "heathen" country, here in the west of China, religion enters into the life of the people and is not a coat to be put on and off according to circumstance. Hence such a thing as a tolled bridge or a tolled road is abhorrent to the so-called "heathen," while everywhere the poor have free ferries (and here in Chungking, throughout the winter, free rice) and, if they need it, free lodging as well at their disposal. Nor do vast private enclosures cut off the hill-tops from the tourist as in many of the most picturesque mountain regions in Britain. Here everything is open, as sportsmen well know, and liberty to enjoy is free to all.

Close by is a vast limestone grotto, out of which flows a river of pure, cold water, a gilded shrine to the Goddess of Mercy again decorating the entrance. One can penetrate a distance of fifty yards with the aid of candles, at which distance a barrier, placed for safety, prevents further ingress. But the greatest sight in the neighbourhood, in Chinese eyes, is the country seat of a certain Pêng who, eighty years ago, built himself a lordly pleasure house in a neighbouring valley, a couple of miles distant. The vast extent of the buildings and gardens and their fabulous cost caused him to be regarded as a wizard (*yao-kwei*); absolute proof of the fact was given by himself, so the country people say, by his having bathed every morning in cold water. To visit this celebrated country seat, called Pêng-ho-lin, we ascended the valley of the Wen-tang River up a path climbing along the side of a romantic, wooded glen, the bottom of which is filled by the river falling in a series of cascades down steps of the here almost vertical limestone strata that form its bed. Thus the walk to Pêng-ho-lin was delightful in the extreme, but the place itself hardly worth a long journey to visit. The redoubtable wizard departed this life some thirty years ago, and the elaborate palace and gardens have been going to decay ever since. The magnificent lotus pond before the entrance, about an acre in extent, had been converted into a paddy-field. The wide stone terrace before the entrance was falling down in places. The interior, which reminds one of the buildings that go to form a first-class Buddhist temple, has been robbed of its movable woodwork; the flower beds now grow cabbages. In the principal flower garden the curling walls, which make a sort of maze to traverse, are still standing, but the wooden pavilions are gone, the immovable stone seats and tables alone remaining. The trees are there, and very fine specimens, but we were ignorant of their names. A very elegant fir with feathery foliage was called by the natives *mao wei sung*, or "cats' tails fir."

Behind the buildings, which, we were told, though we

did not count them, comprise thirty-six courtyards, are fine plantations of rare and beautiful trees running up to the crest of the hills, which form the background of the estate, and through which lead charming paved walks traversable in all weathers. So far, these trees have happily escaped the destroyer, who is doing his best to reduce beautiful Szechuan to the desert, into which he has almost succeeded in turning the provinces on its northern frontiers.

Thus the sights which it is *de rigueur* to visit were soon exhausted, and the following day we trudged back in a Scotch mist, which wetted us to the skin, delighted with our Christmas outing, but still more delighted to get back into a decent house and have a fire to dry our clothes. How in this climate, where there is no evaporation and the inns are reeking with perpetual moisture, travellers survive wet weather can be attributed only to the wonderful hardihood of this opium-smoking race. It would kill an European, and hence at this season we can hardly venture to be away from home more than two or three days at a time. As long as one is out in the weather it is all right, but the trial comes in the long winter nights passed in damp, leaky sheds. A constant procession of travellers, in chairs, mounted and on foot, throngs this the great highway to Kweichow and Yunnan in all weathers, all apparently perfectly satisfied with the accommodation provided. Will the present generation of Europeans in China ever see travel in China made more comfortable, and query, if it were, would the natives be any happier than they are now, with their limited wants and absence of discontent with things as they exist ?

THE "NEW RAPID" IN THE UPPER YANGTSE AND THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST STEAMER AT CHUNGKING

THE "New Rapid," as it is now called—although the old New Rapid in Hupeh, fifty miles above I-chang, still goes by that name, and was, till the landslip in Yün-yang occurred in September, 1896, the most formidable obstacle on the Upper Yangtse—is still a mighty hindrance to the trade of Szechuan. When we passed through it on February 27, 1898, in the little steamer *Leechuen*, endeavouring to show the way to the larger steamers which would we hoped ere long travel between I-chang and Chungking, we found 327 junks laid up in the reach below the rapid, waiting their turn to ascend. Coming from Yün-yang city and rounding the point which opens up this wide reach, we could have imagined ourselves entering a vast and picturesque land-locked harbour crowded with traffic. The big junks which carry on the trade with Chungking, ranging from ten to 130 tons' burthen, were moored along both banks for a distance of a mile or more, while numbers of sampans and small boats were crossing to and fro, ferrying passengers and bearing supplies to the junks and their crews. The upper junks were discharging their cargoes preparatory to being towed up, and gangs of heavily laden coolies were groaning under bales of yarn and Manchester goods as they laboured along, up and down the steep improvised rock-paths on either shore. The river valley here is some three to four miles wide, bounded by steep mountains: below these are rolling foot hills, formed from the accumulations of their *detritus* ;

the river bottom is composed of a hard grey sandstone in which the river has cut a channel, leaving at this low-water season long ridges of high, flat-topped, jagged rock banks between which the water sweeps down in a rapid current. This formation extends a hundred miles or more between the cities of Yün-yang (“Clouded Sun,”—most true of Szechuan) and Wan (whence I now write). These flat rock banks are overflowed from May to November, when the river nearly fills its valley and the navigation becomes dangerous. It was over this rock-edge, now standing sixty feet above the water level, that the great landslide of foothills, which broke bodily away from the steep mountain ridge behind in September, 1896, on the north or left bank, poured its mass of *detritus*, comprising large, angular fragments of rock with intervening stiff clay, into the bay which formerly occupied the spot; building up a long projecting lofty spit, which narrowed the river from 400 to about 150 yards: in one night converting a tranquil reach into a furious rapid, with a fall of ten to twelve feet in a distance of a hundred yards. A reef of now half-submerged rocks extends diagonally across the channel from the right bank, two-thirds of the way towards the newly-formed point, greatly adding to the danger and the fury of the rapid.

I wrote from this spot, exactly a year before, a description of this remarkable phenomenon and of the efforts the Chinese were then making to cope with its results. An army of two thousand men was then engaged in digging away the point, stonemasons cutting up the larger rock fragments into portable pieces, and coolies carrying away loosened earth and boulders, which they emptied into the huge whirlpool that filled the remains of the bay excavated by the river below the rapid. In this way the apex of the point was cut back last year some 150 feet down to the lowest winter level of water, widening the river to that extent as soon as a rise of five or six feet enabled junks to track through the new channel thus formed. The work was resumed in January, 1898, under the scientific

direction of the engineers detailed for the work at the request, it appears, of the Hupeh and Szechuan authorities,—Messrs. Tyler, Grey Donald, and Myers, all of the Lighthouse Department of the Imperial Maritime Customs. These gentlemen are hard at work “from early morn to dewy eve” on both banks of the river and upon the reef in midstream as well, with greatly insufficient appliances, such as could be picked up in Shanghai at a moment’s notice, a limited supply of dynamite, insufficient electrical apparatus, and inferior, local-made gunpowder. Yet, in the short time they have been here, an astonishing deal of work has been done; great excavations have been made in the point, which appeared wider and higher as the work advanced; much of the mid-reef had been removed and also that immediately under the right bank, the *débris* from which were being utilised to build up a road for trackers under the cliff which lines the south shore. But their job appeared unlikely to be finished in the course of the next winter; over two million cubic feet of earth and rock had yet to be removed, and a month hence the rise in the river would again stop work till December.

We were fortunate on the evening of our arrival in being present to witness a grand dynamite explosion in the mid-way reef—the conclusion of many days’ previous labours. Mines had been laid under water and were fired from a boat moored a hundred yards higher up river, with which they had been electrically connected. The explosion that took place resembled a small volcanic eruption, showers of rocks splashing into the glassy expanse of smooth water above the fall, some beyond and in dangerous proximity to the boat in which Mr. Tyler operated the discharge. We stood safe and sound high up on the bank opposite and enjoyed a finer spectacle than that of the explosion of Hell Gate, which I witnessed in New York, twenty-two years before. There spectators were not allowed to come near enough to see more than a low column thrown up and momentary disturbance in the sea down below which the reef had been tunnelled.

At the same time, in the ground at our feet, a number of small gunpowder explosions were going on, small mines fired by time fuses and destined to break up the larger rock fragments which the day's excavations had exposed into manageable proportions for removal on the morrow. In the growing dusk the rocks crowned by flashes of flame and small columns of white smoke added to the picturesque of the naturally romantic scene. The loose stones shot forth fell so slowly that it was not difficult to dodge them when necessary.

The rapid had been sensibly modified by the work done during the previous year, especially in furnishing a path by the river level where trackers could walk with the three stay-lines which were attached inboard to every junk towing up, to prevent her taking a sheer out into the rapid. Stone posts had been driven into the shore at intervals for these guy-ropes to be made fast round against the strain becoming greater than the men could bear. The rush of water and the huge waves were a striking sight, as one thus stood close upon them, watching a junk hauled up inch by inch by three huge bamboo cables, a hundred men to each. Farther out the waves frequently swamped small boats so venturesome as to get too far from the shore, the *laodahs* being too poor or too thrifty to employ the expert local pilots; yet if they kept too near in they were liable to be caught in the whirlpool below. Men were drowned here nearly every day; once in the water they went down like stones, and Mr. Grey Donald told us he had seen a junk standing perpendicularly end-up, half out of water. Hence working on the slippery midway reef was ticklish work; if a man lost his foothold he would be gone for ever.

Mr. Bourne last year estimated the loss to merchants importing goods into Szechuan at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the value in portorage and wages of extra trackers, but this does not include the money loss in interest, which may be taken as a second $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Junks are detained here from one to three months and some never get over at all. At

present five to six big junks ascend daily. It seems impossible, for reasons too long to explain here, to arrange for one set of junks to ply below, and another set to ply above the rapid, and interchange cargoes, which would seem to solve the difficulty with comparative ease. It was an anxious time for ourselves as, had we broken loose, as twice happened in previous rapids, the little steamer could never have lived in the raging surf she would have had to pass through before being brought up; as it was we snapped one of our tow lines at a critical moment: fortunately the other two held and we got over in safety, but not without a good wetting.

Mr. Grey Donald told us that he had seen 2,000 men towing at a steamer in the rapids at Wady Halfa, Egyptian soldiers, sturdy fellows, each of whom is worth three Chinese, but those rapids are still worse than these and much longer.

We drank a bumper of champagne with our kind friends when happily moored in the slack water above, after passing through this *haarsträubend* rapid, exchanged congratulations and, wishing each other mutual success in our respective novel undertakings, went on our way rejoicing.

March 9, Chungking. We are just ashore after a most exciting trip. We had got over all our difficulties with the *Leechuen*, and reached Tang-chia-to, the Customs station below Chungking, at 3 p.m. yesterday, where we waited by the request of the Reception Committee till 9 a.m. to-day, when the foreign community here came down to welcome us, and we made a triumphal entry into the port with about fifty people on board, and were deluged with fire crackers. The Chinese sent half a dozen gunboats to meet us: we had an unusually fine sunny day, and it was a pretty sight. An address of welcome was read, signed by the whole community, including the British Consul, who, however, did not put in an appearance. Thus the voyage, which often *en route* I had despaired of bringing to a

successful termination, came to a happy end. We had had to wait two days lower down river while we sent a messenger overland for coals ; we came on with only one pump since February 28, having much difficulty in keeping water in the boiler.

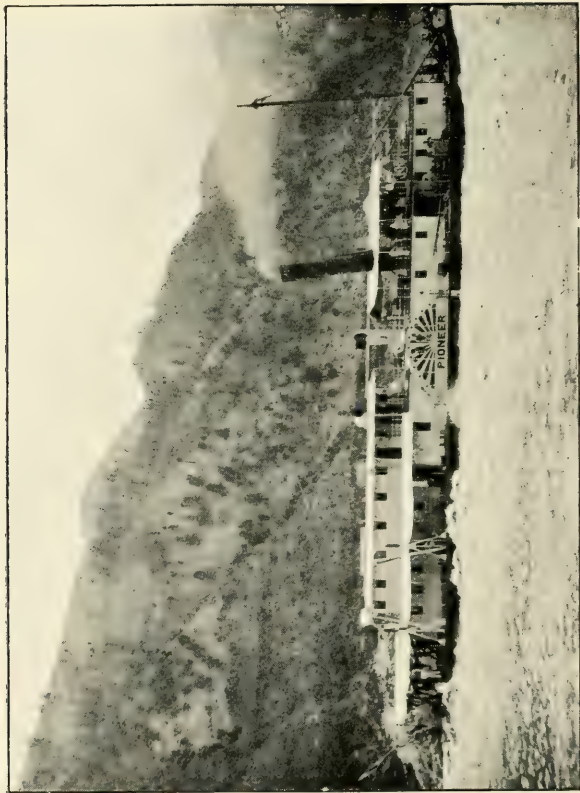
Four days back, by full moon, we were running full speed in a gorge with dead slack water, apparently unfathomable, when we struck on a sunken rock and knocked a hole under our cabin up which a fountain spurted ; nothing but rock walls on either side. Fortunately I noticed a little patch of sand ahead, and beached the *Lcechuen* just before the fires would have been put out. We baled the water out, working the whole night—our steam pump is only a toy—patched up the leak, and came on afterwards at half speed. But for innumerable accidents we should have done the voyage in ten days instead of twenty, but *Dei gratiâ*, we are now happily moored in this port, and to-day's triumph is well worth our previous trouble.

Till this steamboat arrived it had been immemorial custom for the crews of all upward bound junks to return thanks for safe deliverance before the colossal Buddha by the river bank. Copying the so-called heathen we also had a little thanksgiving service on the Customs pontoon and sang the Old Hundredth together with those who came to welcome us before going ashore and receiving their address.

1898.

THE DANGERS OF THE UPPER YANGTSE

A DESIRE to see the Upper Yangtse in flood-time induced us to venture upon a voyage from Ichang to Kwei-fu and on to Wan-hien, traversing the four great gorges and the principal rapids at a season when few care to brave the perils of navigation. The up-river trade from Ichang to Chungking practically comes to a stop by the middle of June, and is not resumed before the middle of September or later, according to the condition of the river and the amount of rainfall in West China. Those who, in the usual course of travel, have ascended the Upper Yangtse only in the winter season, when the junk-traffic is at its highest, would not recognise the river in summer, when the freshets have come down and entirely changed its aspect, from that of a clear mountain stream, interrupted by a series of falls or steps with long smooth reaches between, to that of a huge brown torrent entirely filling its bed and bounded throughout either by vertical cliffs or by steep mountain slopes—rocks all submerged “full fathoms five,” and deep water everywhere. The innumerable winter rapids are either obliterated entirely or metamorphosed into swift races ; a rare junk is seen here and there sailing up in the eddies and long backwaters, or creeping slowly, towed by a double gang of trackers, round some awkward point ; but generally the river appears deserted, the exuberant life and animation that surround the rapids in winter have entirely vanished, and the sleepiness of summer heat appears to have invaded the sparse towns and villages, while in between, for days at a time, one might imagine one’s self to be exploring a new and unin-



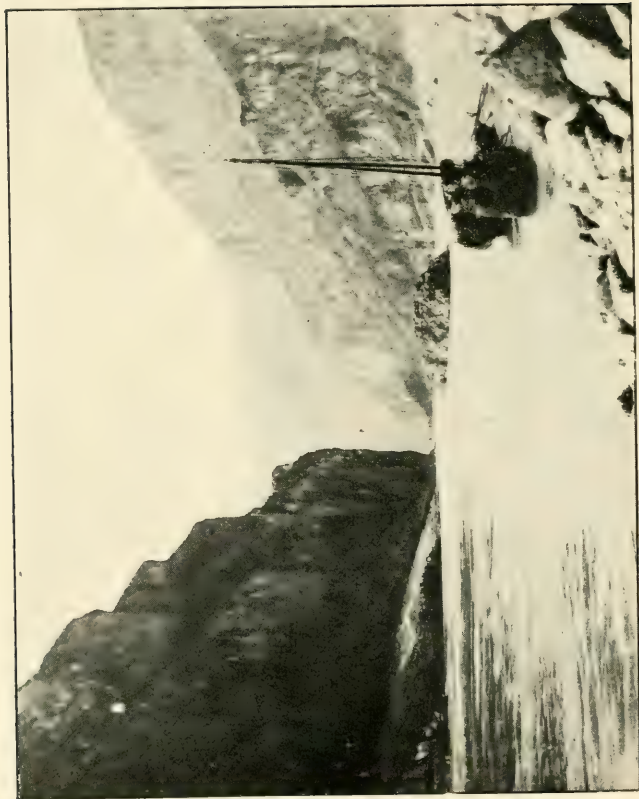
S.S. "Pioneer," on her first voyage from Ichang to Chungking, the first cargo and passenger steamer to attempt it; since then transformed into H.M.S. "Kinsha," in which character she still patrols the upper reaches of the Yangtze.

habited country. The cause of this cessation of traffic in the summer season is not so much the danger (that from the huge whirlpools is really serious) which, to do Chinese boatmen justice, would hardly prove a deterrent, but the expense of the voyage is doubled; heavier crews are needed, and these have to be paid and fed for two, and sometimes three months instead of one; correspondingly high freights have to be paid, and this again deters shippers; the north-east monsoon, which may be relied upon to provide a fair wind up the gorges from November to April, has come to an end; without a fair wind parts of the gorges are actually impassable by large junks relying on man-power alone, and they may in summer have to wait days for a fair wind. To sum up, in short, when the Upper Yangtse is navigable by steamers it is unnavigable by native craft, and *vice versa*; to the observance of this condition are due the successful voyages of the steamship *Pioneer* (now metamorphosed into His Majesty's gunvessel *Kinsha*) in the summer of 1900; and, conversely, to its neglect may be attributed the loss of the German steamer *Sui-hsiang* in the month of December in the same year.

Our voyage up the rapids, starting on June 14, 1901, occupied roughly as many days as, at the same date the year before, the s.s. *Pioneer* occupied hours; thus to reach the big rapid, the "Yeh-tan," about 60 miles above Ichang, took us six days, as against the *Pioneer's* eight hours on June 12, 1900. We, on our third day out, passed the Tungling rapid, 35 miles distant from Ichang, on the rocks in which the *Sui-hsiang* was wrecked on the very morning of her departure from Ichang. This "pierced mountain" rapid is caused by the outflow from the Grand Mi-tan gorge passing through a nest of rocks, amidst which in winter the river forces its way in numerous winding channels. In June these rocks are deeply submerged, and only traceable by the boiling water as the 7-knot current sweeps over them. The long time spent by us in reaching this point was due to the difficulties of the

“ Yao-tsa-ho ” below, as the winding reach, some 15 miles in length, which connects the Ichang and Mi-tan gorges, is called by the boatmen. The river valley here widens out, and, whereas in the two gorges the stream has cut its way down through the limestone mountain, making itself a passage with vertical walls 1000 to 2,000 feet in height, in this connecting reach the river has to contend with a granitic formation, which it has disintegrated and broken up into piles of gigantic boulders, which lie strewn along the floor of the here widened valley in vast mounds such as none but Yangtse trackers, trained to them from childhood, would attempt to climb over. The “ points ” thus formed convert the Yao-tsa-ho into a continuous rapid, which the junk has to surmount without ever being able to gain a straight lead for its tow-lines ; hence a perpetual struggle, which the imperturbable Chinaman calmly accepts as all in the day’s work, but which is most exasperating to the impatient foreigner. To the geologist this reach is peculiarly interesting as the one point in the navigable Yangtse at which igneous rocks lie athwart the river’s course, and where a dyke of porphyry has been cut through by the stream.

Immediately above the Mi-tan gorge the valley, though still bounded by precipitous mountains rising to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, opens out, leaving a bench on either hand upon which are built the busy village of Hsin-tan (“ New rapid ”) and the picturesque houses of prosperous farmers and junk-owners, forming a *coup d’œil* that can hardly be excelled in any part of the world. Writing of the Hsin-tan as it appears in January, Mrs. Bishop remarks, “ No description can convey an idea of the noise and turmoil of the Hsin-tan. I realised it best by my hearing being affected for some days afterwards. The tremendous crash and roar of the cataract, above which the yells and shouts of hundreds of straining trackers are heard, mingled with the ceaseless beating of drums and gongs, some as signals, others to frighten evil spirits, make up a pandemonium which can never be forgotten.”



The first Rapid in the Upper Yangtse, in which the German cargo and passenger steamer, that attempted to follow S.S. "Pioneer," struck the rock in mid-stream, that is covered at high water, and became a complete wreck.

If this indefatigable traveller could have seen the Hsin-tan when we passed up—all its rocks and boulders hidden, the shanties with which these are covered in winter all disappeared, the trackers having gone into the country for fieldwork ; nothing but a smooth river, half a mile or more wide, with scarce a junk visible ; the fine farm-houses and residences that dot the steep slopes on the south bank slumbering amidst their groves of bamboo and fruit trees ; the long straggling terraced village on the north bank equally asleep in the June sunshine, with not even a dog awake to bark, she would have hardly credited the change, such is the contrast between the Upper Yangtse in summer, when it has already risen 50 or 60 feet above its winter level, and may yet rise another 60 feet before autumn. Fifty feet rise at the Shin-tan means a rise of 25 feet above low water level at Ichang, where alone accurate measurements are taken by the officers of the Imperial Maritime Customs, the water being dammed up above the narrows of the Mi-tan gorge.

Our light-draft junk warped up the short, smooth, steep slope of the Yeh-tan, a fall of about eight feet, without difficulty. The two tow-lines were carried by a straight lead to and warped round bollards fixed in a wide solid stone bunding built for the purpose well above high-water mark, the whole operation, including the laying out the lines, involving us in scarcely two hours' delay. I may mention that our junk was one of the large four-roomed kwatze, as the Upper Yangtse houseboats are called, eighty feet long by twelve feet beam, four feet deep and drawing light about two feet, easy to tow, and a fast sailer with her lofty mast and large light cotton lugsail. We had forty-seven men engaged in all—a permanent crew of ten always on board, twenty-four trackers on shore, eight men in the tender constantly shifting the trackers from our junk to the shore, and from one bank to the other, or ferrying them across side streams and past otherwise impassable obstructions, and finally a crew of five men in the lifeboat, which followed close as a precaution in case

of disaster. Above the Yeh-tan our progress was slow; the river was very bad, and the whirlpools at times baffling, notably that at the Niu-ko or Ox-head rapid, at the point where H.M.S. *Woodlark* was whirled against the rock bank and had her fore compartment entirely smashed in; this last was later rebuilt on the spot by her able commander and gallant crew—her engineer especially—and thus against all expectation she was enabled to pursue her voyage to Chungking. The record of this noteworthy event, which her crew painted in huge letters on the rock at the time, was submerged as we passed up. Then through the twenty-two miles long “Great Gorge of Wu-shan,” which it took us three whole days of hard struggle to surmount, into the *comparatively* open water that unites this chasm with the still worse chasm of the last of the four great gorges, the “Bellows” gorge, situated three miles below the celebrated city of Kwei-fu, and on the left-hand upper portal of which stands what is left of the “White Emperor’s City.”

Before reaching the lower entrance of the Bellows gorge and opposite the Hoang-tsang-pei, a swirling rapid caused by one of the innumerable huge “cones of dejection,” which small innocent-looking side streams appear to have vomited into the main river as the result of a one-time cloud-burst in the mountains behind, a very remarkable cleft in the 3,000 feet which here forms the river’s right bank, compels the admiration of the traveller. This cleft, the opposing cliffs of which may be half a mile apart, is well-named by the natives the “Tso-kia Hsia,” or “False Gorge,” the legend being that when the Emperor Yü cut out the gorges through the mountains, that isolate Szechuan from the rest of China, and so drained off the great red basin, he at first set to work on the Tso-kai Hsia, when, finding no way round, he diverted his attack to the higher mountains through which the Bellows gorge now makes its way, and cut out the present passage in its place. Through this narrow passage was now running a fierce torrent, the overflow of the lake-like expanse above.

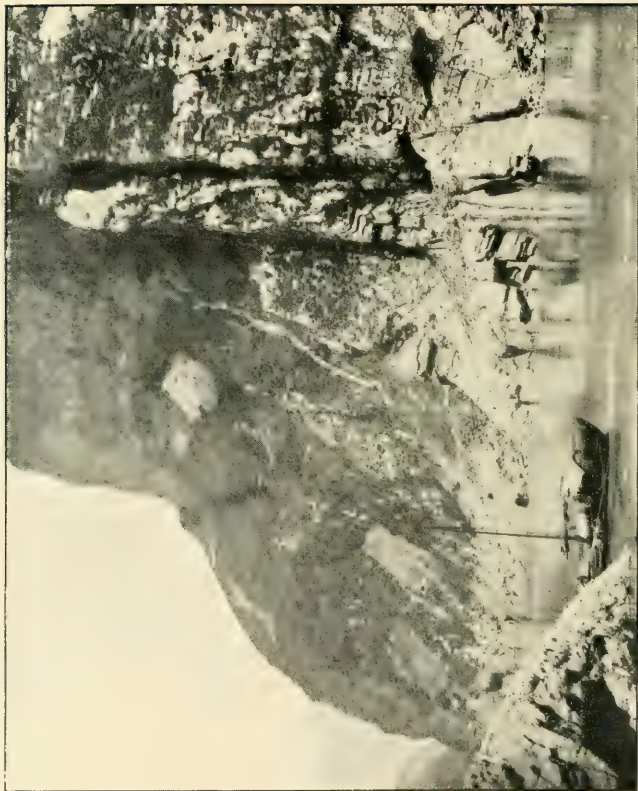
So far we had only experienced a recurrence of the minor accidents incidental to junk travel, tow-lines breaking, sheering out (ta chang) in the rapids (equivalent to missing stays at sea), and the like, but here our voyage came near to an abrupt conclusion. A strong fair wind that set in towards evening induced our pilot to attempt to sail through this six mile long gorge ; under press of sail we were stemming the current famously, but the still fast-rising river had bred such terrific whirlpools that our large well-found junk proved like a cork at their mercy. We swung round and all but capsized ; luckily the men, with much difficulty, succeeded in lowering the sail and bringing the boat up under a protecting point without damage.

No such good fortune, however, attended two large cargo junks ahead of us, which we overtook at the entrance of the gorge ; one of these, a vessel chartered by the Szechuan Viceroy carrying munitions of war from Shanghai to Chêngtu (of which a continuous stream, including machine guns, had been flowing west for two years past) was whirled against the rock bank on the right and stove in and sunk, her crew escaping and the roof of the junk being just awash, so that the contents may possibly be salvaged when the water falls. The second junk, a fifty-ton cargo-boat laden with cotton yarn, sailed up the swift rapid in splendid form and disappeared in the twilight. I asked our pilot, who had now secured our boat for the night, why he too did not take advantage of the fair wind, which was still increasing in strength, to get through this difficult gorge. He replied that he could not feel sure of getting through before dark. At this moment a shout from our men, and, just as the sudden darkness of the latitude had shut in, the big junk drifted by on her beam ends, having capsized in mid-stream. She was barely visible, but the cries of " Chiu Ming ! " (" Save life ! ") were heartrending, just audible above the roar of the rapid. It was now pitch dark, but I suggested to our accompanying lifeboat to go after them ; the helmsman, however—and rightly, I think—said he dared not confront

the whirlpools in the dark. Two days later we learnt in Kwei-fu that about half the crew had been thrown overboard and lost, and that the boat herself, if still floating and not wrecked on the way, could hardly be brought up nearer than in the tranquil water off Ichang.

The Bellows gorge averages 300 yards in width, but is narrowed by projecting rock-spits in three places to half this width, and below these rage, at this season, foaming whirlpools. The spit under which we were moored for the night was composed of a very hard limestone and chert, and had the appearance of furnace slag. Rising some thirty to fifty feet above the present water-level, it is covered in the late summer freshets, and so the whole surface is water-worn; but the rock is too hard to be cut away in potholes, as we see has been, and still is being, done in countless similar reefs up and down the river.

At the narrowest channel in this gorge, close to its upper end, the stanchions and rock-holes are still visible at low water from which chains were stretched across the Yangtse during the romantic period of the wars of the "Three Kingdoms" which ushered in the fall of the great Han dynasty in the third century of our era. All this region is rich in "song and story." Below this spot we see to-day, as fresh as it issued from the hands of the masons of old, the extraordinary relic known as Mêng-liang's ladder—a series of squared holes chiselled into the hard limestone cliff, here about 500 feet vertical, each hole fourteen inches in diameter and about two feet in depth, into which were inserted wooden beams up which Mêng-liang's soldiers either ascended for attack or descended to procure water—it is not positively known which. The last emperor of the Hans, Liu-peh, was the builder of the "Peh-ti-ch'eng," or "White Emperor's City," so called after its supposed Celestial founder and patron, a beautiful temple in whose honour survives to this day. Its wooded terraces command a striking view of the gorge down stream, with its highest cliff towering up some 3,000 feet, as also of the



A quiet reach on the Upper Yangtse.

picturesque city of Kwei-fu built on the left bank of the lake-like reach three miles above.

We passed a restless night, rocked in the swell of the rapid and disturbed by the roar of the whirlpools which increased in violence as the river continued to swell in volume with the still-rising freshets, the total rise in the night being about ten feet, necessitating constant shifting of the boat's moorings. At daylight the next morning we crossed over in the lifeboat to the left bank, and climbed up the steep rock-bank to the New road. This is a road built by a former Viceroy in the fifteenth year of Kwangshü (A.D. 1888), from Kwei-fu westwards to the Hupeh frontier, a distance of about fifty miles, where, traversing the gorges, the road is carried by a gallery cut in the limestone cliffs and fenced by a low stone balustrade. Had the road been carried on farther, eighty miles to Ichang, it would have been of inestimable value to travelers to and from Szechuan, who have practically no choice of any other than the Yangtse route. As it is, the road is useless ; it ends in an absolute *cul-de-sac* in the middle of the Wu-shan gorge, and is already falling into disrepair. Squatters have not been slow to take advantage of the terraced portion to grow crops on, and have pulled down the stone balustrade in places and used it as foundations for their adobe cottages. So it is everywhere in China : a spasmodic attempt at some reform or improvement is made by some rare public-spirited official or man of wealth ; he is not seconded, and his work is rendered useless by the apathy and ill-will of the people generally. It seems to me hopeless to look for any practical reforms in China unless under European supervision, capable of enforcing discipline and order as in the foreign settlements ; left alone, the Chinese appear incapable of what we call progress. If this road were to be completed and sufficiently enlarged, Kwei-fu would be brought within a week of Ichang, and thousands of lives now annually lost in the rapids of the four great gorges would be saved. But there is no present likelihood that it ever will

be completed. In a few more decades, what has been already begun will have fallen or been pulled to pieces and utterly forgotten.

The White Emperor's City, the western terminus of the New road, is now nothing but a small village. A portion of the old concrete wall is still in existence, pierced by an ancient gateway, through which the path leads on to the high-walled city of Kwei-fu, three miles above. It was here that Liu-peh made his last stand and was killed, A.D. 221, and so the famous Han dynasty succumbed to the short-lived Wei. It is hard, looking down at this season on the smooth lake 200 feet below, to conceive the existence of a manufacturing city in its centre, which is annually submerged each summer and again annually reconstructed each winter as the water subsides. Yet on this sandbank, now submerged several fathoms, I have seen the smoke of countless brine distilleries, and have walked among the brine wells, around which thousands of workmen were busily employed on the different processes hastening to make the most of the short winter of work. In Kwei-fu coal is cheap (about 4s. a ton), as also plentiful.

Arrived at Kwei-fu, the perils of the voyage are practically over—at least, at this season. Hence to Wan-hien we had not the trace of a rapid; the bottle neck of the Bellows gorge had dammed up the water, and the fierce Miao-chi and the dreaded Hsin-lung-tan were absolutely non-existent. The river, now fully 100 feet above its winter level, and half to three quarters of a mile wide, flowed smoothly between green slopes, not a vestige of rock being visible. The contrast between the deep bright green of the maize which now covers the lower slopes, and the chocolate-coloured water in which their feet were immersed, was very striking, as was the total absence of life and movement at the site of the New Grand Rapid, formed by the landslide of 1896. No trace of the town existed, the houses being mostly removed, and the site under water; but on high ground above is a

handsome and extensive building—a new Buddhist temple dedicated to Wang Se, the patron saint of boatmen, and subscribed for by the junkmen, to whom this rapid is a lasting terror in the winter season for want of a few tons of dynamite judiciously expended.

One thing our summer voyage on the Upper Yangtse definitely impressed upon us, and that is that a permanent and profitable steam service is simply a question of supplying the needful capital for suitable boats. Is this navigation to be carried on or to be abandoned to others by the British, who have been the first successfully to attempt it? In any case, we reached Wan-hien, fourteen days out from Ichang, with the firm conviction that this should prove our last ascent of the Upper Yangtse in a Chinese junk.

SZECHUAN REVISITED

I

It is always a pleasure to cover new ground in travel, and the novelty repays for the many discomforts incidental to land journeys in this mediæval country. Hence it was with pleasurable expectation that I set out from Wan-hien, whither I had come from Ichang up the rapids by boat, on the overland road to Chêng-tu, the provincial capital—a road that, in its entire length, has not, I believe, been described in any of the numerous books of travel written about the province of Szechuan.¹ These pleasurable anticipations were not disappointed, although the sudden plunge from the luxury of a houseboat into the dark, dirt, and discomfort of Chinese inns, the exasperatingly bad roads, and the insufficient protection from cold and wet, are a shock from which one's self-complacency only emerges after a few days of habitude, which happily reconciles man to almost every change in his destiny, and leads one unconsciously to accept the inevitable without a murmur, and at last even to rejoice in it.

ITINERARY.

Feb. 14, Ichang to Wan-hien, Yangtse river	..	250 miles
Feb. 28, Wan-hien to Chêng-tu, land, W.	..	400 „
Mar. 15, Chêng-tu to Sui-fu, Min River, S.S.W.	..	280 „
April 2, Sui-fu to Chungking, Yangtse river, E.N.E.		240 „
		<hr/>
		1,170 miles

A short while ago I had the pleasure of presenting my

¹ Mrs. Bishop wrote her description afterwards. It is also very short.—A. E. N. L.

readers with an account of the new great highway through the Gorges, then being constructed by the joint efforts of the two Viceroys concerned,—those of Hupeh and Szechuan—intended to connect Chungking with Ichang, a distance of 540 miles, between which, so far, the only direct connection had been over the troublous waters of the Great River—a much called for innovation which it is surprising should never have been attempted before during the two millennia that Szechuan has formed an integral portion of the vast Chinese empire.

Coming up through the Wu-shan gorge, our boat reached the frontier at about sunset, an hour's walk below the town of P'ei-shih "Restored stone" (referring to an ancient dispute when Hupeh authorities quarried a Szechuan rock, and had to make the damage good), where we were to moor for the night. Anticipating a broad smooth road, such as I had traversed in the same spot ten years before, I landed from the boat, which, favoured by a fair wind and in the still, fathomless waters of the gorge, sailed out of sight before I had climbed up the 200 feet of broken rock débris, above which the path is carried. Scrambling up on to the stone bund, built to support the road, I found on its summit a narrow bean field, a precipice above and a precipice below. Enterprising agriculturists had regarded the road as a heaven-sent terrace for their scanty crops; with painful toil had carried up earth, and spread it thick on the flagged roadway, and were evidently enjoying the valued strip of level land rent free. This was bad enough, but at one side—one ravine after another—the culverts had been washed away and their places were occupied by piles of loose rocks which had to be carefully scrambled over in order to avoid a fall into the depths below. Darkness now came on, but safe in the trust that my men, after reaching P'ei-shih, would send lanterns to relieve me, I took my time, was eventually met with the welcome light, and reached my temporary home in safety after a three hours' struggle, not unattended with danger,—in place of the placid evening saunter along a good

road which I set out to enjoy. Thus the great Szechuan highway, opened with such a flourish of trumpets and innumerable deeply-engraven rock inscriptions in the highest literary Wênli, is to-day dead, after a short ten years' life, and is now literally buried. Such is China!

I have ventured on this digression as a homily on roads in general before setting out to describe the great "Wan" road in particular. There are two celebrated highways, leading to the Szechuan capital. The chief, and that until lately the most frequented, is known as the Ta-peh-lu or Great Northern road, and leads through Shan-si to Peking. Marco Polo travelled west by this road and mentions the splendid trees planted on either side, of which now, alas! only a few isolated specimens survive. Over this road the officials were wont, until quite recently, to travel on their way to take up office in Szechuan after their audience in the metropolis. Since the building of the Peking-Tientsin railway, they mostly come round by sea to Shanghai,¹ thence up the Yangtse to Wan-hien, and continue their journey by the land road to Chêng-tu, which is, in contradistinction, called the Siao-peh-lu or Small North road, although in fact its course is due east and west. This is now by far the most travelled road of the two and has the reputation of being one of the best roads in the Empire. It is paved throughout, and has good inns of their kind in all the resting-places. The distance comprises fifteen stages of ninety *li* each, in all 1,350 *li*, say 405 miles, and this distance might well be shortened by one-third were the road scientifically laid out. But the Chinese seem never to have arrived at the first elementary principles of roadmaking. Their work in constructing these so-called great highways appears to have been confined to the improvement of the pre-existing trails uniting towns and villages of the country to each other. These trails naturally wound through the land, avoiding here swamps, there rocks, by the easiest way available, with no attempt

¹ The railway between Hankow and Peking was not then built.—A. E. N. L.

to surmount difficulties or remove obstructions. With the view apparently of saving initial labour the road ascended mountains by the steepest of staircases ; and in the valleys, where a straight road would be the natural course, it is built on top of the low dykes which divide the paddy-fields, often winding round three sides of a field rather than cut across it. In such cases the distance is actually increased threefold. Among the mountains the pavement is six and often eight feet wide ; it was constructed of the same width in the valleys, but there the farmers have devoted themselves to steadily undermining the paved way on both sides so as microscopically to add to the area of their fields, until the stones break off, leaving in many places nothing to walk on but a narrow ridge of soft earth.

Although the Chinese do not possess the first elementary knowledge needful to construct a roadway, even if they did not grudge the labour and expense, yet they exhibit infinite patience in conveying a huge traffic over such roads as they have. That hardest driven of all beasts of burden, the Chinese carrying coolie, shrinks from no obstacle and never shirks his work. The rich Chinese, who should show him how to employ his labour to better advantage, lolls in his sedan chair wrapped up in furs, while the half naked coolie struggles in the mire or over rough cobble stones from dawn to sunset, in heat and cold, in snow and rain, without a murmur. We had the misfortune to strike a week of wet, cold weather after leaving Wan-hien, and often the path was a mound of red clayey mud with loose paving stones embedded in it at intervals. On more than one occasion we did not make our night's halting-place till nine at night, picking our way along by the aid of lanterns ; yet we never delayed our start on the following morning, and were up in the dark and off again punctually at daybreak. The greatest discomfort was the wet muddy floor of the inns, with sometimes a leaky roof and always the odour of the pigsty and accessories, at times so bad that we had to change the room originally allotted to us. In

the regions where coal abounded we had no trouble with our cooking, but where grass and stalks of shrubs from the hillside were the fuel, we had often to depend on the inn rice, for which the one fire was reserved, so that hot water was not always obtainable. Although coal is found everywhere in the "cross ranges" of carboniferous limestone, and costs only two dollars (about 4s.) a ton, yet so expensive is portorage, approaching often to one shilling per ton per mile, that it cannot be utilised beyond a radius of twenty miles from the source of production. Thus fairly good bituminous coal is mined in the first range crossed after leaving Wan-hien, a day's journey only distant, and is sold at Fen-shui at one cash per catty; but delivered in Wan-hien, its principal market, the cost is fivefolded to five cash per catty.

II

FROM WAN-HIEN TO THE PAO-NING RIVER

THE road from Wan (450 feet altitude) to the Chêng-tu plain (1,700 feet) may be divided roughly into halves: the first half leads across four limestone ranges, of an even altitude of 3,000 feet or more above sea level, running in folds north-east and south-west with "valleys" of lower red sandstone hills between them and similar to, if not identical with, the ranges athwart which the Yangtse river has cut its succession of gorges and which ends in the valley of the Chü-ho, a branch of the Kia-ling which, coming from the district city of Chü, debouches in the Great River, after a winding course of over 200 miles, at Chungking. The second half comprises a purely sandstone country, a typical portion of the great red basin of Szechuan, and is composed of what was originally a sandstone plateau, worn down by denudation into the most irregular piles of hills rounded, conical, flat-topped, pyramidal, it is possible to conceive. There is no order, and there are no consecutive ranges nor regular

valleys : deep, and often very wide, depressions wind in and out among the mountains, which still range up to two thousand feet and more above sea level : no streams, properly speaking, follow the valleys : what drainage there is, is intercepted at its source for irrigating the paddy fields which fill up the whole of the valley bottoms and rise up their sides as high apparently as irrigation is obtainable ; above these the hills are terraced again with wheat, bean, rape and opium fields, and where, as is frequently the case, the sides of the summits are precipitous, *chai*, or cities of refuge, have been built, forming, with their crenelated battlements and ponderous gateways, counterparts of the ordinary Chinese walled city, although actually uninhabited. The problem of the drainage of this riverless region is a complicated one, and can only be solved after a careful survey has been made.

The cypress (peh-mu) is the favourite tree everywhere ; the lower branches are trimmed off, both to prevent the tree shading the fields and to encourage a tall growth, and the effect is eminently lugubrious. The summits, which might carry a fair growth of timber, are stripped bare for fuel, women and children with baskets behind them (peit'ze), grubbing up every shrub and blade of grass, often even the roots, to obtain the indispensable fuel. The scenery, which would otherwise be highly picturesque, has thus an artificially barren and woe-begone aspect, the red hills with their often precipitous sides affording a fine contrast to such greenery as is permitted to remain.

The road here follows a most complicated course : at times winding for miles through an interminable valley, then rising up and skirting the edge of an amphitheatre of rock half a mile in diameter and 400 to 500 feet in depth ; the wide opening into a valley below with precipitous sides leading to a succession of step-like terraces, of which in one place I counted no less than twenty-three, all carefully cultivated and united by red rock staircases. At other places the road, still carried along on a high level, commanding extensive and, at times, romantic

views, almost doubles back on itself, and, often, riding ahead of my train of coolies, I would confront them face to face with only a deep chasm separating us ; then, when you think the road must continue on the level, or at least descend, you come suddenly upon a staircase of several hundred steps—so steep that it would be cruel to ride your pony up it, and much more so to be carried in a chair—leading to a narrow flat-topped “ col,” down which is an equally steep descent on the other side. Descending gradually along a winding valley terraced with crops, the yellow rape flower predominating and filling the air with scent, you find the richest “ dry ” bottom lands given over to the poppy, in the cultivation of which there is hardly a break in all the 600 miles from Ichang to Chêngtu.

It is difficult to say positively what effect this great recent increase in opium-growing¹ has had upon the general food supply. Rice and wheat are still plentiful and cheap ; imported kerosene oil has largely replaced bean-oil, and aniline dyes (more's the pity !) are fast abolishing the cultivation of madder and safflower, although, owing to the rise in copper cash, they are some forty per cent. dearer in silver than they were five years ago. The farmer who, owing to the want of good roads, has no market beyond his immediate neighbourhood, naturally favours a product so easily transported and so readily saleable as opium and which affords also so many useful by-products. Of the ill effect on the population of a cheap and plentiful supply of the fascinating drug there can be no two opinions : more filthy towns, dilapidated houses and ragged, depraved-looking people than one meets in these inland districts it would be difficult to find anywhere ; yet their poverty is more apparent than real. Men, in rags and covered with dirt, were generally carrying a bamboo hand basket holding live charcoal lashed to their waists under their long gowns, adding an appearance of deformity to their other attractions.

¹ Now forbidden—A. E. N. L.

Picturesque as are most of these country towns seen from a distance, they are positively repulsive on nearer acquaintance, but it is impossible to circuit and so avoid them, as the only path leads straight through them. The necessity of stopping in such resthouses for meals (one must stop where the coolies eat) is trying to a foreigner, especially as he is always surrounded by a filthy and contemptuous mob. It was in one of these towns, rejoicing in the name of "Newmarket" that Mrs. Bishop was badly stoned in 1898, and another year Mr. —, of the China Inland Mission, was similarly treated in the same place. A woman is, of course, always fair game to the Chinese, but a man, as a rule, should have little difficulty in keeping the wretched riff-raff at bay. In the higher mountains, on the other hand, and in the country generally, and especially in the capital itself, the people are as quiet and civil as one could wish.

The four ranges of mountains that are crossed before the valley of the Chü river is reached are beautifully wooded with pines, the elegant Cunninghamia, oaks, *Ficus infectoria*, and endless varieties of bamboo. Being distant from water communication, large portions of the virgin forest remain untouched, though I noticed many fresh clearances in which the rich humus was newly sown with poppy. The main industries of these mountains depend, however, upon the bamboo; a vast quantity of excellent bamboo paper is manufactured hereabouts, and we met strings of porters carrying paper, besides bundles of bamboo roots used for horse whips, all of which are exported down river from the busy mart of Wan.

Coal is mined in all these mountains; there appears to be no actual property in the mines; any one is free to open an adit in the hillside, in which he works until stopped by water; the adits are, as a rule, only just high enough for men (and women) to crawl in on all-fours, and one sees the unfortunate miners emerging from their burrows, crawling on their hands and feet, dragging a "to tsz," laden with coal behind them, more like rabbits in a warren than

human beings. The coal is sold at the pit's mouth for sixty cash a catty, or less than three shillings a ton. It is bought on the spot by carrying coolies on their own account, who take the coal to market and earn what freight for it they can.

Many of the wretched miners are kidnapped children and virtually slaves; they work day and night in shifts of twelve hours, receiving their rice and trifling wage, which is always overdrawn, owing to the exactions of the truckmaster, who is also the proprietor of the mine.

The seams here, we were told, were from one to two feet thick and very steeply inclined; one sees one adit above another climbing up the steep hillside. One of the most picturesque glens traversed by the road is known as Fo-erh-ngai,—Buddha's ear cliff,—while another extraordinarily confined cleft in the limestone, with vertical walls, the path running along a narrow ledge with a precipice above and below, is called Ting-tze-ya or "Pavilion gap." We passed through the cities of Liang-shan (ridge mountain), situated in a wide fertile "pa" or flat between two ranges, and Ta-tsu, "big bamboo," not to be confounded with the Hien city of the same name-sound, north of Chungking, but meaning "big feet" (the people are of Hakka descent and the women have natural feet and are despised accordingly), the home of the whilom rebel, Yü-man-tze.

After leaving Ta-tsu-hien the road, before it descends to the valley of the Chü, crosses the fourth and last range, a wide, double fold, with all the characteristics of limestone—deep sinks, rugged ravines, caves and pinnacles—a beautiful country, wooded but needing sunshine to be duly appreciated, whereas we were enveloped in clouds and drizzling rain. We put up for the night at Li-tu-hô, a small town pleasantly situated on the banks of this river, which at this season is a sluggish stream of blue, deep, clear water, flowing between gentle sandstone hills and wooded cliffs, and is from 150 to 200 yards in width. The high mountains we had passed through between this

point and Wan-hien afford as fine scenery as any on the Yangtse. Leaving Li-tu-hō (Li ferry river) the next morning we ascended by the valley of an affluent, which exhibited in a most convincing way the simple *modus operandi* employed by nature in excavating the gorges through which all the Szechuan rivers flow, including those of the Great Yangtse itself. This affluent flows in a gorge at the head of which is a precipitous wall of rock over which the river breaks in a waterfall about 100 feet deep and 200 feet wide (by measurement). The chasm below the fall is still jammed with the huge angular rock fragments that have tumbled in, as the softer supporting strata were dissolved by the water. The stream being a comparatively gentle one has not yet carried off these *dejecta* as is the case in the more powerful rivers, though in these many of the harder, huge rock masses still remain unremoved and form dangerous obstructions to navigation. The many arched bridge by which we crossed the river above the fall led to the village of Chung-t'an-ch'iao (central rapid bridge), in a dirty inn in which we breakfasted.

From here we crossed a steep sandstone ridge that makes the waterparting between the valley of the Chü and that of the Pao-ning river, another of the many affluents of the Kia-ling, which joins the Yangtse at Chungking; and after two days' journey reached the prefectural city of Shun-king, the walls of which are washed by the deep, clear water that descends from Pao-ning (now the seat of a bishopric of the Church of England), and the lofty Tsung-ling range to the north and east of the province. The river bed, now mostly dry sandbank, is fully a mile wide; a rich, wide, cultivated plain of great fertility, to judge by the height of the crops (the rape here was over six feet), covers the banks of the river and stretches a mile or more on each side till it meets the sandstone cliffs that bound the valley on either hand, and at one time bounded the river also. This valley forms the setting of the prefectural city of Shun-king.

III

FROM SHUN-KING TO THE CHÈNG-TU PLAIN

THE city of Shun-king has two handsome Mission establishments; one, that of the Roman Catholics, newly built; one, that of the China Inland Mission, a spacious native Kung-kuan; both have recently been provided by the local officials in lieu of the premises destroyed in the Yü Man-tze riots of 1898. At the latter I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Evans, the incumbent in charge. These oases are fast multiplying in Szechuan, so that it is almost impossible to travel in the west without finding a fellow-countryman in every large city. Szechuan no longer seems the remote country it was when I first visited it seventeen years earlier, and, although the "British sphere" is a pure chimera, yet the number of British interests in the province are rapidly increasing from day to day. The communication with Shanghai by steam, now shortly to become an accomplished fact, is anxiously looked forward to by foreigners and Chinese alike, and a great farther development of the varied resources of this exceptional province must surely follow.

Leaving Shun-king, we wound for two days more up and down and in and out of the inextricable maze of sandstone ridges and mountains, and then descended into the narrow valley in which is situated the picturesque district city of Pêng-chi (hat-shed stream). The sun now shone out at last and a lovely view we might have taken of its walls and towers, had we been provided with a camera. A small but wide, clear stream flows through the town and descends in a fall over sandstone steps, above which it is crossed by one of the elegant Szechuan covered bridges. Pêng-chi-hien is the centre of a salt district; we had already met in the mountains strings of small, yellow oxen, as well as coolies, carrying salt to Shun-king-fu; we now passed numberless primitive salt wells, each surmounted by a bamboo wheel, on which is wound the

rope, flat strips of bamboo laced together at the ends, which hauls up the hollow bamboo stem, furnished with a valve at the bottom, in which the brine is conveyed to the surface. These wells are scattered about in all directions; in the bottoms and on the valley sides, apparently without rhyme or reason; on enquiry as to how the sites were selected, we were told that the selection is made by experts who, in true Chinese fashion, are paid by results. Unlike those at the great salt centre of Tse-liu-ching in the west of the province, the wells hereabouts are comparatively shallow—200 to 800 feet. They are pumped by two men who walk on the top of the wheel, tread-mill fashion, and only work for about an hour daily, morning and evening, giving time for the brine to collect in the intervals. Thus nearly every farm has its private salt depôt, and the value is so low that, notwithstanding the poverty of the brine, the price of the prepared salt on the spot is only twenty cash per catty—about 2½d. per lb. The brine is evaporated in iron pans in the usual way, but here, distant from coal, the fuel, strange to say, is grass, and two women stood beside the furnace steadily plying the fire with this flimsy, fugacious material until the evaporation was completed. Hence the barren hill-tops and the fruitless search for the smallest patch of pasture upon which to feed my pony and provide him with a much needed change of fodder after the dry maize and rice he champs through the night, as he rests in the inns on the route. I saw, in this district, women on their knees grubbing up roots of coarse grass in the ardour of their search after this indispensable commodity.

One day more wandering amidst the maze of sandstone mountains and we reach Tai-ho-chên (great river mart), and are gladdened once more by the sight of a large river, the main fork of the Kia-ling, leading direct to Chungking, 200 miles to the south. We now felt like approaching home with the back of our journey broken. Tai-ho-chên is a busy well-built town situated at the head of navigation

for large junks and one of the chief shipping points whence the produce of the rich Chêng-tu plateau and of the mountain districts to the north is conveyed by water to Chungking. Junks carrying about twenty tons, put together of rough planks, fastened with wooden pegs—no nails—and caulked with grass and brush, load bulky medicinal herbs for Chungking, where, after their one voyage down stream, they are broken up and sold for lumber. This place, as well as the neighbouring district city of Shê-hung, was a station of the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, at the time I visited it under the supervision of Mr. Joshua Mason, who resided himself at Shê-mung. It was here that the year before Mr. Davidson of this mission was badly maltreated by a mob of roughs; he obtained, however, pecuniary compensation from the local officials and has since gone home to recruit. The Great and Little North Roads meet at Tai-ho-chen, the former taking a more northerly course by way of Shê-mung, while the latter, which is the shorter by forty *li*, goes south and dips down into the Chêng-tu plain by the pass of San-wang-miao, 1,500 feet above it, and is thus 3,100 feet above sea level.

Four days more amidst sandstone mountains of the same character, and which, though affording many romantic views, grow decidedly monotonous, as day after day one is trying to extricate oneself from their entanglement, when, at last, the summit of a very steep pass discloses the long-looked-for plain in the offing and brings Chêng-tu, our immediate goal, at length within measurable distance.

IV

CH'ENG-TU AND THE RETURN JOURNEY TO CHUNGKING

WE descended from San-wang-miao by a very steep staircase to the banks of a small rapid stream, which banks we followed until the stream emerged through a cleft in the

hills on to the plain below. We were enjoying beautiful sunshine ; indeed it was our first spring day, but all we could see of the famous plateau below was a sea of yellow haze, pierced by green foliage, as far as the eye could reach. The stream rapidly increased in size ; it had scooped out a deep ravine with high cliffs in places which exhibited a fine geological section of the strata, here as throughout, horizontal—of different coloured sandstones and marls, white, brown, grey, vermilion, purple, all disintegrating ; while our pathway was paved with a tough bluish sandstone. The rich assortment of building stone in the country we had been traversing, from Wan-hien on, is scarcely utilised ; the houses are mostly adobe with thatched roofs, a few of the better class only using brick and tile ; the stone is reserved for the construction of the invaluable opposition manure traps (as Wingrove Cook well named them) which are a feature in every Chinese landscape ; here they are built with substantial stone walls and roofed with broad sandstone slabs, holding out every inducement to the passing wayfarer, upon whom the Chinese agriculturist is so largely dependent for his indispensable fertiliser.

The hills drop suddenly into the alluvial plain, though, here on the east and south sides, not as sharply as do the high limestone cliffs which fence in the plateau to the north and west. We traverse an orange grove and three miles farther reach a crowded dirty town called Chao-chia-tu. This "Ferry of the Chao Family" is built on a sandbank between two wide shallow streams, coming from the north, which unite lower down to form the Tô River, which further on serves the great salt district of Tse-liuching and conveys its produce to the famous mart of Lu-chow, situated at its junction with the Yangtse, 150 miles above Chungking. Of the two streams one, the Peh, or North, one the Tung, or East River, 100 yards in width and, at this season, two to three feet in depth, the first we crossed by a ferry and the second by a temporary bridge of rickety planks upon which it surprised

me, clever though he is, that the pony was able to keep his footing. The "Chao family" turned out in their thousands as I rode through their dirty streets and seemed prepared to give me an unpleasant send-off at the ferry, but my men quieted them with the information that I was come to build them a railway! On a pony and in European dress one is necessarily a conspicuous object; on former journeys and in a closed sedan I have passed with almost no notice whatever.

Continuing along the level plateau, through a succession of farms, groves of bamboo, walnut and many fruit trees, now just opening into blossom; past innumerable alder-lined irrigation streams and through more fields of rape, wheat and opium; six miles farther brought us to the town of Tao-chia-tu (Tao family ferry), on the south-east bank of the P'i river (so called from its traversing the city of that name), here fully 200 yards broad and spanned by a lofty sandstone bridge of twenty-five curved arches. The river here flows in a north-east direction, and presumably also falls into the Tô. Tao-chia-tu is a quiet, clean town with a remarkably fine inn of many courtyards, in which we took our tiffin. Thence on, almost us the gates of Chêng-tu, the Small North Road carried to over low foothills which bound the plain on its south-east side, and in another twenty-four hours led us into the city itself, which we entered by the north gate and putting up at an inn, no more clean and even more dilapidated than many we had encountered *en route*, terminated this, the long second stage of our circuitous journey.

Chêng-tu, the capital city of the whilom kingdom of Shu, would seem to have sadly decayed in the 600 years that have elapsed since Marco Polo visited and described it in his famous chapter on Caidu. It is still a fine city, as Chinese cities go, possessing wide, well-paved streets (though the pavement is much cut up by wheelbarrow ruts), but the buildings are low and poor, with the exception of one or two magnificent old temples, almost equal



Officers of the Chinese Police Force, as first introduced on European lines in West China.

to anything in Japan, such as the Ching-yang Taoist monastery, and that built in memory of Chu-ko-liang, the hero of the wars of the Three Kingdoms. This mean appearance is due probably to the scarcity of large timber and the absence of building stone in the immediate neighbourhood. There is an air of space and freshness, which is very enjoyable after the closeness and confinement of Chungking. The chief feature of the place to a "Western," is the fact that the city now contains several extensive missionary establishments, at which the traveller is sure of most hospitable welcome; and with the many European mining and engineering parties then and for some time previously travelling in the province this hospitality must have been somewhat severely taxed.

The principal missions here at this date were the American Methodist, the Canadian Methodist, and the Canadian Ladies' mission, besides of course the ubiquitous China Inland Mission. The former have all extensive premises, covering considerable areas of ground, on which are built the detached residences of the different missionary families, chapels, schools for boys and girls, and well appointed hospitals. In the grounds of the American mission are many fine old trees, Nan-mu, Soap and Walnut trees. The Canadian mission adjoined the Tartar parade ground, and had thus ample breathing-space; this mission was about establishing presses with movable types, with the view of printing Christian tracts and of republishing the books of the Society for the Diffusion of Western Knowledge, then printed in Shanghai. There was a rapidly growing demand among the Chinese for Western literature, especially for scientific and historical works. All the missions were hard at work in many directions, and the late riots, factitiously fomented for the sake of plunder, and with fortunately no attempt to take life, had apparently cleared the air and resulted in the frank acknowledgment of their work by the officials, with whom the missions then stood on an agreeably friendly footing.

In addition to the missionaries, Chêng-tu, when I arrived, held within its ample walls Mr. Pritchard Morgan's party of Dr. Jack and two mining associates; Mr. Birch, Railway Engineer; Mr. Bigham, of H.M. Legation, Peking; Mr. Ker, Railroad Surveyor of the Yunnan Company; while Mr. Watts-Jones, R.E., of the same company, was daily expected there. Altogether this Far West Metropolis was beginning to acquire the life of a treaty port, and dinner and tea parties were the order of the day. Foreigners, men and women, traversed the very crowded streets, not only without molestation, but without being noticed. The air of the plateau, 1,700 feet above sea level, is fresh and exhilarating, and good food is abundant and cheap. The women from the Tartar city, moving about with uncramped feet and rosy faces, give a variety wanting in the ordinary Chinese city, as do the Lamas and Man-tse aborigines who visit Chêng-tu in the winter season.

The River Min, which, by one of its sources, takes its rise at Djanla on the Tibetan plateau, flows under the walls of Chêng-tu, and provides direct water communication with Chungking and with the sea, 2,000 miles distant. The river at this season, to within forty miles of the city, was very shallow, partly owing to the dry winter and partly owing to the succession of artificial bars, made of boulders enclosed in long sacks of bamboo wicker-work, erected by the farmers to draw off water for the rice fields, then in process of irrigation. Other dams are built to provide the many rice-shelling and wheat-grinding mills with water power. But at Kiang-k'ou, the two main branches of the Min, which are subdivided at Kwan-hien (where the Sung-p'an River debouches from the snowy range that bounds the plateau on the north and west), reunite to form a fine navigable river as large as the Rhine at Mannheim. This and the many other subdivisions of the northern Szechuan affluents of the great river, were carried out 2,000 years ago by the celebrated Li-er-lang (*Li* the second gentleman, his other name is lost), whose

memorial temples extend from Kwan-hien to Ichang; that, at the latter port, giving name to the pleasing village of Er-lang-miao situated at the mouth of the little river opposite the walled city.

During my stay here I had the opportunity of visiting the annual fair, which was held on the fifteenth day of the second moon in the finely wooded grounds of the Ching-yang-kung, an ancient, elaborate Taoist temple situated outside the south gate. The fair comprises streets of booths in which are displayed for sale all the many articles of furniture and of general domestic use and luxury which the Chinese employ. The exhibition of flowers and flowering shrubs was particularly attractive, and indeed the whole show afforded a strong reminiscence of Japan, and, but for the greater sedateness of the crowd, solely on business bent, one might have imagined oneself transported to the park of Uyeno. Singing and talking birds abounded, and in the temple buildings the walls were hung with kakemonos of Chinese design, some old and valuable but chiefly cheap modern pictures. "Ching-yang-kung" means, translated, "Palace of the Golden Sheep:" two antique bronze sheep stand in front of the chief altar and these are polished bright by the hands of worshippers, mostly women, who were crowding round, first rubbing the sheep and then touching the affected part on their own bodies, when a miraculous cure is supposed to take place. Needless to add that whatever uncertainty in the result to the worshippers, the harvest of cash to the priests is certain, and, as the fine temple and grounds are kept in excellent order, I do not grudge it them. Mysteries seem dear to the untutored mind, and Taoism is not the only religious system that provides them with results more or less beneficial.

I left Chêng-tu by water in all the luxury of a "wupan" rowed down stream by four men, and though pleasant at first, I came to the conclusion, before twenty-four hours were over, that the confinement

of a small boat was a bad exchange for the exercise and freedom of land travel, *malgré* its frequent discomforts. Yet the beautifully *accidenté* country, in all its spring bravery, red rocks, blue water, variegated blossoms, bamboos, dark forest trees, temples glittering with tiles of green and gold, elegant shimmer, rock carvings, Mantse caves, gorges and rapids, makes a panorama each turn in which is a picture that any artist might paint with pleasure.

In one respect the stretch of river 500 miles above Chungking and which gives water communication to the busy towns of Chang-peh-sha, Luchow, Sui-fu, Kia-ting, and Chêng-tu, affords a marked contrast to the 500 miles below Chungking. In this stretch, although still a rapid stream, the river follows the valleys in a natural way and runs parallel with the stratification; hence there are no cross reefs athwart the current, and though races attended by whirlpools, dangerous to ill-found craft, occur, it is not a vicious river as is the stretch below. In the lower section the Yangtse has cut across the mountain ranges and runs at right angles to them and to the strata, its rebellious course giving rise to the many cross reefs which have produced the bad rapids, whirlpools, and *pao-tse* which infest this section. Whether this perversity is due to the fact of this portion of the channel having been excavated by the Great Yü, I know not; but it seems not improbable, as the course chosen is in strict accordance with the orthodox rules that govern Chinese roadmaking.

A fortnight of panorama palls however by its very perfection, and I was heartily glad to set my foot once more on shore in Chungking, to feel myself in touch with the world, and above all to read the newspapers and learn the war news. In Chêng-tu we had had a bare telegram telling of Lord Roberts' advance to Bloemfontein, a happy surprise coming upon my latest previous news, that of the repulse at Spionkop on the 2nd February. Thus was Chungking reached (after a long two years' furlough in foreign parts),

via Chêng-tu, in forty-seven days from Ichang, and at the end of a most interesting journey of nearly 1,200 miles.

I learnt, coming down the Yangtse from Sui-fu, from a native who was present on the occasion, full particulars of Captain Pottinger's repulse of the attack made upon him at Chên-hiung-hien on the Yunnan-Kweichow border the year before. I venture to repeat this chiefly on account of the Chinese and the lesson it teaches, a lesson greatly needed at a time when the East is overrun with travellers dependent upon unscrupulous interpreters for all intercourse with the native officials and with the people. My informant described how the way was barred to Captain Pottinger's advance by 200 to 300 armed men, who fired guns and rolled stones down upon the party. Captain Pottinger warned the country people that if they did not desist he should use firearms. They did not accept his warning, and he shot three men; my informant justified the shooting on the ground that the captain had no alternative but to use force, and added that his action had effectually cleared the way for all Europeans prospecting or surveying in the future. My informant denied, however, that the people would have injured Captain Pottinger; they had no shot in their guns and only desired to frighten him off their land, which they feared his injuring with his magical instruments. However deplorable this incident, it is to be hoped it will save us from future attacks and possible fatal consequences; but the climax to which I wish to draw attention is this: the Kweichow officials accused the local gentry of allowing the hostile gathering to take place, and ordered them to provide an indemnity of 1,500 taels for the families of the sufferers. A Wei Yüan (deputy) was sent to collect the money, and Captain Pottinger sent his interpreter to see the money paid over. Result, according to my informant, the deputy departed richer by 500 and the interpreter by 1000 taels. The latter became a mining broker in Shanghai, where I had the pleasure of seeing him recently, elegantly dressed and riding in a brougham.

Another traveller's interpreter, twenty years before, managed to mulct the easy-going Szechuan officials in the towns he passed through of 12,000 taels and now flourishes as a rich Shanghai landowner.

Knowing what doubtful characters many of these English-speaking Chinese are (Colquhoun's experience may be added to the above instances), would it not be well for exploring and surveying parties to engage the services of competent European interpreters? There are now some six hundred Protestant missionaries in Western China; should it not be possible to obtain the services of some who could be temporarily spared to aid in what is, after all, true Mission work? A gentleman from the China Inland Mission accompanied Mrs. Bishop in her recent journeyings on the Tibetan border. I think myself that a consul should not be empowered to grant a passport for travel in the remote interior without an assurance that the applicant either speaks the language himself or is accompanied by an interpreter of some social standing. Had Captain Pottinger been accompanied by an intelligent interpreter, capable of reasoning with the people and explaining his objects, the regrettable incident would probably not have occurred and much ill-feeling thereby aroused against Europeans would have been avoided.

YACHTING IN THE CHUSAN ARCHIPELAGO

I

Not having come across any other account of these Islands it seems well to give this to the reader. Although lacking the later literary skill of the writer, being written in 1875 for a Shanghai newspaper, it has the breeziness and keener powers of enjoyment of comparative youth.

THE changes of the seasons having once more brought round the glorious autumn weather of Mid-China, we determined not to let another October pass without taking advantage of the invitation held out to us by kindly nature in the shape of smooth seas, cloudless skies, and balmy airs, and by man in the shape of a fast-sailing pilot sloop obligingly placed at our disposal. An annual change from the ozoneless atmosphere of Shanghai is now an acknowledged necessity to those condemned to pass a summer on the steaming, muddy shores of the Hwang-pu, and towards the end of September all who can flit either to the north to Chefoo, eastwards to Japan, or up-country to the land of pig and pheasant, where long tramps through the thick cover of the Western Hills allure the sportsman. We for our part determined to seek our field of recreation amidst the land-locked seas of the Chusan Archipelago and in the to us uncommon surroundings of salt-water. Our party of four comprised two dealers in the fragrant leaf, one world-famed legal luminary, and an architect of whom may be said to all who have the good fortune to land on the shores of our palatial city, "*Si quæris monumenta, circumspice.*" At

the last moment these two latter unfortunately retired from the lists, and left the merchant princes (somewhat shorn of their glory) alone in the field: law and architecture claiming closer attention from their devotees than decaying trade. But dull times for business leave more leisure for enjoyment, and it is not till the desk and the tasting-cup cease to claim his attention that a China resident has time to look around him.

On the morning of the 26th September, just past midnight, after dining at one of the palatial monuments above referred to,—we stepped from the jetty on board the centre-board yacht *Fearless*, a clear starlit sky lighting us on our way to join our vessel, which was awaiting us at anchor below the shipping. An hour's beat through the harbour transferred us with our belongings to our temporary home in the *Ruby*, and we at once turned into the comfortable berths which surround her roomy cabin. Early dawn found us running down the Yangtse at eight knots an hour with a fair northerly breeze and a fair tide under our bottom. We tumbled up on deck and saw the sun rise clear and bright out of the Pacific and felt ourselves really afloat, all care left behind when we rounded the Yangtse Cape and set a straight course for Gutzlaff. M—— even tried to sing the "Rover is free" (from dinner parties if from nothing else), and "Our Guardian Angel on the wing," a new song of his own composing "now shortly to appear."

Just above the lightship we passed the inward bound French mail at anchor waiting for water to cross the flats. We regretted she had not arrived in Shanghai the evening before, when she was due, but were consoled with the reflection that for a week to come neither letters nor telegrams could trouble us. After passing the lightship we met the usual heavy swell rolling in from the east and descended to a *recherche* breakfast of beefsteak and curry, and smoking our first cigar revelled in the full enjoyment of a Sunday morning's lie-off. The *dolce far niente* grew somewhat tedious, however, as nearing Gutzlaff, about

ten o'clock, the wind dropped almost to a calm, and we found a strong flood tide setting us rapidly into the dangerous Hangchow bay. The hot sun and flapping sails drove us below to overhaul our stock of literature, of which enough had been provided to last a voyage round the Cape: it was pleasant while thus lolling in the cool cabin to read of Mr. Rae's adventures in Lapland, where cold and mosquitoes seem to have limited the pleasure of the tour solely to the sustaining and overcoming of difficulties. After a good dinner we returned to the deck and found ourselves still off Gutzlaff, but at three o'clock the calm ended, and a breeze set in from the north-west. We set our squaresail and bowled along merrily for Chee-shan (chart-name Chin-san) about twenty miles distant, but as we neared the land the wind fell light, and we could do little more than stem the tide: indeed in this short run of seventeen miles we had been set by the ebb seven miles to the eastward of our course.

On rounding Pennell Point we found a fleet of junks at anchor, awaiting the flood. The scenery looked far more promising upon a close view, such as one never enjoys from the decks of land-faring steamers. From the distance these islands of rugged outline appear to be nothing but barren rocks, but we now saw snug valleys with villages ensconced in bamboo woods crowned by steep pine-covered slopes. As we sailed past the bay a small joss-house, picturesquely situated on a prominent cliff, shewed that these rude islanders had carried the civilisation of the mainland with them and reassured us as to any doubts we entertained as to the piratical character of the people, and the risk we might incur in trusting ourselves among them; for we had determined to commence our explorations at once upon our first day out by landing and exploring this, the largest island of the group. Casting anchor on the southern shore and avoiding the mud flats which now fill all the bays of the islands hereabouts, we directed the dingy to a low rocky promon-

tory and jumped ashore. Clambering over the water worn rocks, the strata in which, almost vertical, were wonderfully marked, the various rocks shewing in broad dark bands upon a light grey ground, we reached an almost perpendicular slope, up which we clambered some hundred feet, holding on by our hands to the long grass and dwarf shrubs which entirely covered the surface. On the top of the promontory we found a wood of small fir trees, through which we passed on to one of the main ridges, tiny gardens of sweet potatoes and ground nuts sprinkled over the more sheltered and fertile spots: here about 500 feet above the sea we looked down into one of the most secluded valleys in the world. Opposite to us and to the north rose a steep ridge crowned with bare grey granite peaks, amongst which a communicative but hardly intelligible native informed us was a hō-sheng or hermit; in the valley below, a few thatched roofs almost hidden in trees and surrounded by miniature paddy fields shewed that this apparently barren island held probably as many inhabitants as the soil would support.

Nothing is more striking at first than the steepness of all the mountains and islands, (the two being expressed in one word in Chinese, viz., shan) on the China coast: eruptive granite in perpendicular, weather-worn rocks rising from a steep talus forming a monotonously rugged picture from the distance. After enjoying the view down the river-like channel between Chin-shan and Tai-shan and the Fisherman's Group, the fairest entrance to the Shanghai waters for a steamer bound from the south, the slanting rays of the sun warned us to descend, which we did by a rugged goat path overhanging a village, perched just above a little rocky cove with a lovely steep-sloping sand-beach. Before we did so, however, our nautical mentor remarked how valuable would be a light on Steep Island to point out the Pass, and as a rendezvous for pilots in a spot before the dangers begin.

Passing a miniature plateau upon which was an old lady carefully irrigating her cabbages, plant by plant,

we stopped to admire the scene ; she took no notice of us until she got to the end of the row, when, raising herself up, our uncouth barbarian forms met her affrighted gaze. It was painful to see the horrified expression on her face : had a tiger suddenly appeared and been waiting to spring upon her she could not have trembled worse. Hesitating how to re-assure her, M—— suggested we should retreat and thus relieve her of our presence ; we did so and left her standing. Descending to the little cove we hailed the dingy to pull off for us, and meanwhile enjoyed our first dip in the briny, the tiny rollers tumbling in with the flood tide. A small freshwater stream, now almost dry, here enters the bay ; we pulled off, had a good dinner, and at eight o'clock, too tired even to go on deck and admire the clear starlight sky, turned in and enjoyed the sleep of the blessed.

At four o'clock on the following morning, September 27, our wakeful skipper struck a light and roused us up : we followed him on deck and enjoyed a glorious night scene such as Cuyp might have painted. The lofty island looming black and shapeless half-way up the sky, clear with innumerable stars ; over one of the cols, or depressions between two peaks, the old moon, now less than two days from her end, with the new moon shining in her arms, a light fair summer air blowing off the land. We up anchor, put the bonnet on the foresail, shook the reef out of the mainsail and got under weigh for Tai-shan Channel, and, with the tide against us and lightest of airs under our port quarter, it was eight o'clock before we were off the entrance to the passage. A lovely picture ! high land all round, and no opening visible through which we might force our way ; yet, that there was a passage there was shewn by the fact of a fleet of fishing junks, numbering some hundreds, being engaged in slowly beating their way out and working to the north-west. Immediately on our right was Gan-su, a group of rocky islets round which the tide was rushing furiously. Farther off and about two miles distant ahead, at the foot of a

wide bay in the island of Tai-shan, was a large Chinese village, which the mirage exaggerated into a magnificent city, reminding us forcibly of Macao. Looked at carefully through the glass the illusion was still more striking : the junks in the foreground were unaffected as also the hills in the rear, the effect of the mirage being confined to just the water horizon. We passed slowly on until one of the horns of the bay quickly shut in the picture, disclosing to us another of the secluded valleys which form the charm of these mountain-islands. We lay on deck and watched the panorama gradually unrolling itself in the river-like strait, as we scudded over the rushing tide, gaff topsail and squaresail set, little more than two knots over the ground. " Yes," we said : " in our eighty or a hundred thousand miles of steamboat travel we have not seen as much as we see to-day. Give us a clean, steady sailing yacht and give your soot and engine grease to those who can't take gales and calms as they come."

Often as we have glanced at these islands from steamer decks, who would have led us to think that a closer inspection would reveal so much natural beauty ? the one is a fading photograph, the other a finished painting. Small fir plantations here covered the hill sides, the young trees, evidently planted by the hand of man, growing down to the edges of the cliffs. Happy villages with here and there a junk hauled up ashore dotted the coves ; in one bay, a breakwater of stones had been laid across, apparently with the view of retaining the alluvial mud, and gaining fresh paddy fields from the here not jealous sea.

At the exit from the pass—about five miles long—ridges of rocks and islets stretched off from the south-west point of Kue Shan, one jagged row behind the other, like set pieces in Fra Diavolo scenery : one rugged islet forming a complete arch, through which the tide was rushing, appeared marvellously effective from our point of view. We now approached the east coast of the big historical island of Chusan : green and lofty, with rich tree-decked valleys and smiling farmsteads. Is it Chauvinism or is it

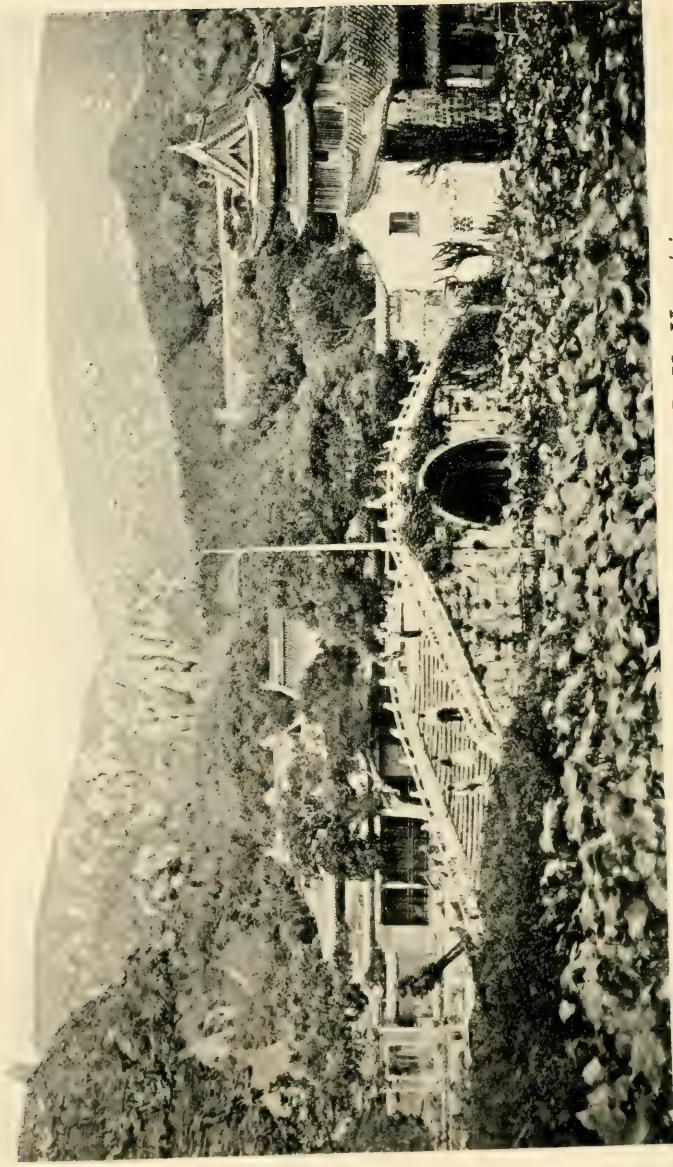
only a natural longing to live in a trading port amongst hills and salt water rather than on the mud-flats of the Yangtse Delta, that we wish Chusan had been retained after its capture, and made a second Hongkong, and Shanghai left undisturbed in its native dirt and ugliness? What gardens, what parks, what roads, what orchards, what yachting we should have had and all combined with the sight of our tea ships in Ting-hai harbour loading before our office windows! Does it not seem as though in all our wars we had allowed half the fruits of victory to be snatched from our grasp? This is the excited Englishman's complaint all over the world; perhaps an impartial neutral would say our politicians had shewn statesman-like prudence in withstanding the clamour of their nationals, or if anything, erred on the side of being too grasping. At any rate had Chusan remained British, all Shanghaiites, come whence they may, might equally have enjoyed the benefit.

Unable to live here altogether we at once decided that a big and comfortable yacht was the only consolation we could accept:—freedom to gaze where not allowed to live. If the Shanghai Yacht Club does not own one or more fine sea-going craft before next summer comes round it will be our misfortune and not our fault. But which is Pootoo of the blue land now rising on our port bow? Is it not yonder conical peak? A reference to the chart shows this to be Choo-chia-shan, 1,164 feet high: the double peak to the left is Pootoo, our immediate destination. At noon we ran under the north shore of the island, a barren rugged prospect until the telescope revealed fine groves of trees in the ravines with temples perched in most picturesque spots: we coasted along through the smooth Lien-hwa-yang or Water-lily Sea (so called we are told from the sudden gusts of wind blowing down from the mountain of Chusan opposite raising myriads of wavelets, reminding one of a lake thick with water-lilies) rounded the north-west point and anchored in eleven fathoms of water off the causeway on the south side. Wading

on the mud flats which fill the larger bays were men shrimping, pushing their nets before them just as on the south coast of England.

Landing in the dingy on one of the rocky promontories we clambered with difficulty across the rocks to reach the summit: upon this was a large stone with "Great Spirit of the Southern Sea," engraved in fine Chinese characters upon it and facing it an arch formed of two natural uprights but the cross piece placed and cemented by man. In fact the whole island has been brought under literary rule, and no conspicuous rock is without its appropriate legend: every hollow has its grove and temple, every height its traces of Buddha's presence in endless granite masses of curiously different shapes. Crossing over to the road to which the causeway leads, we passed under several arches and Ting-tze, mounting an ascending stone pathway till we came to a temple with a zig-zag and consequently propitious entrance, where foreigners often stay on their visits to the island, Ningpo, only fifty miles off, contributing its quota of visitors each summer; one lady and a gentleman had left the day before, and another family who had stayed there two and a half months were leaving that day.

The traces of European occupancy were but too visible in scraps of newspaper, and those little sundries which garnish the barbarian picnic. Leaving them we tried to mount to the second highest peak in the island (700 feet), and passing through the extensive Lotus temple, so called from its lake of lotus flowers, which latter entirely hide the water, we began to mount a steep, rugged path, forcing our way through a thick jungle composed chiefly of dwarf trees and evergreen shrubs cut down each year for fuel. Such a dense maquis we imagine nothing in Europe outside of Corsica can show. From this we descended to the sea shore, near which is a marvellous well, situated in the depths of a dark and cool cavern; here we drew some fine fresh water, and mixing it with our Dagonay drank to the Guardian Angel, the theme of the aforesaid song; hence



Temple at Poo-Too, with bridge and lotus pond. — By Mr. Mencarini.

down farther to a lovely sand-beach upon which the rollers of the broad Pacific were drowsily breaking. A most delightful swim and a roll in the breakers gave us a new pleasure such as was alone worth the whole journey. After this a good dinner, and a smoke on the clean quarter-deck, while gazing at the Milky Way, completed another delightful day. While at the chief temple we bought a coloured illustrated map of the island for thirty cash (about a penny), shewing groups of brightly painted temples drawn in perspective, glowing amidst a mass of impossible mountain peaks.

II

AT early dawn on the following day, the 28th September, after our usual morning dip, we landed with a view to completing our examination of Poo-too, taking a coolie to carry our tiffin with us. As the sun was rising we mounted the fine stone pathway which leads over the first gap, past the Peh-hua-shan, or Hill of a Hundred Flowers, through a grove of magnificent old trees which arch over the weed-covered stone stairway. Hence the road descends into a wooded valley in which is a large, handsome temple, covering a wide extent of ground, with an approach across the usual fish-ponds and bridges, and through archways and memorial towers now all fast falling into decay: behind this temple is a small street of shops where incense-beads and refreshments to supply the wants of pilgrims are sold. Perfect quiet reigns everywhere, owing to the absence of women and children, none of the former being permitted to stay over a single night in the island. Hence along a path, which would pass muster as a country lane at home, being lined with trees and green hedgerows, to another temple, situated in a magnificent grove of evergreen trees. This temple is of grand proportions, sits nobly on rising ground backed by a steep mountain, and through the foliage the blue water

of the bay sparkled in the sunshine, while the ceaseless roar of the surf without formed a fine bass accompaniment to the subdued drum-taps of the priests worshipping within. Hence a steep path of almost endless flights of steps leads to the mountain of the Celestial Lamp.

About one-third of our way up we rested in a small grove, under which were some stone seats and a small stone table with a fine well of spring water. Here an old hermit made his appearance, a wrinkled parchment face with dishevelled hair and long goatee beard, clothed in the dirty loose garment of the bonze, a perfect model for an ivory curio or netsuke. The old man, upon our invitation to talk, came out and squatted on the stone table, taking up a true Buddha attitude, his feet crossed over his knees, the soles uppermost: this accompanied with many foldings of the hands and constant ejaculations of Oh-mi, which we at first took to be the groans of a rheumatic old man, contorting himself into this uncomfortable position, but which we ultimately distinguished as an imprecation to Buddha, an abbreviation in fact of the ever present O-mi-to-Fo. Thus interlarding his conversation with perpetual Oh-mis, jerked in at intervals, he informed us that he was sixty-seven years of age, that he came from Tai-chow in Fukien, that he had been thirty years on the island, that he lived only to "shiu-jen" i.e. to perfect the inner man, and that we ought to shiu-jen and eat "su" i.e. to abstain from animal food, if we would be happy. We told him that there were Europeans who ate "su" also, which he hardly believed, but said he would like to go to Europe, that he could get together seventy dollars or even a hundred, and he really appeared as if he would get up and go with us to Shanghai at least, especially when we told him that so far we could grant him a free passage. But we feared the responsibility of risking such a holy life in our possession and had to retreat from our offer. We handed him a biscuit which, after long protestations on our part that it contained neither butter nor animal fat, he condescended to accept:

carefully poising it on the thumb and two fingers of his left hand, he brought it up to a level with his eyes with a prolonged theatrical gesture, holding up his right hand in the act of prayer in a way which an irreverent member of our party compared to taking a sight. This performance leisurely accomplished he munched a portion monkey fashion, accepted a half dollar shao-hsiang,—to burn incense—blessed us in a long prayer, and we renewed our climb, bodily and mentally invigorated.

On the summit, 700 feet above the sea, is a stone tower, the door of which was locked and on which is a glass lantern, which, as being one of the easternmost peaks, would, had it a better light, form a fine mark to mariners approaching the Chusan Archipelago by night. Hence we descended to the western shore and passing through some fine trees sat ourselves down by a broad rock to discuss our well-earned tiffin; the land falling almost perpendicularly at our feet to the Sea of Water Lilies with the high eastern range of Chusan rising steep from the opposite shore. A glorious site, a lovely day, the ever-present Bass and a fragrant cheroot combined to fill our enjoyment. We seemed to forget all business cares and could hardly believe it possible that we had left the whirl of Shanghai not three days back.

After our rest we adjourned to another fine temple in the woods, where was a very hospitable and talkative priest, who gave us roseleaf tea to drink and who plied us unceasingly with questions about foreign affairs and religion. He seemed particularly exercised in regard to the Yunnan imbroglio, and said, Why not settle matters amicably? Here is China, placing the big teapot in the middle of the table, and here, placing teacups, are England, France and America. Why should brethren quarrel under one heaven? We had to reassure him also on the regard entertained by foreigners towards the Buddhist religion, telling him that amongst barbarians the mass revered the God alike of Buddhists and Christians. Evidently the *Shên-pao* (a newspaper published in Chinese

but under English auspices in Shanghai) is inserting the thin end of the wedge into these far-off retreats and awakening brains dormant for centuries; whether the leaven will work and what the product of the ferment will be time will shew: certainly there is a movement in the Chinese mind which foreshadows a change, but a change that will scarcely lead to Christianity, but rather to the embracing of practical foreign knowledge and possibly the overthrow of all faith whatever. A dollar for incense ended our visit.

We made our way along the ridge of the eastern promontory, across the neck of which is a curious gulley filled with loose white sand, and on by a romantic path winding along the side of the steep hill at a height of some 300 feet above the sea, to the temple of the Kwanyin Pu-sa, the Goddess of Mariners. The temple is situated just above a narrow gorge or chine: from which a steep stairway with stone balustrade leads to a small joss-house built right across the black cleft up which the breakers come moaning: here, guarded by a life rail giving the platform the appearance of a big cage, were two worshippers, a man come from Yangchow to pray for the recovery of his wife, whom we saw reposing under a wadded coverlet in the temple above, accompanied by a priest after whom he was reciting a kind of litany; behind them a big bronze censer was smoking with the ashes of paper sycee. We left this romantic spot, strolled back to our bathing-place of the previous day, and enjoyed another glorious swim just as the sun set behind the overhanging hills. A frugal dinner on board, a cheroot under the starlit sky, a decision upon our plan to attack Chokey on the following day, and rolled up in our blankets on deck we finished the third day of this most enjoyable trip.

Up at dawn, a few late stars still visible, Michaelmas day found us weighing anchor, when two tacks against a light south-east breeze took us across to Choo-chia-shan or Chokey, as our worthy skipper denominated it, about three miles distant. After anchoring in six fathoms,

about half a mile from the shore, we pulled the dingy through the shallow water, and landed shortly after seven o'clock upon a promising sand beach upon which small fishing boats were hauled up, a village with a bright looking joss-house crowning the slope above. Passing over a sandy gap uniting what had evidently once been two islands we descended past terraced paddy fields and tree-surrounded farms, along the banks of a bright fresh-water stream on to a sandy flat at the head of a fine bay, embraced between two rocky promontories. Here is the site for our destined sanitarium ! we agreed. A rich island, well inhabited, well supplied, well watered and equally as accessible as Poo-too, with far finer walks, richer scenery, and marvellous vegetation. Passing on in the hope of ascending Chokey Peak, a most conspicuous, apparently conical mountain, whose blue top 1,200 feet high loomed over the lower hills in the foreground, we mounted a fine path which led round the promontory, coasting along at a height of some 200 feet above the sea. This path led us through by far the most romantic scenery we had yet visited ; to our left the blue Pacific ; at our feet rolling hills, their lower slopes covered with a luxurious growth of semi-tropical shrubs, their summits with dwarf pine forests, past ravines and chines, a lovely seaside walk.

We descended at last into a narrow, wooded valley, at the foot of which was a village embedded in trees with fishing boats hauled up on the sands beneath, and we determined to strike inland up a ravine to the right, following the boulder-lined stream up past terraces of paddy fields, which wound round into a secluded valley far up amongst the hills, the slopes on either side covered with evergreen shrubs and pine trees, with here and there huge naked granite boulders obtruding. Striking off up a ridge to the left through a village embedded in tabor trees and small fields of sweet potato and buckwheat, separated by hedges of palms and bamboo, we ascended another lateral spur and, after struggling successfully

through a thick cover of arbutus, rhododendron, azalea, and camellia trees, we arrived on the ridge, when the most striking scene presented to us throughout our whole trip burst suddenly into view. Standing on a ridge some four hundred feet high, we looked down into a bright, blue lake-like expanse of sea, from the opposite shores of which and rising directly out of the water rose Chokey Peak to a height of 1,200 feet—green and wooded to within 100 feet of the water, whence the land fell in perpendicular red cliffs. The head of the bay we could not see, and not knowing at first whether we were facing a channel or only an inlet we walked along until we found it to be a deep fjord-like bay—Bluewater Bay—as we would have it henceforth known. Imagine a sheet of water one mile and-a-half long by half-a-mile wide: at the sea end the open Pacific; the two long sides lofty hills and precipices, and on the opposite narrow or land side a dark pebble beach. The measured wavelets crowned by whitening crests throughout the bay—*ἀνίθμον κυματων γελασμα*. To reach this beach we descended a steep path through a fine forest of lofty trees, catching glimpses of the water through their boughs until we at last landed on the shores of this remote and secluded sea.

On our right towered Chokey Peak, high, steep, and almost inaccessible, on our left the ridge we had just surmounted; before us the ocean with the isles *Peh-ting* and *Tung-ting* just visible on the horizon. It was a lovely summer's day with a light south-east breeze blowing and a gentle surf murmuring on the pebbly shore. To doff our clothes and rush to the soft embrace of the sportive waves was an instinct with all of us, and five minutes later found us calmly floating just outside the breakers on the bosom of the blue sea. In this fine ozonic air the sun, which in Shanghai at this hour (11 a.m.) would have called for umbrellas and pith-hats, had no other effect than pleasantly to warm our bodies as, unprovided with towels, we basked in its rays on the beach: tiffin was immediately produced, and

as we ate, we felt happy as kings, monarchs for the moment of all we surveyed, not a soul in sight, nor sound except that of the surf below us and the murmuring trees above us. Here, we said, is the Earthly Paradise which our sanitarium seekers have for two years sought in vain amidst the mud-set islands of our estuary! Here the Yangtse holds back arrested and turns his muddy waves to flatter shores. Not a speck or trace of the hitherto all pervading mud was visible, but a perfect pebbly beach with sandy bottom, while shady walks and lofty slopes invited the loiterer. The Chinese appear all to congregate towards the opposite or western shores of the island, leaving Bluewater Bay to nature and solitude. We had now spent the best part of the day in reaching only the foot of Chokey mountain, and we decided that steep and rugged as he was with no paths visible it would be too much to attempt him to-day: so we set out to cross to the western side through a flat plain, where once flowed the sea, but now endyked and devoted to the universal paddy. Resting for a time in a pine wood which covered one of the slopes on our left, a friendly old farmer and his wife brought us a jar of fine spring water and attempted a disjointed conversation in the Chokey lingo.

III

OUR siesta under the pine trees at an end, turning our back upon Bluewater Bay we descended the open valley, crossing the island to the shallow mud-flats which extend along the western shore. This valley is richly cultivated with paddy and buckwheat, smiling farms dotted among the woods which line the slopes. A small eminence shewed us the bay gleaming in the sunshine with innumerable islets in the foreground and the distant mountains of the mainland beyond. Out of the bay itself appeared to rise an encampment of small haystacks, the use of which we were at first at a loss to divine, until we remem-

bered that one of the most valuable products of these islands is salt. On reaching the shore we found the tide had gone out, and as far as the eye could see it was one vast sheet of mud dotted with the aforesaid haystacks. The mud was hard though wet, and we walked out to one of the nearest moundlets, a mud platform (raised some three feet above the sea bottom, which there apparently is at high-water only just covered), at one end of it a thatch covered mound which we at first took for a mud hut, all around shallow wooden trays, about four feet by two, holding brine drying in the sun. No one was near and we walked on for some distance before meeting a man willing to explain to us the process ; it turned out that the flat mud platform was a shallow filter, made by beating down the mud into a firm bowl-shaped depression upon which the seawater is poured. In the bottom of this depression is placed a layer of straw and above that one of rather loosely packed earth which is smoothed over level with the rest of the platform. From the bottom of the filter a bamboo tube piercing one of the sides leads to a kang, the receptacle of the filtered brine. The mud huts turned out to be simply reserves of this filtering earth, which has of course to be frequently changed, matted over as a protection from rain. The puzzle to us why the sea-water after passing through this simple filter comes out a strong olive green brine, we have not solved. This brine is then poured into the wooden trays, where the little surplus water quickly evaporates, leaving bold handsome crystals of snow-white salt behind. Salt is a Government monopoly in China and one of the chief sources of the Imperial Revenue. The enhancement of the cost by the taxes imposed on it and the consequent inducement to smuggle, is shewn by the fact that we purchased some of this salt for thirty-five cents per picul, while in Shanghai a very dirty and inferior salt is sold at over a dollar (100 cents).

We now turned our backs upon this curious but unattractive bay, which is enclosed between two lofty head-

lands, the northern of which we proceeded to cross. We calculated that by crossing this range we should proceed by a short cut to the bay in which our yacht lay moored awaiting us. This range, unlike the sandstone hills enclosing the smiling valleys and wooded terraces of our morning walk, was composed of steep granite mountains five to eight hundred feet high, whose bare peaks stood out against the sky above us, jagged and weatherworn. We climbed up a steep goat path, holding on with our hands to the low brushwood, in places clambering over big boulders, whence a false step would have sent us rolling down the hill into the mud flat below ; arriving at the summit of the nearest pass, no trace of the sea we had expected to find at our feet was visible, but instead we found a disappointing succession of granite mountain tops and grass covered slopes, a veritable encampment of hills through which a path must be found. Descending a lonely and narrow valley and winding our way along a stream encumbered with gigantic boulders we scrambled down to the opposite shore and found ourselves looking across the sea at Chusan, and nowhere near the *Ruby's* anchorage. We mounted again and after scrambling across three more steep and lofty headlands, sunset found us at last on the shores of a mud-bay, whence the boat could be hailed. The tide was rising, and a heavy surf was rolling over the mud-flat, rendering the approach of the dingy within a quarter of a mile of the shore impossible. We stripped and waded out and eventually pulled off to the *Ruby* through some of the steepest, though by no means the largest, waves we have ever crossed in an open boat. The contrast between the bright deep sea on the Pacific side and the thick chocolate coloured water of the landward bays is astonishing.

This island of Choo-chia lies immediately south of Poo-too, and extends from $29^{\circ} 49'$ to $29^{\circ} 56'$ north latitude, being about seven miles long, and from half a mile to three miles in breadth. It is the most striking and picturesque of any of the islands that we have seen on this

coast, and we believe that both by climate and situation it is the best adapted for a summer resort of any place in our neighbourhood. It is well supplied with all creature wants, unlike Poo-too, where no animals are kept for food and where no life can be taken ; it is extensive, thus affording numerous and varied walks with the best of sea-bathing. As to its size, we found to our cost that it is much larger than it looks on the chart. Before landing in the morning we found the summit of Chokey Peak to measure only two miles from our landing-place, and when we set out felt confident of being able to ascend it, though warned by our skipper that "rolled out flat" the two miles would probably astonish us, as our readers have seen that they did. Well, Chokey, if you "take and roll it out flat," would prove a big place and, we believe, more than cover the, by comparison, level Isle of Wight. The island is distant from Shanghai just one hundred and fifty miles, and from Chinhaï, at the mouth of the Ningpo River, thirty-five.

Dawn the next morning found us beating up with the spring flood-tide against a strong north-easter, our head once more turned homewards ; past Chin-kea-men up towards Ketan Point, a fine mountain mass which loomed up grandly out of the dark water, we dashed through the short, sharp seas occasionally gunwale under, the finest piece of sailing we had yet enjoyed. Breakfast was hastily swallowed under difficulties, and we returned on deck to see the conspicuous conical peak of Chokey mocking our ill-success as we gradually sunk him astern. We decided that Kin-tang Island should be our next objective, and that if he did not "roll out" too big, a mountain of a thousand and five hundred feet should be scaled before dinner. Passing up Tower Hill channel through a very stiff sea, caused by the terrific tide-rip, we came to under Kin-tang soon after nine, having made the thirty-five miles distance from our last night's anchorage in a little over four hours. We had some difficulty to pick up an anchorage here, owing to the exceeding steepness of the

shores, which fall almost perpendicularly to a depth of twenty-five to thirty fathoms, an unpleasant amount of water for a small vessel in a tide running over five knots. We ultimately picked up a bit of mud under Algerine Point and dropped the hook in eleven fathoms in a bay entirely sheltered from the monsoon, though otherwise quite open, Kin-tang Peak ascending straight from our feet.

Armed with some biscuits and a pocket pistol (our previous tramps having knocked our tiffin-coolie entirely *hors de combat*), we set out on our day's walk, as pleasant, though not so novel, as any we had yet had. We climbed up through the usual rough undergrowth of the lower hills, past the middle belt of the pine woods, to the grassy summit which, though covered with big boulders, some of which entailed a slippery scramble, we found less steep than it looked from the foot. From this point, which is almost at the extreme west end, as Chokey is at the extreme east end, of the archipelago, the view is exceedingly fine and interesting, extending over towards Chusan on the one side and up through the valley of the Ningpo River on the other.

The island of Kin-tang is situated immediately west of Chusan, from which it is separated by a channel five miles wide: to its west again is Chinhai at the mouth of the Ningpo River, just six miles distant. The island itself is seven miles long and four miles in breadth and consists of a group of steep hills from which rise two peaks, 1,520 and 1,432 feet high respectively, clothed with vegetation to the summit. The wind blew cold aloft, and heated by our climb we did not venture to stay long to admire the magnificent view of land and water stretching on every side. In short too great hurry was characteristic of the whole trip: to have done thorough justice to it we required a month where we could only afford a week.

We hastened down again through a wild ravine filled with big scattered rocks fallen from the heights above. The débris from the two peaks seemed to meet at the foot

of the hollow and there form a winding river of rough boulders, half concealed in a thick growth of flowering shrubs, through and over which we toiled painfully down to the cultivated valley, which widened out as it approached the sea. Here we found neat farms nestled in trees, surrounded by fields of millet now in flower, hedged in by the sub-tropical growth of evergreen trees which distinguishes these islands, stone paths winding between, reminding us, more than any part of China we have yet visited, of narrow country lanes at home. Through these, and crossing an outlying spur, we at length reached the paddy fields which occupy the narrow plain at its foot. Here we found our skipper, who had shot a few pigeons for supper, about returning on board, and, divesting ourselves of our *chaussures*, we waded across the mud flat, now laid bare by the receding tide, and, taking the dingy at its edge, rejoined the yacht moored in ten fathoms of water and not a hundred yards off. Swim, supper and the writing up of our log ended this our fifth day of unalloyed enjoyment.

The morning of the first of October broke dull and gloomy, thick clouds overhead and a slight rain spitting. We had decided to make this day, our last in the archipelago, memorable by a visit to the island of Tsih-tze, renamed "Blackwall" by the expedition of 1841, and then to wind up our cruise by a beat back against the monsoon to the Saddle Islands and thence home. Turning our head northwards at last, we set sail at six a.m. with a light fair wind and strong adverse tide. Giving Algerine Point a good wide berth to avoid the sunken rock marked in the chart as lying off its extremity, we commenced to open out the Blackwall Channel, when, as we stood on deck gazing at the new landscape being unrolled before our eyes, a gentle shock threw us forward and we found ourselves hard and fast, the bow raised three feet out of water. Here was a fix at last and an end to our unbroken luck. Soundings shewed five fathoms under our stern and about two feet at our bow; meanwhile big

junks were passing between us and the point, shewing that there was plenty of water nearer in. Fortunately the tide was rising and we had glided on so gently that little damage was to be feared. We got out a kedge astern, and in less than half-an-hour were once more afloat, while the carpenter sounded the well and reported no evidence of any leak. Still our skipper took a gloomy view of the accident, and to our great, though not unexpected, regret pronounced that we must put in to the nearest port, Ningpo, and abandon our farther cruise. We rounded to and with a strong flood tide and stiff breeze at nine o'clock reached Chinhai and entered the river.

Here we found the Chinese at work like bees upon the new ironclad forts which they are erecting at the mouths of all the rivers open to foreigners, big derricks overhanging the water for landing the new Krupp guns which are to form their armament. We beat up the narrow winding junk-filled river and shortly before noon took up a berth opposite the British Consulate, a noble architectural pile, then newly erected, the cynosure of Ningpo, a building whose size and construction does equal honour to the head and heart of its gallant designer (Paddy Boyce, so called), as its sight is assuredly one calculated to gladden the heart of every liberal and enlightened British taxpayer. Here we were hospitably provided with that food and shelter which distressed British subjects claim as their due from their national representatives, and came away with the conviction that were Ningpo unhappily deprived of Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul (R. J. Forrest) it would be a desert indeed. This one redeeming point reconciled us to our enforced detention and relieved the ignominy of the wind-up of our voyage by steam.

But we must not asperse the quietude of Ningpo, for we found it at the time of our visit unusually agitated. Little Peddlington was being torn by questions which seemed to threaten its very existence as a port. We found the Club, occupied by a retiring bar-boy and an anxious secretary, a prey to dissensions which in a worse ordered

community must inevitably have caused its dissolution. We found the Race Course threatening to become impassable with the wild growth of untamed jungle, had not a patriotic society subscribed a large sum for its redemption. We found ingress and egress from the palatial residences of its merchant princes on the river side only rendered possible by the formation of a noble bund at a cost which would have frightened any but the most large-hearted municipality from the work. A new and handsome Gothic church, built regardless of expense, formed a crowning tribute to the restless energy of the foreign denizens of this much maligned port, and shews them to be a community no less careful of their spiritual than of their material wants. Yet the founders of all this prosperity, the men to whom these great works are due, meet, it seemed to us, with little reward beyond the approval of their own consciences. That "no man is a prophet in his own country" holds good nowhere more than in Ningpo, where the greatest benefactors are disparaged by their contemporaries and must look to the appreciation of posterity for their solace. An ignoble spirit of criticism, a cynical mistrust of motives, a captious enquiry into figures seems to have led many of the otherwise commendable citizens of the port to have worried the depositaries of their confidence into something like open rebellion. Twenty-one dollars squandered on the bund works and no accounts of the outlay to date submitted! Thirteen dollars subscribed for the clearing of the race course, all for the benefit of the promoter, Ningpo's now solitary horseman! The Club, a model for other ports to copy and a standing comment on the able and energetic manner in which the Honorary Secretary conducts its affairs, torn asunder by the meanness of two of its members, who offer the alternative of "split drinks" or resignation.

But we digress.—We could not help being struck by the sudden transition from the soothing calm of the scenes we had just left to the active turmoil of a Treaty Port, and we naturally felt sorrowful at the curtailment of our voyage,



Buddhist Nuns.

The feet of one have been let out after binding, her hand is raised in the attitude of prayer. On the table note small wooden gong and religious books.

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city life not being in our programme. Yet we were interested and instructed and felt that we should return to Shanghai, benefited by a double experience of life. A dinner with the redoubtable Captain Steele, followed by a rough night in the s.s. *Hupeh*, and early dawn of the second day of October saw us once more at our work. The *Ruby* returned three days later apparently uninjured. She was, however, afterwards found to be not worth repairing, and was broken up.

As we have said much of the weather in this superficial story of our cruise, we would add, for the benefit of distant readers, that the thermometer ranged from about 70° at night to 80° in the shade by day. To nearer readers we would recommend an imitation of our example, and express the hope that, while doomed to remain in the Yangtse Delta, they will neglect no opportunity offered them of yachting in the China Seas.

RETROSPECT OF EVENTS IN CHINA DURING THE YEAR 1875

This retrospect is in itself so interesting, reflects so much credit upon the early dwellers in Shanghai, and may be so useful to the compilers of books, that after careful consideration it has been included in the volume : but it must be borne in mind that it was written in 1876 and for the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

THE year 1875 was marked by two events of great importance, in so far as this part of the world is concerned : the murder of Augustus Raymond Margary, assistant in H.B.M.'s Consular service, and the death of the Emperor, known by the style of T'ung-chi. Both events created great excitement at the time and promised momentous changes in the foreign relations of the empire ; but in the one case a mission of enquiry has staved off the impending trouble, and in the other case the succession to the throne has been peacefully transferred to the infant, under whose reign of Kwang-hsü we are now living.

The news of the death of Mr. Margary reached us on the fifth of April by the mail steamer from India, but it was known to the Chinese in Peking some ten days earlier. The sad event occurred on the 21st February at a place called Manwyne,¹ a walled village in the Sanda valley of the "Shan" territory, called by the Chinese the land of the Pa-i or "eight barbarian" tribes. The attack is

¹ *Vide* "Memorial" from the *Tsungli Yamén*, 28th August, 1875. "The British Interpreter Margary and his party were proceeding from Burma into Yunnan, when, at a town fifty *li* south-west from the seat of Government at the Shan principality of Sanda, subject to the prefecture of Yung-chang, they were attacked by troops in the service of the Government and (Mr. Margary was) murdered," etc.

said to have taken place in the "Khyong" a sort of temple and "guest-house" which exists in all these towns. The Shans are feudatory to the Chinese. This city is often confounded with Momein in the Chinese jurisdiction of Teng-yueh-chow in Yunnan, the proper name for which is Teng-yueh-ting, a town registered in the "Tsin-shen" or Chinese Civil List as a residence of a "Ting" magistrate under the prefecture of Yung-ch'ang-fu. Mr. Margary had, after a long and adventurous journey, already passed through both cities on his way westward; and had joined Colonel Browne, who had been appointed leader of the proposed expedition through the western provinces of China from Bhamo. It was on his return journey, while prospecting in advance of the party, that he was fallen upon and killed; report says under the direction of the high Chinese officials of Yunnan, without whose connivance the Shans, a semi-civilised race, would not have ventured such an act: whether truly or not, the investigations of the commission now on its way thither will ere long inform us. The horror and disgust which this cold-blooded crime inspired in the breasts of poor Margary's fellow-countrymen, and indeed of all foreigners throughout China, led people to look for war as the only means of duly avenging the murder on the native officials who were supposed to be its instigators, and on the literati class generally, who were believed to approve it. As time wore on, however, these feelings calmed down, and the complicity of the mandarins was no longer felt to be an absolute certainty. Meanwhile the joint commission was determined upon by our Minister at Peking; and it was hoped and believed that the real truth would be ferreted out, and the guilty brought to punishment. This commission was composed, on the British side, of the Honourable T. G. Grosvenor, second secretary of H.M. Legation at Peking, and Mr. Baber, consular interpreter; together with Mr. Davenport, then Vice-Consul at Shanghai, attached as a sort of legal assessor and accompanied by

Sung Pao-hwa : on the Chinese side, of Li Han-chang, governor-general of the two Hu. They were preceded by Liu¹ and assisted by Chên, late judge of the Shanghai Mixed Court ; altogether a body so constituted as to ensure a fair hearing and a thorough investigation. This party started on the 5th of October from Hankow, reached Sha-shih on the 25th November, Ichang on the 1st December, and Kwei-chow-fu on the 13th of that month. Li Han-chang and his colleagues arrived in Yunnan-fu on the 13th November and immediately sent a report to the Peking Government, who published an edict on the 9th day of December, degrading the officials concerned in the outrage, preparatory to their formal trial.

Six months thus elapsed from the time the news of the murder was received to the final despatch of the commission to adjudicate upon it. The interval was filled with negotiations between the British Government, represented by Mr. Wade, on the one part, and the Peking authorities, who deputed Li Hung-chang, Viceroy of Chih-li, as their plenipotentiary, on the other part. The agreement was not arrived at without enormous difficulty ; and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Wade for his patience and pertinacity in bringing the negotiations to a successful issue without having recourse to that force which would have been the resource of a less able diplomatist. People at the time, especially his fellow-countrymen here in China, annoyed at the long delay in exacting retribution, hardly gave Mr. Wade that full credit for his action in the matter which time is beginning to award him, and which his Government has deservedly acknowledged with a K.C.B. Mr. Wade, now Sir Thomas, had an extremely difficult task to fulfil ; and a slight sketch of the negotiations, as far as known, will hardly be out of place ; as

¹ Liu Yo-chao, Governor-General of Yunnan and Kweichow, had gone to his native place in Hunan. He was now ordered to return and "cöoperate with the Governor (Ts'en Yü-ying) in selecting officials of intelligence and ability to deal with the matter as justice requires."

showing the system pursued, and at the same time the great difficulty of obtaining redress from the Chinese Government in dealing with foreign affairs.

News of the outrage reached Peking at the end of March and H.B.M.'s minister at once demanded the despatch of a high Chinese commission to investigate the crime on the spot, and bring the guilty parties, whatever their position, to punishment: at the same time insisting that no one should be sentenced until a commission of foreigners, appointed by himself, should have had the opportunity of investigating the evidence and assuring themselves of the real guilt of the accused. The Chinese were long in yielding a general compliance to this demand; until a threat of hauling down his flag induced them to give way and to appoint Li Han-chang, Viceroy of the two Hu and brother of Li Hung-chang, as special commissioner. Meanwhile a memorial was received at Peking from the governor of Yunnan, in which the attack upon Margary was attributed to a popular outbreak, and the only blame due to the officials to an inability to foresee the disturbance, or quell it in time.

On the 19th June the first notification on the subject appeared in the *Peking Gazette*; viz., the appointment of Li Han-chang to proceed to Yunnan "to enquire into and settle a certain affair which had occurred in that province," no notice of foreigners or foreign troubles having been made. To this apparent disposition of the Chinese authorities to gloss over the matter and let it seem to their own people one of comparative insignificance, must be attributed the hitch which about this time occurred, and which led to a renewal of negotiations and the postponement of the departure of the commission. At the same time, also, the strongest orders appear to have been received from the home Government by Sir Thomas Wade, ordering a firm stand to be made for all the points demanded; viz., a full investigation, degradation, and punishment of the guilty, however high-placed; acknowledgment of the status of British subjects, and their right to travel in the

country; the publication of these facts in the Government official *Gazette*; and the establishment of direct intercourse with the Heads of Departments in Peking, in lieu of being limited to the Tsung-li yamên or Department of Foreign Affairs as heretofore.

Sir Thomas Wade spent the early Summer at Shanghai, presumably in order to be in telegraphic communication with his Government, while these negotiations were pending; and, it is said, to arrange with the Admiral of the British fleet in these waters, in the event of the situation demanding ulterior measures. Colonel Browne, who was in command of the escort which was attacked by the Chinese militia on the frontier of Yunnan, was also present. In August Sir Thomas, armed with full powers, returned to the north, and in Tientsin met Li Hung-chang, who had been appointed as plenipotentiary on the Chinese side. Lengthened negotiation ensued, and war, which at one time was confidently expected, was prevented, it is reported, by Li's firmness in pressing on his own Government the true state of affairs. For there is little doubt that in the Summer the Empress and her entourage had been eager to fight, and if possible oust the barbarian altogether; for which purpose they believed the Chinese army to be, both in equipment and numbers, fitted. Prince Ch'un, the father of the boy emperor, was then described as a rash man and fanatical barbarian-hater; and to his influence was attributed the qualification of Li's powers to the extent of not allowing him to concede the arraignment of Liu Yoh-chao, the governor-general of Yunnan. This restriction was only made known apparently at the last moment, and our Minister then retired from Tientsin to Chefoo in a gunboat, threatening war. As the Chinese knew that Sir Thomas Wade was not a man to utter empty threats, Li hereupon determined to apply once more to Peking; knowing full well that the Chinese army was in no position to face a foreign foe. He succeeded in impressing his views upon the Empresses, and upon Sir Thomas Wade's

returning to Tientsin with Admiral Ryder, he met a messenger from Li conceding the point. Thus, as ever, the Chinese, finding the foreigner to be in earnest, gave way ; and thus a second time has Sir Thomas by his tact and firmness saved this unwieldy empire from plunging into war and probably self-destruction. Such we believe to have been the main steps in the negotiations, the details of which we must await the publication of a blue-book to confirm.

On the 28th September an edict appeared in the *Peking Gazette* conceding intercourse with the great Departments of State ; and on the 10th October appeared another, ordering action to be taken by Li Han-chang in the matter of the murder of Margary ; declaring the right of foreigners to travel in the interior, and requiring the officials to take cognisance of the provisions of the treaty in this regard. Further, in the *Gazette* of the 9th December, the failure of the prefect of Yunnan-fu to control his lawless subjects, and the neglect of the brigadier commanding the district to take cognisance of the murder of Margary and the attack on Colonel Browne's escort and to arrest those concerned in it, was admitted, and both officials (Wu K'i-liang and Tsiang Tsung-han) are temporarily degraded from their posts, with a view to their examination. Here the matter now stands. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese hope seriously to palm off upon the British Minister a tale, which requires him to believe the officials were ignorant and quiescent, and that such events as a spontaneous assembly of the militia could have taken place. It may be that the British Government, anxious not to press the reigning dynasty too hard, may be satisfied with the degradation of the officials and the execution of the immediate murderers of Margary, if these can be discovered, and wink at the subterfuges of the Peking Government to conceal their dishonour. Such seems to be the present home policy ; but we believe that as in Turkey, the support given to an effete, corrupt and obsolete system is a mistake, and that it would be better to let

both Governments collapse on the chance of something better arising to take their places ; as, without external props, they would inevitably do from their own rottenness.

The accession of the Emperor, whose style or Kwo-hao is Kwang-hsü, was announced in the Peking *Gazette* of 16th January ; and we learn from the *North-China Herald*, to which able periodical and notably to the translations of the Peking *Gazettes* regularly published therein, we are indebted for many of the facts of this Retrospect—that this name was selected from a sentence occurring in a State paper of the Sung dynasty, entitled *Memorial requesting the bestowal of a title of honour*. The sentence is as follows :—Kwang fuh-p'ei hsü, *i.e.*, “gloriously renew the dynastic continuation,” so that Kwang-hsü may be freely rendered as “Glorious succession.” The boy's own name is Tsai t'ien, and he is a cousin of the late emperor, styled T'ung-chih, or “Law and order,” who had commenced his reign in August, 1861. He is the ninth of the line of the T'sing or Manchu dynasty, inaugurated in the year 1644 by the Tartar conqueror, Shun-che.

The late emperor, T'ung-chih, was born on the 27th April, 1856, his death thus occurring in his nineteenth year. The death of his father Hien-feng (“Plenty”), which took place at Jehol on the 17th August, 1861, after his flight from Peking in the autumn of the previous year, when the allied forces menaced the capital, left the guardianship of the young heir apparent a prize to be disputed by the powers at court. The dispute which was naturally to be expected in an Oriental palace took place. The princes Su-chun, Ts'ai-yuen and Twan-hwa, members of the Blood Royal, strongly opposed to the peace policy of which Prince Kung was the foremost representative, having proclaimed the emperor, endeavoured to seize the reins of government and form a regency in which their own party should have unlimited sway. The Empress Dowager (“Mother of the State”) and the mother of the sovereign were admitted to the Council of the Regency, nominally as guardians of the boy emperor. Prince Kung

was excluded, and the empresses, being dissatisfied with Su-chun's conduct, arranged a *coup d'état* with the former prince. The three conspiring princes were arrested, tried, and condemned to be cut to pieces: this sentence was commuted to the decapitation of Su-chun and the self-strangulation of the other two. The young emperor ascended the throne, nominally at the commencement of the year 1862, which is called the first of T'ung-chih (the year in which one emperor dies continues to be called by his style), the administration of the government devolving upon the Empresses Dowager as Regents, with his uncle, Prince Kung, as chief adviser. On the 16th October, 1872, he was married; and on the 23rd February following he assumed the reins of government.

We know little of the character or capacity of the deceased emperor; but there are grounds for believing that he inherited some of the energy which distinguished the earlier monarchs of the dynasty. The opportunity of the crisis produced by his death was taken to make Li Hung-chang, a Chinese (native of Ngan-hui), senior of the Ta-hio-sze or Grand Secretaries of State, a precedence hitherto assigned to a Manchu. Speculations have been rife as to the likelihood of this powerful Viceroy overturning the Manchus and establishing a native dynasty in his own person; but all we can learn goes to show that no such disloyalty is felt either by Li or any other of the high Chinese officials; and that the Manchu dynasty are no more regarded as intruders than is the German family that now sits on the throne of England. In both instances, as long as the Government is carried on in accordance with the ancient principles of constitutionalism on the one side, and of a democratic autocracy on the other, no opposition is likely or even conceivable. No: the danger to the Manchu dynasty is from without.

On the morning following the death of T'ung-chih, which took place on the 12th January, it was reported in Peking that a grandchild of his eldest uncle, the Prince of

Tun, had, in the absence of a direct heir, been selected for the succession ; but later in the day it became known that the two Empresses (*i.e.* the Empress Dowager and the Empress Mother of T'ung-chih) had selected the only son of the seventh prince, the Prince of Ch'un. This child, who was born in 1871 and is thus five years old, was designated as a successor to the throne in a decree of the Empresses, sanctioned, it was said, by a valedictory manifesto of the departed sovereign. The Empress Mother and the Princess of Ch'un are sisters, and are said to be daughters of a Manchu functionary, formerly in office as Tao-tai of the Kwei-sui district in Shansi, named Chêng-lin. The result shews that the empresses have known how to maintain and exalt the position gained by their *coup d'état* in 1861, when they seized the reins of power after the death of Hien-feng : and we cannot but admire the vigour and determination with which they appear to dominate the rival parties and bend princes and ministers to their will. We believe that, in truth, the Empresses Regent are now carrying on personal government in a way hardly credited in Europe. Placing themselves behind a curtain they receive the numerous officials daily going up from all parts of the vast empire to Peking for audience, and we are told that the Empress Mother particularly shews no little discernment in judging of the character of the officials brought before her, and in selecting them for appropriate posts.

The past year has witnessed the evacuation of Formosa by the Japanese troops, who have been replaced by large bodies of Chinese sent across to subdue the natives. Very little has been done beyond organising the coast districts already in Chinese possession and extending new roads. Of the actual operations of the troops little is known with certainty, but the reports received state that in their encounters with the aborigines they were regularly repulsed as soon as they left the settled districts, notwithstanding that the men were well armed with foreign rifles and equipped for the field as no other Chinese force has yet

been. At the recommendation of Shen Pao-chen, the Imperial commissioner, some wise edicts encouraging the settlement of the country were issued, and the Futai of Fukien was ordered to reside in the island. The show of pacification over, the majority of the Chinese troops were withdrawn and passed through Shanghai during the summer on the way back to the districts north of the Yangtse from which they had been drawn, and disbanded. To cover the expenses of this expedition and of that in the north-west against Kashgar, two small loans, secured on the Customs revenues, were privately negotiated, one of two million taels with the Oriental Bank, and one of one million taels with the British firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. The rate of interest upon these loans is ten per cent. per annum, being an increase upon the rate at which the first loan was borrowed in the previous year through the medium of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation—£627,615 at eight per cent.

Turkestan has been another source of anxiety and expenditure to China during the past twelve months. Not content with quelling the rebellion in Shensi and Kansuh, the Peking Government, it is said, much against the advice of the high officials outside the Cabinet, desired to reduce the Mohammedan tribes beyond the wall; and to reconquer the revolted provinces of Turkestan which have been welded into a kingdom by Yacoob khan. These further efforts have been, however, unsuccessful: indeed it is reported that Tso Ts'ung-t'ang's army of 100,000 men has been utterly destroyed, all but the rearguard, which had not advanced far beyond the wall, and with which was the general himself. It has been obvious from the commencement that China was in no condition to attempt the reduction of Kashgar; and the enterprise has only added to the many other heavy embarrassments of the country.

The interests of the foreigners settled in the country have continued to retrograde, and although the Chinese may have no premeditated policy of starving us out, they

appear to be slowly but surely doing so. The establishment of a subsidiary line of coast steamers in the shape of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company has proved a formidable blow to foreign shipping. In this as in other instances the Chinese Government has shewn itself by no means unwilling to avail itself of foreign arts, but with the hope of using them to keep foreigners at a distance. So of the Woosung railway, built to connect Shanghai with its port of Woosung, ten miles distant. The Chinese Government possibly does not object to railways in themselves, but solely as a weapon in foreign hands. It is willing to buy and work the road itself, but not to permit foreigners to introduce the thin end of the wedge, if it can prevent it.¹ Foreign machinery has been introduced to work the Keelung (Formosa) coal-mines, but no foreign company is allowed to own or work them.

In the lower walks of trade the superior economy of the natives is fast ousting foreigners from ground once their own, such as storekeeping, printing, carpentering and blacksmith work; whereby the number of foreigners able to make a living in China is daily diminishing. This is but natural and hardly regrettable; but that the field to foreign enterprise on a large scale should be entirely closed against us is a sad disappointment to those who have lived here in the expectation of sooner or later seeing the country "opened up." That the Chinese have a right so to hold us at a distance is, if we treat them as equals, undeniable, but our existence here at all is a violation of this right, and most foreign residents in China were of the belief that, in the interests of humanity in general, and of the Chinese in particular, this supposed right would continue to be violated. For what have we here but a country, richly endowed by nature, filled with a frugal and industrious population, yet decaying through absence of organisation and want of leadership. Every

¹ This railway was afterwards destroyed by the Chinese, and it is only in the twentieth century that it has been rebuilt.—

year a famine is recorded in some portion or other of the interior of the empire, and the rich crops of the more fruitful provinces are of small avail in allaying the curse. Want of means of communication and accumulated taxation check the overflow of one province into the void of another, and the starving people, no other resource left them, rise in rebellion. The dry provinces in the north-west have to depend on their own precarious crops for food, and are prevented as much by the want of roads from importing supplies from a distance, as by the want of funds from paying for them. The mineral resources at their feet are untouched, and regions which, if report speaks true, are as rich in the materials of wealth as any portion of the known globe, vegetate in miserable poverty. If these things were as well known to our rulers at home as they are to us here, less pusillanimity would be shown in dealing with the position of foreigners in China; for our prestige is sufficient to enable us to gain all that we can in reason ask, and, should it fail for the moment, the first renewal of a display of force would revive it. Properly administered the resources of the country are ample; but, as the Government is now managed, each province, in the memorials of its governors to headquarters, vies with the others in proclaiming its insolvency.

It is beyond the province of this retrospect to enumerate the mercantile disabilities under which we labour; instanced by the taxation of our goods, over and above the five per cent. Customs tax levied on landing, even in this our own settlement; by the seizure, without previous warning, of the *Carisbrooke* steamer off Hainan; by the nullification of Treaty Transit-passes at the outports, and by the attempt to starve out our colony of Hongkong by a Customs' cordon surrounding it. Here in Shanghai we have one of the most important seaports in the world being gradually closed up by what the highest official in the province was not ashamed to call the heaven-sent (see Fut'ai's despatch to Consul Medhurst) barrier of the

Woosung bar. It is an astonishing sight to see the rapid encroachments of the Yangtse mud, which in fifteen years has narrowed our river by nearly one-third ; and in no other country but China would a river serving such a trade as this be left to its natural devices. Mainly at the expense of the foreign community, some Dutch engineers were summoned from Japan to examine the bar ; but their report has not yet been published, nor when published is there any reason to hope that action will be taken upon it. The condition of the settlement is an abnormal one ; and the governing powers of the municipality established by the foreign residents are being daily encroached upon. To ensure a continuance of the prosperity brought to the place by foreigners an extension of these powers is needed ; the jurisdiction of the foreign residents needs to be extended, as in the time of the thirty-mile radius, so that fresh roads can be made, the conservancy of the river taken in hand, waterworks and other appliances of civilisation established ; in short, power taken from those who won't govern and given to those who will.

At the time when war with Japan was imminent the government of Fu-kien, under whose administration the island of Formosa is placed, saw the necessity of availing themselves of the telegraphic facilities which the Great Northern Telegraphic Company has provided on this coast. But Foochow, although the largest tea-port in China, exporting annually nearly 100,000,000 lbs. of tea, has no direct communication, the wire being landed at the neighbouring and more accessible port of Amoy. To set up a wire overland between the two ports, and thus put Foochow in direct communication with the rest of the world, was a very simple matter, but no permission could be gained from the Chinese, and the affair was given up until in 1874 the difficulty with Japan induced the Viceroy to consent to the undertaking. The Great Northern Telegraph Company immediately set to work ; but before the line was completed, by the good offices of Mr. Wade a peace was settled and the wire no longer

needed. The Telegraph Company were forced to receive payment for the work done, and the posts were pulled down. Thus, in nothing but the direct appliances of war has the Chinese Government shewn itself really progressive. In obtaining these they have spared no cost, even in the face of the financial embarrassment which is disclosed in memorials from every part of the empire. Frigates and gun-boats of the most approved designs have been constructed at the arsenals of Foochow and Shanghai, or imported from abroad. Enormous orders have been sent to the Krupp factory, and scarcely a steamer has arrived from Europe during the year without bringing out a heavy consignment of war material of some sort or another for the Government. Powder-mills and cartridge manufactories on a large scale have been added to the Shanghai arsenal, and forts of the most approved modern type have been erected at the mouths of the principal rivers, notably at Woosung and Taku, and at the head of the more commanding reaches of the Yangtse and the Min. This ceaseless activity in the War Department has been in marked contrast with the apathy and obstructiveness shewn in all other quarters, and bodes little good for the pacific progress of foreign interests, which all who have cast in their lot with this country are so anxiously watching for.

As an instance of the energy of our residents in the cause of science we may mention, apart from the work accomplished by the members of this Society, the establishment of an Astronomical Observatory on a modest scale by Dr. L. S. Little, whose labours we confidently expect will in time produce good fruit. Opportunity has been taken of the determination of the longitude of Nagasaki by the American "Transit of Venus" expedition in 1874 accurately to fix the longitude of Shanghai. A first need of the American party, upon their arrival in Nagasaki, was to determine the longitude of their observatory. The cable to Vladivostock enabled them to do this by putting them in communication with the Siberian

astronomers ; and last year the cable between this and Nagasaki was placed at the disposal of Mr. A. C. Taintor and Dr. Little for a like work here.

Another addition has been made to our local scientific resources during the year in the shape of a "Chinese Polytechnic Institution and Reading-Room." This institution originated in a desire, on the part of some of our foreign residents, seconded by one or two enlightened Chinamen, to bring home to the natives generally a knowledge and appreciation of foreign arts and sciences. Mr. Fryer, who holds an appointment at the Chinese Arsenal as translator of foreign scientific works, H.M. Consul Mr. Medhurst, together with Mr. T. W. Kingsmill and the Chinese Hsü, Wang and Tong-king-sing (the latter being the official manager of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Co.), have been the prime movers of the scheme and now form the Committee. A modest building has been erected in the settlement in the Chinese style, and the nucleus of a library bought, and various models collected. The cost has been defrayed partly by subscriptions from the foreign community, but mainly by contributions from high Chinese officials. The prospectus states that the object of the institution is to bring the sciences, arts and manufactures of Western nations in the most practicable manner possible before the notice of the Chinese ; the means proposed being, First, an exhibition of machinery, apparatus, manufactured goods, etc. ; second, lectures and classes for scientific instruction ; and third, a Chinese library and reading room. It adds that it is hoped foreign mercantile firms in Shanghai and other ports of China will see that it will be greatly to their advantage, not only to countenance this exhibition themselves, but also to prevail on the firms they are connected with at home to render as much assistance as possible. In how far the very sanguine results aimed at in the original prospectus are likely to be attained it is hard to say : at present Chinese officials appear to be mainly interested in foreign

science only in so far as it may aid them to keep foreigners at bay.

The best means to enlighten the Chinese people and open the country to foreign enterprise and capital is the using of diplomatic pressure to remove the official obstructions to our free intercourse. Left to themselves the Chinese officials, however much we may teach them to appreciate the advantages to be gained by the application of our mechanical arts to the natural resources of the country, will fear to apply their knowledge, until such time as they feel themselves strong enough to do so without foreign aid; and we therefore are somewhat dubious of the gain to ourselves in subscribing money for an institution thus placed. The permission to a foreign company to rent and open one coal-mine and connect it by rail with the nearest port would teach the Chinese by practical experience that which, as long as they are confined to books and models, they will never really appreciate.¹ The peaceful and profitable nature of such undertakings would become obvious, and the absurd concession to Chinese official prejudice, which denies to a foreigner the right to rent land or occupy a house for business purposes outside the limits of the treaty ports, would be broken through. We have heard Chinese officials say "we acknowledge your superiority in mechanics, but we deny it in ethics or morals." Had we access to the country they would soon see that, apart from missionaries whom, wisely or not, our Governments compel the Chinese to tolerate, in improving their mechanical knowledge we should be quite content to leave their superiority on this latter point undisturbed, while our welcome from the wage-receiving class would be of the warmest character.

The year 1875 has been almost barren of geographical discoveries which might come within the province of this

¹ Thus early was the idea entertained that came so near to realisation in after years at the Kiang Peh Ting Mine, then through a series of bitter disappointments sapped the writer's vitality and brought on his last illness.—A. E. N. L.

society. The practical withdrawal of diplomatic communication with Kashgar and the delay in taking effective steps after the murder of Margary have stood in the way of opening up two promising routes. The unsettled position of affairs and the want of confidence there engendered has prevented exploration in other quarters so that so far as any increase in our geographical knowledge of the outlying portions of the Chinese Empire is concerned the year has remained almost a blank. To this the only exception has been the mission of enquiry sent into Yunnan. At the end of the year the mission had hardly advanced beyond Hankow; whatever its results therefore, they will be for a future chronicle.

On the side of India geographical research likewise met with a sudden check. It seems as if the fatal result of Margary's journey had paralysed the Indian Government; and as if, in lieu of urging them to push on with greater vigour, and morally, if not physically, to avenge such a disgrace on their own frontiers, they had submitted to the check the Chinese had designedly imposed upon them. The expeditions of the pundits under Colonel Montgomery still continue, but scarcely with the energy which marked former years. Not one well organised expedition has set out, and the frontiers between India and Central Asia and China remain still practically closed to intercourse. Yet the pundits did good work. The hitherto enigmatical district known vaguely as the Pamir steppe is by degrees being conquered for geography. The hitherto unknown highlands of Tibet have been to a certain extent explored, and one of the pundits has passed round the Tengri Nor and connected those wild regions with the series of observations made at Yarkand and Kashgar. Of Chinese Turkestan our knowledge has not increased with no increase during the year, as the British Government has deferred taking advantage of the right of travel and residence stipulated for by Sir Thomas Forsyth at Kashgar.

Little has been done during the past year towards the

surveys of the coast of China. An accurate re-survey of the mouth of the Yangtse would be invaluable both from commercial and scientific points of view. One of H.M. naval officers has been told off for the duty but has since been invalided ; and without ample assistance the work he will be able to perform will be of little utility. The rate of advance of the delta of the Yangtse is a matter of the highest scientific interest, apart from the bearing it has on the future development, not to say existence, of our trade. Taken in connection with Chinese statistics, which, in a more or less trustworthy form, reach back some twenty centuries, there is here afforded a means of gauging the ancient condition of the eastern portion of the Asiatic continent. The old coast-line is clearly marked and the area of the alluvial plain can be accurately measured. A clue to the age of the River Yangtse may thus be obtained, by measuring its present rate of growth and comparing it with such facts as we can gather from the ancient records. The changes going on are so vast and rapid as to have altered the face of the country during the stay of many of our foreign residents, and it is much to be wished that permanent measures should be taken for marking the changes as they occur on a complete and accurate scale. No rapid currents exist in the Yellow Sea, hence their action on the growth of the delta has been comparatively trifling and not such as seriously to affect any calculations based upon these measures.

While, however, Great Britain has been inactive in the west and south-west, the Russians have made another great stride in the north-west. The remaining portion of Kokand has been overrun, and the Russian dominion is now conterminous with the T'ien-shan, that great range of mountains, whose flanks have, since the beginning of history, afforded the highway for nations east and west.

The Khanate of Kokand comprises the richest basin of Central Asia ; it is well watered by the Naryn and it produces all the crops and fruits of temperate latitudes. Its climate is not marked by the severity which generally

characterises the plateau, and it is abundantly supplied with mineral wealth in the shape of coal, petroleum, iron, lead, and most of the other useful metals. Already one of the coal-fields has been opened and a coal of excellent quality extracted. The importance of this supply, readily accessible to the Jaxartes and the Aral, can scarcely be over-estimated. Two mines have also been opened in the Karatau, one near Khojend, and another not far from Tashkand. If freedom of trade were encouraged, or permitted, the future of Central Asia would be assured. The question of the feasibility of again connecting the Aral and the Caspian Seas by means of the old bed of the Oxus has attracted attention during the year. The surveys and observations made appear to show that, as far as levels go, no difficulty would be experienced. The desiccation of Central Asia seems however to have been progressive, and there is not now a sufficient supply of water in the Upper Oxus to carry the stream across the intervening tract. Partially, at least, this is due to the waste incurred through the present system of irrigation, which allows large bodies of water to run off uselessly into the desert.

Japan has shewn us an example of activity in providing, in her treaty with Corea, for a survey of the coast. It is to be hoped that this useful work will shortly be put in hand. Our present charts of the Corean coast are most defective. A farther survey of the gulf of Tongking and the coast of Cochin-China generally is also much needed : and now that the port of Kiung-chow in Hainan has been opened, we hope soon to see the work taken up and our knowledge of those seas extended. The French marine has surveyed the approaches to the newly-opened ports in Annam, and has published charts of the entrance to the Caocam from the sea to Haiphong, and of the river mouths and internal waters of the provinces of Haichong and Quangyen. The Russians, on their part, have surveyed some 450 miles of the eastern coast of Siberia from Imperial Harbour to Castries Bay.

In our own *Journal* Dr. Bretschneider gives valuable

notes of the mediæval geography of Central and Eastern Asia ; and the Archimandrite Palladius throws a new light on the travels of Marco Polo in North China. The Rev. Mr. Holcombe describes in picturesque language a journey through Shansi and Shensi ; which, although passing over little actually new ground, adds much to our knowledge of these not easily accessible provinces.

The *Chinese Review* continues a series of valuable papers by Mr. W. F. Mayers on Chinese explorations in the Indian Ocean, while Mr. T. W. Kingsmill makes an attempt to explain the geographical puzzle of the Yu-king.

The *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal* completed during the year the memoranda written by Dr. Bretschneider upon Chinese Mediæval Travels to the west, which have since been published in a separate form ; and which will remain a valuable aid to all engaged in the study of Asiatic antiquities. Mr. G. Phillips contributes notes on the position of the Zaitun of Marco Polo, in reference to which he has carried on an interesting discussion with Colonel Yule. Of a more historical character was a paper read by Mr. Clements Markham on the 26th April before the Royal Geographical Society, giving a *rèsumé* of explorations in Tibet, and more especially of the very remarkable journey of Mr. Bogle in 1774. The trade routes to Southern China were likewise the subject of a paper by Mr. J. Corryton. Major Herbert Wood, who accompanied the Russian expedition to the Oxus, has made valuable notes on his journey, which it is understood will shortly be published.

In the Berlin Geographical Society Baron von Richthoven read some interesting notes on the population of China, which, contrary to the general opinion of those calculated to judge, he rates at the enormous amount of 415 millions. The publication of the Baron's work upon China, more particularly upon the geology and mineral resources of the country, is still delayed. The cost of his explorations, was, it will be remembered, borne by the merchants of China in the hope that a knowledge

of her undeveloped resources would lead to the throwing open of the country to their enterprise. Alas! It now looks as though it would be left to their posterity to reap any reward of their enterprise. A Russian traveller, Mr. Sasnofelsy, left Hankow on the 11th December, 1874, on a journey overland to Siberia. He hoped to be able to pass through Kansu and thence by way of Uliya-sutai. An account of his journey has not yet been received.

Upon the whole the geographical interest of the year has been mainly retrospective; and but little really new has been added to our stock of knowledge. It is to be hoped, however, that the present state of stagnation may not long be allowed to continue; that the check given to the Yunnan expedition will lead to a strong rebound, and that the blood of poor Margary will not have been shed in vain. If the Chinese are taught to respect and aid foreign explorers, as they can and should, there will doubtless be many more capable men entering the field, and much of the remaining *terra incognita* of China and Central Asia will be cleared up. The late edicts on the duty of protecting men from the west, drawn from the authorities at Peking, will we trust have due weight with the officials throughout the country; for it is from the official class alone that our obstacles come; the masses of the people are curious but mostly inoffensive: they take their cue from the mandarins, and if the authorities treat us with respect we shall hear no more of mob disturbances impeding the progress of a traveller.

The condition of our settlement during the past year has, so far as the general health of the foreign residents is concerned, been eminently satisfactory. Indeed if we take 1875 as a standard we may class Shanghai as an eminently healthy locality. The number of foreigners resident and non-resident is estimated as about 3,000 and the total of deaths during the year was only sixty-seven, giving a mortality of 22.3 per mille. Too much reliance must not, however, be placed upon these figures, as many who fall dangerously ill are sent home; it is consequently

impossible to frame statistics of any accurate scientific nature, except for the comparison of one year with another : all we can positively state is that the mortality of 1875 was considerably lower than that of any previous year.

An outbreak of cholera occurred in the year, chiefly among the non-resident (floating) population : the range of the epidemic was limited, less than twenty persons being attacked by the disease, of whom, however, more than half died. The disease was seemingly not imported by sea ; it would appear to be present among the natives every year at certain seasons. It is noticeable that the past year was remarkable for heavy rainfalls and higher maximum temperatures than usual, and these phenomena may have influenced the disease. It is to be expected that the settlements should gradually become more healthy, as year by year the ground is being raised and the drainage improved. Paddy fields are giving place to cotton, and thus the unwholesome swamps of which the former consist are rapidly being driven from our immediate neighbourhood. In increasing the area of underground drainage, however, much care is needed to have the drains constantly flushed and properly ventilated : for this reason in a place like Shanghai surface drains are safer, and can, we think, be made equally efficient.

In concluding our review of the scientific progress of the year in this part of the world, we must not omit to chronicle the very satisfactory progress of the museum of natural history established in connection with our society.

Part III: Drama and Legend

THE CHINESE DRAMA

ACCORDING to the *Shu-King* or Book of History edited by Confucius, the Chinese practised music from the earliest times, as far back as 2200 B.C. The Emperor Shun, the founder of the second great dynasty of Hsia in China's Golden Age, is reported to have had a master of music and ceremonies. Their religious worship was always accompanied by music and dancing, which last might more fitly be called posturing, like that which we see to-day in the Shinto temples in Japan. These old dances, we are told, exhibited the occupations of the people of those times, and, after the symmetrical fashion of the Chinese, are described as having represented the four occupations of ploughing, harvesting, war, and peace, and the four corresponding sensations of work, joy, fatigue, and content. The *Shu-King* covers a period of seventeen centuries from 2400 B.C. to 720 B.C. We are there told that the performers carried shields representing war, hoes for agriculture, and flags for victory, while sacrificing to the mountains, rivers, and earth. A later Chinese treatise describes these pantomimes more in detail. The dancers entered from the north and displayed in their positions and gestures an order of battle. Thence the dancers advanced to the south, and formed up in line, while the leaders represented the celebrated Chow-Kung and Chao-Kung, the advisers of Wên-wang, the literary prince and son of Wu-wang, the military prince who destroyed the corrupt dynasty of Hsia, and founded that of Chow, under which flourished the three great sages of China, Confucius, Mencius, and Lao-tse. The writer goes on to say that

in the sixth action the dancers stood still like mountains, thus, in the sententious language of the native historians, representing the history of the conquest of China by Wên-wang, who, at his first entry into the empire, defeated King Chow, advanced into the country, set out the bounds of his States, and then governed them by the sage counsels of his Ministers. These ballets and pantomines had been performed from the earliest times by the Chinese, but gradually they developed into such licence that under the Emperors of the Chow dynasty they were prohibited in connection with worship, and the actors were made into a degraded class, which they remain to this day.

The stage in China, as we see it to-day, appears almost exactly identical with the stage in England in Shakespeare's time. The only pictorial representation that has come down to us of the Globe Theatre, Blackfriars, is by the Dutch traveller De Witte. There, as now in China, we see a stage composed of a square platform projecting into the pit, with a door of entrance and a door of exit on each side of the rear wall. There is a total absence of scenery, so that the whole weight of the performance falls upon the actors, who were doubtless as universally excellent in Shakespeare's time as they are to-day in China. The musicians are seated at the back of the stage in full view of the audience. And the wealthy patrons are seated in galleries round the open courtyard. It is particularly noticeable that the pit, in all theatrical representations in China, whether given in the courtyards of the temples, in the halls of the guilds, or in the houses of the rich, is always open free to the poor, a custom which I should not be sorry to see imitated in England to-day. In connection with this fact it is interesting to mention that, when travelling in China through the scenes rendered famous in song and history, I have been astonished at the accurate knowledge of the old wars and dynasties displayed by illiterate boatmen on the river and by our porters on land journeys. They are never tired of pointing out historic sites to the foreign traveller, and

expatiating upon the great deeds of former generations. It was a long time before I could learn whence these men derived their knowledge, so far surpassing the acquaintance with history displayed by similar classes in our own country. I at last discovered that they had learnt their history in that pleasantest and most impressive of all schools, the Theatre. Elaborate historical dramas form the bulk of the performances given in the public theatre, which almost every village in China possesses, by companies of strolling players who are paid by subscriptions from the more wealthy inhabitants.

These companies are generally hired for a week or a fortnight. The performance commences at noon, and goes on till about nine at night. The extraordinary endurance of the actors, an endurance characteristic of the Chinese in all their avocations, is shown by the long successive hours they spend upon the stage. And as all the important pieces are sung to the accompaniment of the band, how they support the strain upon the voice is almost incomprehensible. They have a large *répertoire* which they carry in their heads. Many of them have no books of the plays. They are apprenticed as children, and so learn the pieces by rote at an age when the memory is especially vigorous. A mark of attention to a distinguished visitor is to hand him the *répertoire*, and ask him to choose a play out of some hundred pieces contained therein. I have often selected an unpopular and seldom-performed play, and never found the test too much for them, the piece being produced immediately; on the other hand, should a play on the programme happen to contain a character of the same name as that of the visitor it is at once suppressed. Although there is no scenery the dresses are extremely handsome, elaborate embroideries being worn by princes and generals, and generally the dressing and get-up are careful and accurate. There is no curtain and no drop scene. And, curiously enough, there is no interval between successive plays, only a peculiar note is sounded on the cymbals, a signal known to the

initiated. This has led Europeans to state that a Chinese play went on for ever. It is true that sometimes, when a succession of historical plays is given, such as Shakespeare's dramas of the Plantagenets, the same story may go on for three or four successive days. There is, moreover, one celebrated play which has no less than twenty-four acts; as a rule, however, the lighter Chinese pieces are even shorter than ours.

While theatricals are being performed the whole village is *en fête*, all in their best clothes, the ladies in the galleries with little tables on which are tea and cakes and other delicacies, while families in the wide area of the open pit sit all day long with their tea and pipes enjoying themselves in a way that is a pleasure to see. One other detail that recalls Shakespeare is the motto which adorns the rear of almost every stage in China, written in four gorgeous gold characters "We hold the mirror up to Nature"! This no doubt is a fair argument to show that Shakespeare, among his other travels, visited China! In the cities, performances are given in the very handsome theatres attached to the guildhalls, of which every large trading city in China has several. These, with their elaborate stone and wood carving, gilding, and painting, are exceptionally handsome structures. Performances are given on the feast days of the guilds, when the members are invited to dinners quite as elaborate as those given by our own city companies. The feast, which extends over several hours, is accompanied with much ceremony and ancient ritual observances, while the plays go on uninterruptedly. A common penalty, when disputes are arbitrated by the guilds, is fining the defendant in a theatrical performance, which, if extended over the usual three days, costs about 10*l.*, the average number of a *Pan-tse*, or company, being thirty men, female parts being all taken by men and boys, as in our Middle Ages.

The most numerous and regular dramatic performances are still given in the Buddhist temples, and it is a curious fact that the Chinese word for poetry, *Sze*, is composed

of the hieroglyphs "speech" and "temple." In connection with this—though one must not place too much dependence upon Chinese etymology—it is also curious to note that the word for player, *you*, is formed from the hieroglyphs, "men, a hundred, heart, hand," which to the imaginative seems to mean a man equal to representing an indefinite number of feelings and actions. During their long hours of song the actors are refreshed by means of shabbily dressed coolies, who walk casually on to the stage and hand them tea at intervals, but whom the audience are supposed to regard as invisible. Rough indications of scenery, similar to the sheet of Pyramus and Thisbe, are given in a primitive way. A beleaguered general, sitting on a chair raised on a table, addressing an actor standing on the stage, is supposed to be parleying with the commander of the besieging force. Cavalry are indicated by a whip held in the hand, and when dismounting, or mounting to ride off, they go through the action of bestriding a horse. The actors who take women's parts, speak in a high falsetto voice, and in their gait and get-up are indistinguishable from real women. A table covered with an embroidered cloth may represent a throne, or with plain red cloth a magistrate's *yamên*.

The dressing-room is a half-open gallery running along the side of the courtyard behind the stage, where the actors change their dresses and alter their make-up with wonderful celerity. Their wardrobes, carried about from place to place in heavy iron-bound chests, are often of great value, and some of the most beautiful embroideries brought to Europe for sale are discarded actors' dresses. As in most things, Chinese actors, who with barbers are the sole degraded caste in China, their children being inadmissible to the official examinations, have a euphemistic synonym, and in literary language are known as the Children of the Pear-garden, so named from a school of acting founded by the great patron of actors, the Emperor Shüan-tsung of the Tang dynasty (720 A.D.), who invited troupes of actors to study in his pear orchard. This Emperor also



Chinese Actors. By Mr. Mencarini.

General, Limberor, Adviser and Actor personating a female character.



supervised the performances of the ladies of the hareem, and is said to have composed many new airs to the operettas then in vogue, which airs are known to this day as the perfumes of the Li-chi, the celebrated luscious fruit of South China. He is said to have established a bureau for theatricals and music, and took much the same interest in the stage as the great Napoleon did in the Comédie Francaise, without neglecting other work. It is noteworthy that this same Emperor founded the renowned Hanlin college, the "Academy" of China.

Women in China enjoyed great freedom in ancient times, as is shown by the *Book of Odes*, the oldest extant Chinese work. And since women have been forbidden on the stage their social position appears to have much declined. A Chinese theatrical company is rigorously divided into fixed parts as in Europe, each actor having his technical name, such as Père Noble, Jeune premier, Premier comique, Second comique, Jeune Première, and a part not in our repertory, the *Hwun* or Ghost, as well as, of course, the *Chou*, which may be literally translated "Supers."

Courtesans, of whom the Chinese say "the women who smile in public," are often represented on the stage, their position being that of the courtesan in ancient Greece. They must be accomplished, and excel in singing and dancing and in knowledge of literature. Moral tendency is strongly insisted upon in Chinese plays. Obscenity is a crime by Chinese law, and the punishment for writers guilty of it is imprisonment as long as their works are extant. In short, except in the Alsacias of our treaty ports, the Chinese theatre is distinctly educative and moral; the *dénouement* is invariably the triumph of virtue. The drama, say Chinese writers, should present pictures of the highest teaching to those too ignorant to be able to read; the penal code, which punishes immoral writers, states the object of theatricals to be to offer true though imaginary pictures of good men and chaste women, of affectionate and obedient children, and of

scenes calculated to lead the spectator in the paths of virtue. In a popular piece called *The Maid's Intrigues*, Mrs. Han tells her daughter, "Don't you know that at this day, the same as in old times, the union of a man with a woman cannot take place until consecrated by the appointed rites and ceremonies?" The only interference with the stage in China is the statute forbidding the representation of Emperors of the reigning dynasty. In other respects every one is free to set up a theatre and act as he likes, and the result of this system, controlled by the people, is in my opinion far more conducive to good morals than are the results of our own capricious licensing system.

The modern stage, as it exists to-day in China, dates, it is said, from the reign of the Emperor Wên-ti, the founder of the Sui dynasty (580 A.D.), and the bulk of the plays were written during the three flourishing epochs of modern Chinese literature—three distinct periods: that of the Tang dynasty (720 A.D. to 905 A.D.), that of the Sung dynasty (960 to 1119 A.D.), and that of the Tartar and Mongol dynasties Kin and Yuen (1123 to 1341 A.D.). From the last of these, the Mongol dynasty, which existed for eighty-nine years (1270 to 1368 A.D.), 448 plays, whose authorship is known, 105 anonymous plays, and four by celebrated courtesans have survived to the present day. The author of the *Collected Plays of the Yuen Dynasty* enumerates twelve categories of plays, and it is noticeable that in the first category he classes the plays that evidence the transforming influence upon character of gods and spirits. He tries to lay down canons, and tells us that a regular drama should be in four acts, to which may be added a prologue if necessary. The prologue exposes the situation. In the first act the plot is developed; in the second and third the action proceeds and the plot ripens; in the fourth act comes the climax, which changes the course of events, and in which crime is unexpectedly punished and expiated. It is astonishing that out of the enormous *répertoire* of plays

existing in China a few specimens only have been translated into European languages ! Yet many of them are exceedingly interesting, not only as pictures of the past—*Kwei môn*, the gate of the shades, as the Chinese call it—but for their intrinsically interesting plot and dialogue.

The first Chinese play ever translated into an European language was published by the Jesuit father Prémare, 1735 A.D. Lest European readers should imagine that Chinese plays are wanting in interest, it is well to quote what Voltaire said of this production, *The Orphan of the Chao Family*. “Malgré l’incroyable, il y règne de l’intérêt, et, malgré la foule des événements, tout est de la clarté la plus lumineuse.” Some of the lighter plays are full of poetical fancies, strange to us but very characteristic to one who knows China and the Chinese. Thus in the opening scene of the *Hô Han Shan*, the hero Chang-yi retires to an upper room with his wife and son to look on at the snow-storm. After drinking a few cups of wine his clouded senses lead him to imagine it is spring-time ; the snow becomes pear blossom, the ruddy clouds flowering willows ; he imagines rich silk draperies are hung before him, and at his feet flowered carpets. The usual seven-syllable metre of the play is dropped in this scene, and the versification is irregular, a relief upon the fixed cæsura and alliteration of the regular declamations.

Wine plays a great part in all the old Chinese plays ; a very little excites the sedentary and literary Chinaman, and he is always supposed to take a few cups as a stimulus to versification, of which to this day the cultured classes are extremely fond. *Hao chiu liang*—“good wine capacity”—is a necessary qualification for a diner-out in China, where every guest is pressed to drink and empty his cup many times during the course of a feast. And yet noisy drunkenness is scarcely seen, and this although there is no tax on spirits, which are extraordinarily cheap in China.

Theatricals are still a part of the life of the people ; scarcely any public function goes on without them, and

they are indissolubly connected with religious observances. Thus, when I had occasion to move my house of business from one part of the city of Chungking to another, a semi-religious, semi-theatrical performance was indulged in by my Chinese employés. We formed a kind of procession through the streets, four coolies bearing in a large brasier the fire from the kitchen in the old house with which to start the kitchen fire in the new house, while plays were recited to the accompaniment of a string and brass band. The carrying on of the old fire is to guard against the business being held responsible for debts contracted by previous occupants of the new quarters.

The characters in Chinese plays are really living men and women ; their authors strive to hold the mirror up to Nature. Unlike the old Indian dramatists, who gave full scope to their flights of imagination and peopled their plays with impossible monsters and supernatural beings, the Chinese playwrights display a close observation of human nature, the foibles of which they effectually satirise. As with Shakespeare, their best plays are not of an age but for all time, and he who would understand the Chinese character cannot learn to do so more easily and pleasantly than by a study of their Drama.

BORROWING BOOTS

Translated from the original Chinese: a two-hundred-year-old Chinese Farce, still popular in China, and played at the present day according to rival renderings, one that of Tientsin, one that of Soochow. In both cases it is sung to Chinese tunes, in which most Europeans declare themselves unable to detect any melody.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LIU A Retired Official.
CHANG A Spendthrift.
BOY Servant to Liu.

TIME: About A.D. 1680.

PLACE: Soochow (near Shanghai), China.

SCENE 1.—The Road outside LIU'S House.

SCENE 2.—Reception Hall in LIU'S House.

SCENE 3.—A Rough Road in another Part of the Town.

SCENE 1.—The Road outside LIU'S House.

Enter CHANG in slippers.

Chang. (*Sings*) 1.

All my life I'm telling falsehoods ;
Lies to me are mother's milk ;
Thus a jolly life I'm leading :
Sleep on clover, dress in silk.

2.

Chang's my name and Bragg's my calling,
Youngest I of brothers three,
What though my dress be slightly wanting,
Department is my forte you see.

3.

My tongue's my sword to carve out fortune,
 Scattering scandal right and left :
 Me, though all I have be stolen,
 No one dare accuse of theft.

4.

But, if honesty you wish for,
 My elder brother you should see :
 He's a man—poor, harmless fellow !
 Scarce could bear to kill a flea.

5.

How to deceive the common people,
 My genius never is at fault ;
 Telling of stone josses winking
 Or snow converted into salt.

(*Slower*)

6.

Creeping, crouching, crying, cringing,
 None my manners can resist,
 Sly deceiving, calm pretending,
 On my fellows I subsist.

(*Spoken*) Yes, and to-night I'm going to subsist on my friend the Taotai, who gives a big dinner party in acknowledgment of his birthday congratulations. I sent him a trifling present and got this invitation in return. Ha ! Ha ! (*rubbing his hands*) and won't I have a good dinner too. It isn't every day I get a good dinner, indeed some days I get no dinner at all. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear this of a young swell like me, but I assure you it is the truth and a very sad truth too. Ah ! I forgot, you don't exactly know who I am. Well, my name, but I told you this before, is Chang and I am a mandarin ; at least I ought to be if I had my rights, but I couldn't pass those confounded examinations, and, though my father was Magistrate of this City before his

death, those wretched examiners gave me no help and I was plucked, yes, mercilessly plucked after spending six days in a cell no bigger than this (*extends his arms*). Ugh! Such a time as I had of it! all the good dinners in the world won't enable me to forget those six days on rice and cold tea, with no company but my pen and a quire of blank paper. And nowadays any low-born villain who chooses to mug away at his books may become a Magistrate and even Governor of the Province, while a gentleman like myself is left out in the cold. It is too bad! If I weren't afraid of losing my head I'd get up a rebellion in the name of the oppressed peasantry. Ah! it wasn't so in old times: then a man who had a sword and knew how to use it could make himself a prince, but now only bookworms get promoted. Fah! I'm sick at the sight of them, poor emaciated wretches, just like that old brother of mine, who has just been made an expectant prefect, a poor feeble wretch whom a dozen cups of wine would put under the table—while I—but I'm forgetting—where was I? Ah! Yes! If I go on talking like this I shan't get any dinner. Well, to tell the truth, I haven't got any dress boots, nor any money to buy any with. If I don't catch some country fellow soon, on whom I can impose my superior wisdom and worm or gamble some money out of, I shall be done up altogether. Those miserly friends of mine are getting all tired of me and I don't know whom to borrow from next. Confound those boots. Where on earth to get a pair, I don't know. I can't go to a dinner party like this (*holds up his dress shewing his feet with old shoes on*). They wouldn't let me in for all my fine clothes, and it is getting late already. What shall I do? (*Draws out large red invitation.*) Ah! (*Sighs! Sings.*)

I.

The dinner hour's approaching;
 I'm in a dreadful fix:
 With feet unshod I'm surely
 Unfit with swells to mix.

2.

Oh! tell me what to do!
 I'm really in despair.
 How to go out to dinner
 With no dress boots to wear?
 The dinner hour's approaching, etc.

3.

Was ever plight so cursed?
 Decked out in these fine clothes:
 My figure so seductive
 Disgraced by shabby toes.
 The dinner hour's approaching, etc.

4.

Of the pangs of bitter hunger
 Already I feel the pain,
 If I can't raise some boots
 I must go home again.
 The dinner hour's approaching, etc.

(Faster.)

5.

Oh! tell me what to do
 I'm really in despair,
 How to go out to dinner
 With no dress boots to wear?
 The dinner hour's approaching, etc.

(Spoken) Ah! . . . I'll try neighbour Liu, he can't refuse me and I know he has a pair of splendid new satin boots in his house. I'll just rap him up and borrow his respectability. That settles the matter and here is the very place. (Knocks) Open the door! Come! Open the door, I say.

Liu. (Inside) Who's there? What do you want? What do you mean by waking up my quiet house at this time of night? (Dog barks, CHANG knocks again) I'll

skin you alive if you don't keep quiet. Who dares to make my dog bark in this way?

Chang. It is I, open the door. (*Exit left.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Reception Hall in LIU'S House.

LIU. (*Outside*) Who is that been knocking at the door? There is no reason why I should be afraid; my conscience is clear; but who can it be? Some fellow who wouldn't pay his taxes, possibly, they are bringing me; or, perhaps, it's some friend come to have a chat. (*Enters right*) Ah! as the poet says, (*sings*)

“Some rare old friend has come to call
By the moonlight soft and clear,
How sweet to gossip in the hall
With those one loves so dear!”

Why! It's my dear old friend Chang. (*They embrace*) Come in, and sit down. (*They sit*) Boy! Go to your mistress and tell her this is one of our good old friends come to see us. (*BOY going*) And stay! stop! Go and order a fowl to be killed and put the rice on, and bring some wine, (*BOY going*) but bring a cup of tea first. (*BOY exit. To CHANG*) You are in no hurry, I hope, my dear friend. When the wine has been brought and the fowl is cooked you must come and take your ease in the reception room (*points to rear of stage. BOY sets two tea-cups, and a plate of mandarin oranges on teapoy between LIU and CHANG*).

Chang. (*Fidgetting*) Don't make all this fuss over me, my dear old friend. (*They rise and sing.*)

Chang. You and I are like two brothers! Where's the need of all this trouble?

Liu. I feel towards you as to a brother or like vapour to a bubble!

Chang. Or like fish to rippling streamlets or a chicken to its hen-coop!

Liu. Or those friends who took their money and between them did divide it!

Chang. Or like those friends of former ages who each other loved to dying!

Liu and Chang. (*Embracing*) Or two friends who meet each other after years of painful sighing!

Liu. (*Speaks*) My own brother! My dearest brother! How glad I am to see you! Only think, yesterday I had warning of your auspicious visit. In fact, it was presaged by an extraordinary number of omens. (*CHANG fidgets*) Just sit down and listen! (*They sit*) On the side door there, I saw a spider crawling round and round and then hanging down by a single thread. Then there was a sudden rush of wind which blew the ashes up the chimney.

Chang. What a fortunate omen!

Liu. I must have been thinking of you.

Chang. How were you thinking of me?

Liu. I thought of you as taking your dinner, but not dressed in fine clothes like these.

Chang. All the way coming here I was talking to myself about you without ceasing.

Liu. How were you talking to yourself?

Chang. I kept saying, "My brother Liu. My own brother Liu! My dear brother Liu!"

Liu. And I was thinking, "My brother Chang! My own brother Chang! My dear brother Chang!"—Ah! No wonder I had such a fit of sneezing this morning.

Chang. What sort of sneezing was it?

Liu. It was like this (*sneezing*) twenty or thirty times—But what is it procures me the pleasure of your visit to-day? Is there anything I can do for you? If so, you know I am always at your service.

Chang. (*Radiant*) I . . . want . . . raw . . . brains!

Liu. If my poor brains can be of any service—strike! Here they are.

Chang. I . . . want . . . fresh . . . blood.

Liu. To shed my blood in your service would be my greatest joy. Take a knife. Cut me open. Take out my heart ; cut me up into a thousand pieces.

Chang. (*Delighted*) Well, joking apart, old friend, I'm invited to dine with the prefect to-night, and I'm all dressed, as you see, but I haven't got any boots.

Liu. How terribly you shock me !

Chang. So, knowing that you, dear brother, had a pair of new dress boots, I came to borrow them so as to look respectable.

Liu. (*Jumping up*) You terrify me ! I'm all in a tremble. You had better take back that last speech of yours about borrowing my boots or there will be an end to our friendship. Why ! you stand there with your brazen face no better than a common highwayman ! Your ugly head is the very image of the thief who was executed the other day. You put me in such a rage I can't control myself.

Chang. For twenty years we have been as brothers, and now for the sake of a miserable pair of boots you behave in this way—you appear to me to be truly wanting in common sense.

Liu. Oh yes ! Crush me with that tongue of yours—but stay ! Have you any idea what those boots cost me ? Do you know that I invited shoemakers from every province in the empire to compete for their manufacture ? Not to mention their wages just think of their travelling expenses. (*Aside*) The dinner hour must have passed ere this.

Chang. (*Aside*) I shall never get to dinner. (*Aloud*) What ! all this crowd of shoemakers for one pair of boots ! I don't believe a word of it.

Liu. What ! You don't believe it ; just listen then while I reckon them up. (*Sings*)

From Tung-chow near Peking there came one shoemaker
named Wang

From Chu-chow near Nanking there came one shoemaker
 named Tang
 From Soo-chow in Kiang-su there came one shoemaker
 named Pang
 From Hang-chow in Che-kiang there came one shoemaker
 named Chang
 From Han-kow in Hu-kwang there came one shoemaker
 named Kung
 From Hu-kow in Kiang-si there came one shoemaker
 named Tung
 From Teng-chow in Shan-tung there came one shoemaker
 named Lung
 From Ju-chow in Ho-nan there came one shoemaker
 named Sung
 From Chang-chow in Fu-kien there came one shoemaker
 named Fung
 From Hong-kew near Shanghai. . . .

Chang. (*Interrupting*) Enough! Enough! I believe
 all you say. . . .

Liu. (*Sings, Bis*) Well, all these shoemakers did
 come to make these boots for me. (*Chants*) (*chord*) While
 I here at home (*chord*) prepared a black pig (*chord*) without
 one white hair (*chord*) and prepared a great feast (*chord*)
 and when all was ready (*chord*) poured out a libation (*chord*)
 made offering to the spirits (*chord*: *kneels*) kneeling on
 my knees. . . .

Chang. Get up! Get up! Boots or no boots, you
 mustn't kneel to me.

Liu. I kneel to you! I was reverently presenting
 the wine to the shoemakers.

Chang. No offence! No offence! You were reverently
 presenting wine to the shoemakers. (*Aside*) Confound
 the fellow!

Liu. Well! As I told you before, I do not mind
 lending you the boots, but you must bear in mind that
 ever since they were made I have not worn them a single
 day. I wrapped them up carefully in oiled paper and

hung them high up in the Hall of Audience and every day I go to look at them.

Chang. I fear then you won't allow them to be worn.

Liu. By no means: I am quite willing to lend them to persons of my own rank, but there are a lot of low fellows, insupportable wretches, who think nothing of borrowing a pair of boots. Now, if you really want them, sacrifice one of your fingers, take them and be off.

Chang. For twenty years we have been as brothers! Ah! I see, you are determined not to lend them.

Liu. Oh, no! I have no objection to lend them to you, my brother,—but there is much to be done first.

Chang. Now don't waste time like this! Well, what is there to be done?

Liu. I must first sacrifice to the boots, before that they cannot be worn.

Chang. But suppose, brother, you omit the sacrifice until I come back?

Liu. Why then, if you were to put them on without making proper sacrifice, your head would instantly begin to ache, a violent fever would set in, and in a short time you would be all but dead.

Chang. What sort of sacrifice must I make?

Liu. Oh! Nothing to speak of! Quite within your means. (*Sings*)

One black pig and one white goat
 One grey goose and one fat hen
 One paper horse and one cask wine
 Incense, flowers and candles fine.

Chang. (*Sings*)

That will do! that will do!
 Pray now do let me be going:
 I beseech you! I beseech you!
 Make an end of all this bowing
 I entreat you! I entreat you.

Liu. He must win the boots by kneeling! Such a rogue to come here stealing.

Chang. I must get the boots by kneeling! Such confounded double dealing.

Liu. Sure my brain is all a-reeling.

Chang. Hasn't got one bit of feeling.
Let me go!

Liu. No! No! No!

Four violins and two guitars,
'Twill cost but dollars twenty.

Chang. That will do! That will do!
If I had but dollars twenty,
I would buy them, I would buy them,
Silk and satin boots in plenty
I would buy them, I would buy them.
Etc. (*Duet and finale repeated.*)

Liu. He must win the boots by kneeling! Such a rogue to come here stealing.

Chang. Sure my brain is all a-reeling.
I'll dissemble! I'll dissemble!
I'll dissemble! I'll dissemble!
Let him tremble!

Let me go!

Liu. No! no! no!

Liu. Well; as it is you, good brother, you may dispense with part of the sacrifice. You need only buy the pig and the fowl and the fish and a few cups of wine, and then if you engage a priest to recite the prayers, that will do.

Chang. Even that is more than I can manage, dear brother.

Liu. Is that really too much for you! Well then, we'll be satisfied with a stick of pure incense and a bowl of clear water.

Enter Boy with basin and joss-stick.

Chang. That I can do; do oblige me and get them

ready without delay. (*Boy places joss-stick and water on the table. CHANG kotows.*)

Liu. Quite right, as it is written in the Book of Rites. You may go now.

Chang. Go! where?

Liu. To call in the priest to recite the prayers.

Chang. Why that would cost as much as a dozen pair of boots. I would much rather put myself under an obligation to you and let you recite the prayers.

Liu. Well then, to oblige you, my honoured brother, I will recite the prayers. But first, I must take a little refreshment. (*Begins peeling an orange.*)

Chang. Make haste, brother Liu.

Liu. (*Eats and sings : kneels and kotows.*)

O—mi—to fo—etc., etc.

Chang. Good! Good! I trust you've finished.

Liu. Boy! Go to your mistress and ask her to give you my new satin boots that are in the gilt wardrobe and bring them to me. Carry them very carefully, very gently, take care not to knock them against anything as you walk along, hold them on top of your head and bring them to me,—so.

Boy enters with the boots on his head and throws them on the floor.

You villain! I told you to handle them gently, and you throw them down like that! How dare you?

Boy. Why do you scold me? I handled them with the greatest care. How should I dare injure my master's boots? Why, I carried them as though they were eggs. How can you accuse me of carelessness?

Liu. Take care. They recognise strangers and know whether people are accustomed to wear boots or not.

Chang. They don't appear to be possessed. At least I see no signs of spirits about them: nothing except this hole here.

Liu. A hole in my boots! They were perfectly new when I put them away. The rats must have been at them. (*Takes the boots from CHANG fondly*) Ah! my boots! my poor boots! You have got to go a long journey, and in what company? (*To CHANG*) Come! Kotow!

Chang. What! Kotow to a pair of boots?

Liu. I should like to know how you're going to sacrifice without kotowing.

Chang. Well then, here goes and have done with it. (*Kneels, bowing his forehead to the ground.*)

Liu. (*Intones like a High Priest*) In all humility the offerer of the sacrifice enters and stands with bent body, humbly, humbly, this very year, this very month, this very day, this very hour. (*CHANG appears to sacrifice.*)

Chang. Yes, I, Chang—

Liu. (*Intones*) Having carefully provided the necessary incense and candles, pure and clean, he reverently sacrifices to the great God of leather, to the mighty commander of ox-hides, to the illustrious general of sheepskins, to the holy patron of dogskins. (*Chang appears to sacrifice to all these exalted spirits*) It is his wish to borrow the boots, promising to preserve them free from injury. And if he does injure them in any way he shall be cut into ten thousand pieces and die a lingering death. (*To CHANG*) Alas! poor brother, approach and accept the sacrifice. (*CHANG takes up the boots and begins to go*) Where are you going to?

Chang. The prayers and sacrifice are over, now I'm going.

Liu. Not so fast! For you to put on the boots and strain them and spoil them, before ever I've had them on myself; it isn't right.

Chang. Why not? Are they the skin of a dragon?

Liu. Although they are not literally made of dragons' skins, the materials come from a great distance.

Chang. Eh! What are they made of then?

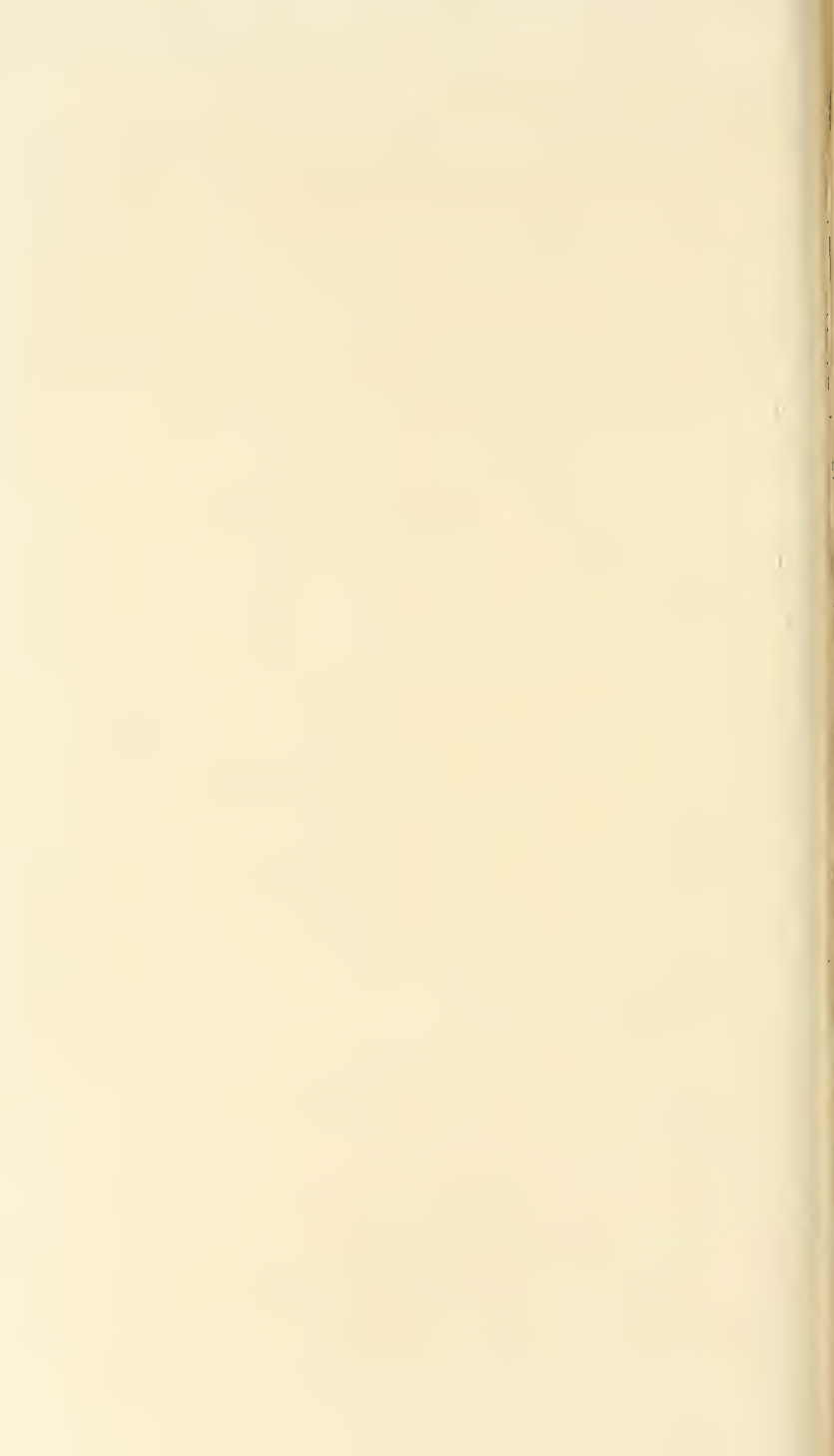
Liu. (*Sings*) Well, listen, and I'll tell you. (*Both sit.*)



Reproduced from the original drawing by the "Daily Graphic."

Prostration before the boots.

To face p. 236.



I.

The martin's skin from Liao-tung came,
 The thread from Shen-si's plains,
 Then on to Soo-chow were they sent,
 In truth we spared no pains ;
 For there a famous cobbler dwelt
 Whose name was Kin-ah-loots.
 He bound the whole with soles of felt,
 A virgin pair of boots.

Oh ! What a pair of boots.

Oh ! What a pair of boots.

Old and young their praise have sung,
 What lovely boots !

Chang. Enough ! Enough !

Liu. (*Sings*) 2.

The richest drugs were used to dye,
 The deep jet black you see.
 The hemp and silk are choicest kinds,
 Selected from Kiang-si.
 The binding round the edge, behold,
 From Yunnan's mountains came,
 And Cochin China's burnished gold
 Went to complete their fame.

Oh ! What a pair of boots ! etc., etc.

(*Encore verse*) 3.

Such boots as these were never seen
 In all the world before.
 Hark ! How their hollow sides resound
 The mighty ocean's roar.
 Their shining tops like diamonds gleam,
 Their sides like sunshine flash,
 To wear such jewels who would dream !

(*CHANG attempts to take the boots, LIU snatches them back.*)

Take care now ! Don't be rash !

Chang. Enough! Enough! there will be no difficulty, I will return them to-morrow. (*Goes away, LIU holds him back*) Let me go; I shall be late for dinner as it is. (*Both hold boots.*)

Liu. It is quite early—I want to ask you one question before you go. You are the man who has borrowed my boots, but who is the man who is going to wear them?

Chang. Why I, of course! Who else should it be?

Liu. What do you mean? It is too ridiculous. A man like you wear my boots!

Chang. I not wear them! Whom then would you have wear them?

Liu. Only a great poet or learned scholar should wear them. (*CHANG turns to go*) Stay! I have not done speaking to you and you turn to go away!

Chang. My good brother, pray do let me go and get something to eat.

Liu. It is quite early yet; think how many guests there will be. Well! take the boots and wear them! (*Enter Boy*) Here, boy, run and get the boot code!

Boy. What is a boot code? I don't know what master mean by boot code.

Liu. What do you mean, you rascal? Go and get it directly. (*BOY appears with a pile of Chinese volumes which he holds in his hands*) Now give it to Mr. Chang to take with him.

Chang. Boot code! Who ever heard of a boot code?

Liu. Yes—a Code of Laws for the management and wearing of the boots—My . . . dear . . . old friend, the rules of etiquette are often sadly neglected in the matter of boots, so I had this code drawn up to guide me whenever I should have them on. (*Sings*)

Your worthless brother so loved these boots
 That he made them a special code,
 And whoever would wear them must hold it
 in hand
 While walking along the road.

Chang. Respectable brother, I needs must say
 'Tis a most astonishing mode
 For a man to carry by night and by day
 In his hands such a wearying load.

Liu
and
Chang. Respectable brother, I needs must pray
 That you'll { carry along
 spare me at least } the code
 For { though you must
 the man who should } hold it by night
 and by day
 { 'Tis nothing at all of a
 Would stagger beneath the } load.

Chang. (*Spoken*) Well, tell me, what does the code enjoin? and be quick about it.

Liu. (*Sings*)

The code enjoins whoe'er should damage
 Soles, top, or the satin side
 He must bear the burden of it
 And the penalty abide.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And suppose I injure the tops what would be the punishment?

Liu. (*Sings*) The code enjoins if tops you injure,
 Badly beaten you shall be.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And if I tear the sides?

Liu. (*Sings*) The code most strict in that particular
 Dooms your death in agony.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And if I break the stitching?

Liu. (*Sings*) The code enjoins if stitching broken
 Thrice ten lashes you receive.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And if I wear out the soles?

Liu. (*Sings*) Upon the soles of your own feet, sir,
 Thirty thousand blows we give.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And for slight offences?

Liu. (*Sings*) The code enjoins for slight offences
 You in banishment shall sigh.

Chang. (*Spoken*) And for heavy offences?

Liu. (*Sings*) Sliced into ten thousand atoms
A lingering death by torture die.

Chang. (*Spoken*) Spare me your wretched code and
let me go.

Liu Respectable brother, I needs must pray
and That you'll { carry along } the code
Chang { spare me at least }
For { though you must } hold it by night and
{ the man who should } by day
{ It's nothing at all of a } load.
{ Would stagger beneath the }

(CHANG drops the boots and moves towards
the door.)

Liu. Where are you going, good brother ?

Chang. I'm going home ; by this time the dinner must
be nearly over.

Liu. It is still early, excellent brother. I must offend
you with one more question. Have you ever had on a
pair of black satin boots before, since you were born ?

Chang. Nonsense, brother. Do you suppose a man in
my position has never worn boots ?

Liu. Be so kind then as to tell me how you would put
them on.

Chang. Why just put my foot in and let it down with
a push, so.

Liu. (*Agitated*) With that one push all would be done
for ; let me implore you to take time and to put your
foot in gently, gently—thus—gently.

Chang. Yes, yes, I know. I'll take care of them.
(*Begins to go.*)

Liu. Stay, stay. (*Buttonholing him*) See, now! (*laugh-
ing*) the fact of your borrowing my boots admits of more
than one splendid metaphor. (*Sings, pausing to reflect
between each line.*)

It reminds me of the swineherd whom the Princess
 To-fu wedded,
 Or the gay and fragrant rose-bush in the foulest soil
 embedded,
 Or a mouldering ruin decked with gaudy weeds and
 creepers flowering,
 Or a mighty conflagration whence a phoenix rises towering,
 Or the noble eagle soaring o'er a heap of filth and
 rubbish :
 Such a parallel exists in lending boots for you to
 flourish.

Chang. Just so, just so.

Liu. (To CHANG, going) One word more, my honoured
 brother, you are going to dine now with a very rich family ;
 if you take too much wine you will be sent home in a
 carriage or on horseback. Now with one rub my boots
 will be ruined.

Chang. Well, then, what am I to do ?

Liu. I'll tell you what to do. If you ride you must
 spread a cushion over the horse's back. If you come
 home in a carriage be sure and see that there's a carpet on
 the floor. If you turn to the right or to the left, move
 gently ; mind you don't shake your head or body, or
 walk with a shuffling gait. When the dinner is over don't
 be the last to go. We have been friends all our lifetime,
 very different to the new-born friendships of a day.
 (CHANG takes up the boots quickly) Slowly, slowly, brother,
 and remember to be sure and return them quickly. If
 I had thought it possible you would delay, I should not
 have lent them to you so readily. (Exit.)

Chang. (Sings)

Did ever one see such a man ?
 I've been trying as hard as I can
 In anger and sorrow
 These boots for to borrow
 Ere away from his presence I ran.

I have wasted near half of the night
 I'm indeed in a pitiful plight
 The stingy old beggar
 I feared he would never
 Betake himself out of my sight.

I have got his old boots here at last
 Such trouble I took to obtain
 And now all this bother is past
 I'll quickly forget all my pain.

Who'd have thought I'd ha' been such a time
 Kept back by his stupid old talk !
 But I'll drown all my grief in a bumper of wine
 It is but a very short walk.

And thus can swagger I
 With a look of my eye
 Decked out in finery
 Gay like a pinery
 Bright like a vinery
 Bursting with mystery ;
 Since my nativity
 No trace of gravity
 But always suavity.

I have answers oracular,
 Manners spectacular,
 Put on the tragical,
 Play with the magical,
 Don well the comical
 Wiseacres some I call
 And if I want it, I worm out a favour by manners
 impossible.

(N.B. repeat first verse, using last for encore.)

Did ever one see such a man ?
I've been trying as hard as I can
In anger and sorrow
These boots for to borrow
Ere away from his presence I ran.

Oh! . . . Did ever one see such a man ?
I'm ready to plot and to plan
To-day or to-morrow,
To steal or to borrow
Such a clever young swell as I am.

(Skips off.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—A Rough Road in another Part of the Town.
A Wall with House in Rear.

Chang. Why! What's this? The door is shut and there are no lights. It does not look as if there were any guests here, but I will call out and see if any one will open the door. Ho, there! *(Knocks: Dog barks.)*

Voice. *(Within, behind wall)* Who is there?

Chang. It is I, Mr. Chang, come to dinner.

Voice. The guests have all gone.

Chang. You don't mean to say that, my good brother, and that I've come all this way for nothing. Can't you get me something to eat and a cup of hot wine? Do, there is a good brother.

Voice. There is nothing left. The guests have eaten everything up.

Chang. Is there no wine?

Voice. The wine has all been drunk and the wine cups are turned upside down.

Chang. Is there any tea?

Voice. The kitchen fire is out.

Chang. I am so thirsty. Couldn't you get me a cup of cold water?

Voice. There is some dirty water at the bottom of the water jars if you care to drink that.

Chang. Here's a pretty go! What am I to do?
Not a scrap to eat!
Sent by that old scold, out into the cold,
To shiver in the street!

Head. (*Appearing over wall*)
Get along, you rogue. No more of your brogue!
Pretty fellow you,
Coming here so late. Making others wait.
Go along now, do!

(CHANG and HEAD repeat above together.)

<i>Chang</i>	Here's a pretty go.	Here's a pretty go.
<i>and</i>	What am I to do?	What is he to do?
<i>Head</i>	Not a scrap to eat!	Not a scrap to eat!
	Sent by that old scold	Useless more to scold;
	Out into the cold	Stay out in the cold
(Repeat	To shiver in the street	Shiver in the street.
<i>ensemble</i>)	Oh . . . o . . . o . . . o!	Go . . . o . . . o . . . o!

Chang. Oh! These cursed boots! Hang his rotten boots!
Starving I am:
That old villain Liu! I knew it was a do!
Hideous old man! (*Shakes his fist.*)

Head. What about your boots? Hang your rotten boots.
Take yourself away.
If you don't quickly go (*dog barks*) the dog will
let you know
You cannot stay!

Chang and Head. (*Ensemble*) Here's a pretty go, etc.

Chang. (*Soliloquises*) If I hadn't borrowed this absurd pair of boots, I should not have brought myself to this position. I'm literally starving. I have barely strength to stand: I must lie down—and make a pillow of these detestable boots. Perhaps, after I have had a nap, I

shall be able to manage to walk back. (*Lies down, folding up boots for pillow.*)

(*Sings*)

I.

Time was when I ne'er felt a pang of sorrow
 Time was when I was young and innocent
 Time was when I no thought had for the morrow
 Gay as a lark I followed every bent !
 Time was when I had troops of friends in plenty,
 Well-filled my purse and gallant was my train ;
 Pockets full of money : years just twenty :
 Ah me ! Ah me ! Those times will ne'er come back
 again !

Had I no dinner—all my friends assembled
 Longed for the joy—that I with them would dine :
 Did I want money—all their pockets opened,
 And when I hungered—proffered food and wine !

2.

But now a homeless waif of mocking fortune,
 Tired out, with quaking limbs and aching bones ;
 Empty my pockets : ruin for my portion,
 Footsore ! hungry ! I slumber on the cruel stones !
 Footsore and hungry ! Ah me ! I slumber on the cruel
 stones !

(*Lies down and sleeps.*)

Boy. (*From without*) This way, master. You must walk very carefully here. (*Appears holding lantern*) Why do you go so fast ?

Liu. Get on, boy ! That Chang who borrowed my boots has never yet brought them back. I believe he is a rogue.

Boy. A tip top, number one rogue !

Liu. We must take the lantern and go out and look for him. Now, I ask, if a man borrows your boots and never brings them back, who is to blame ? He for running off with them or you for being such a fool as to lend them ? A man with no conscience reminds me of a wheel

without an axle.—How is either to get on? What is to be done with a man who proves so false? What use is such a man in the world? Ah! what a false man!—I didn't for a moment think he would prove false to a man like myself, but now I know he is unfit to be my friend. Words can't express what I feel! What words can describe my trials? I was just going to sleep when there comes a thundering rap at my door and when I call out "Who's there?" I find it is that fellow Chang come to borrow my boots. (*Very slowly*) *Now I had positively made up my mind that I would not lend them*, but I am such a good-natured old fool that I never can say No. My heart is as soft as wax and with a little flattery that fellow Chang got round me and before I knew where I was, the boots were gone.—Yes, gone—wormed out of me by that plausible scoundrel Chang—My wife too,—not that I mind her,—she lost her temper over the business, and just after bringing in the evening meal, she threw the rice on the floor, flung down the saucepan and upset the teapot. I asked her what she meant by it. "Well," she says, "this is a pretty business! You are too careful of your boots to wear them yourself, and yet you lend them to others." Now, in truth,—not that I am afraid of her, but because there is reason in what she says,—I am suffering under the most painful depression of spirits.—I can take no dinner, I can't sleep, I can think of nothing but of this wretched pair of boots, and my heart aches terribly.—Boy, hold up the lantern and let the light fall on my face. How do I look?

Boy. Ai ya! Old father, you do indeed look ill—white all over—just like one dead man.

Liu. Aye! Aye! No wonder that just now in stroking my beard I felt my chin gradually narrowed down to a point. Ah! as my face loses its fair proportions, the indignation of my heart is increased!

(*They wander up and down the stage, BOY carrying the lantern to light the road. LIU sings*)

Forced thus to wander no one I meet
 Torn from my slumber sadly I roam
 Vainly that vagabond everywhere I seek
 North, South, East and West, far from my home !
 Oh ! my poor boots What do you suffer

Worn by that villain heartless and wild,
Bis. { Maybe you're smarting trodden by that duffer,
 { Maybe you're blushing Your fair face all soiled.

Should I recover my beloved boots
 A rich votive tablet To Heaven will I raise
 Words can't express the misery I suffer
 No hope is mine in peace to end my days !
 Why did I lend ye ? Fool for my pains
 Thus to abandon the jewel of my eye

Bis. { Who now can save me ? Ah, if it rains,
 { My boots will be wetted and I shall die !

Here boy ! the lantern ! What on earth are you doing with the lantern ? You are keeping it all to yourself. Why don't you light me, you rogue ? The lantern is to light my path, not yours.

Boy. I am awfully sorry ! But why do you walk so fast ? How do you expect me to keep up with you ? See ! the road is up and under repair. Gently ! Gently ! Slowly ! Slowly ! Can't you see they're mending the road ?

Liu. Mending the road ! What do you mean, you scoundrel ? You ought to die ! Do you mean to tell me we are on a road that's being mended ? Father in Heaven ! And would my brother Chang take this road ?

Boy. Yes, master ! He must come this road.

Liu. Come this road ? Could my boots ever walk over this road ? Boy ! Run back home and whoever you find sleeping, great or small, wake them up with a good beating : and tell them to bring spades and shovels and hoes and rakes and pickaxes,—and come and mend this road and make it fit to walk on.

Boy. It's all very fine to tell me to go and find men with pickaxes and shovels to come and repair this road. But suppose Mr. Chang doesn't go home by this road; suppose he takes another road, how then? I think the best thing we can do is to go on and look for Mr. Chang.

Liu. How can I walk on and find him when the road is full of steep and dangerous precipices? How can I go forward? (*Falls, hat rolls off*) Help! Help! I've fallen down. Oh! my knees! they are bruised to a jelly—eh! What's this? (*feeling stone against which CHANG is lying*).

Boy. This is a fine way of mending a road, I call it no road at all—a regular break-neck, fall-down place.

Liu. (*On the ground*) Could my brother Chang have thought of coming along this road? Oh! My poor boots! With one knock against such a stone you would be torn to pieces. Here, boy! Come, push this stone away!

Boy. Ai ya! I can't move it.

Liu. You good-for-nothing scoundrel. You're no better than a sack of rice. Come—move it out of the way.

Boy. I can't! Oh my! My side aches all over.

Liu. You young vagabond. Here! Hold the lantern so that I can see. (*Gets up*) Boy! Uncle Chang must have turned back and gone some other way. Where can he have gone?

Boy. This is the right road for him, master.

Liu. My boots! My leather! My sides! My soles! Were they iron boots the soles would be worn through on a road like this. (*Stumbles against CHANG*) Why! What's this?

Boy. Why this is Mister Chang sound asleep here!

Chang. Who is this wants to disturb me?

Liu. Oh! You vile drunkard! you drunken defiler of good and innocent boots! 'Twas for this you borrowed them! To go and get drunk in! You vile miscreant, wearing my boots to degrade them like this. What

do you mean—to go and get so drunk and then wear my boots ?

Chang. (*Waking up*) I wearing your boots ? What ! Is the dinner ready ? Then for Heaven's sake let me go and get something to eat. I shall be too late, I fear, after being detained by that old fool Liu and his endless prattle —If I'd flown all the way I shouldn't have been in time.

Liu. But my boots ! Where are my boots ?

Chang. (*Rises*) Why ! Is it you ? You, the man who made me too late and lost me my dinner. Why ! the guests were all gone and the door was shut ! the lights were out and every one in bed. As for your infernal boots, I haven't even had them on.

Liu. Not had them on ! Why, what do you mean ? Bring the light here, boy, and let me look. (*Takes up the boots : BOY lifts up the lantern*) Why, that's true. He's never had them on. Well, that is good of you, my dear brother. I'll take them back now and give them a good cleaning. (*Goes—CHANG catches hold of him—he returns and they sing final duet.*)

Chang. Next time I come to visit you
You miserly old drone
You'd better stay behind the door
And keep within your home.

Liu. Next time you come and want my boots
Just treat them like your own
They're hanging up behind the door
Too glad with you to roam !
(*They repeat the above verses together.*)

Chang. You mean old cur, you lying sneak
You wizen-faced old fiend
Of borrowing boots of you, my dear,
I'm once for ever weaned.

Liu. Now, brother Chang, dear brother Chang,
Thou knowest I love thee well
Friends have we been for twenty years
Don't let us break the spell!

Chang. Another time! Another time!
Barefoot I'll go to dine.
By waiting for your horrid boots,
I've lost both food and wine!

Liu. Another time! Another time!
My boots with glee I'll lend
All that I have, on thee dear Chang,
Most willingly I'd spend!

(*Together*)

Chang. I never shall forget it, Liu,
That when I went to dine
Thou kepst me haggling for thy boots
And spoilt my rest and *thine*!

Liu. I love thee, Chang, my dearest friend,
All that I have is thine
Sorry I am, indeed, dear Chang,
Thou wast too late to dine!

THE END.

“PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT, OR THE LOVERS' VENGEANCE”

A Comedy in Two Acts, written by Archibald Little, in imitation of the Chinese style.

Of the eight characters enumerated it may be noted five never appear, being marked absent.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHUN-HEE (“Joy of Spring”).—An Orphan, in love with
FOO-KWEI. (*Absent.*)

CHANG.—A Retired Official: his Uncle and Guardian.

TUNG.—A Disgraced Official: Cousin of Chang—fifth removed.

Tsow.—Master of Junk trading between Canton and the North. (*Absent.*)

LEE-FOO.—Chief of the Brigands in the Province of Shantung. (*Absent.*)

HSING.—A Wealthy Merchant: Suitor for the hand of
FOO-KWEI. (*Absent.*)

KUNG-LEE.—Servant to CHANG. (*Absent.*)

FOO-KWEI (“The Fortunate”).—Daughter of TUNG.

Sailors, Soldiers, Messengers, Peasants, etc.

ACT I

Interior of CHANG'S House in Canton.

ACT II

Romantic glen on the coast of Shantung in North China.

CHANG.—In first Act, handsomely but plainly dressed : in second Act, in dirty and torn calico suit—jacket and trousers—pig-tail wound round head, bare feet in sandals.

TUNG.—In first Act, in poor plain clothes : in second Act, in handsome white silk gown with red sash, soldier's straw hat—afterwards puts on official jacket and exchanges straw for official hat.

FOO-KWEI.—In first Act, blue calico jacket and trousers, bare feet, hair loose, tied at nuque with red coral : in second Act, handsomely attired in embroidered silks with elaborate head-dress.

SAILORS.—Blue calico jackets and trousers with turbans.

SOLDIERS.—White calico jackets, trousers hem embroidered blue key pattern, red circular discs on chests with name of regiment in white Chinese characters—wide flat straw hats.

PEASANTS.—Dirty white calico jackets, trousers and turbans.

MESSENGERS.—Blue calico suits, red sashes and turbans.

PROLOGUE

CHINESE plays have, as you know, the mere skeleton of a plot. The piece we are about to present to you has more plot than usual, but still it depends principally on the dialogue for interest.

The piece was written in the active age of Chinese literature that succeeded the Manchu conquest in the seventeenth century.

We intended originally to produce it in the Chinese language, but feared it might prove tedious, so have had it specially adapted in the vulgar tongue for this performance.

We must apologise for the non-appearance of the principal character, the hero of the piece, CHUN-HEE : he is unfortunately confined to his room.

The Master of the Junk is also prevented from coming on : owing to the smallness of our stage, we could not bring the Junk on and thus have been compelled to abandon the most effective scene in the Play. With his sailors occupied on shore, Master Tsow naturally declined to leave his vessel.

Old Mr. HSING promised to appear, but sent an excuse at the last moment, owing to his age and infirmities.

The servant, KUNG-LEE, too,—we were disappointed in the actor who had promised to take this part : and all the threats and imprecations of his master fail to bring him to the proof.

We trust that with all these shortcomings our Play may still interest you as a faithful picture of Chinese life and manners at the present day.

ACT I

SCENE.—Room, plainly furnished, with table and two chairs, folding screen, R.

Foo-kwei. (*Enter L. Agitated*) Well! Here I am! If I don't make haste, I shall be too late to get home and prepare the rice and tea.—Oh! What an unlucky girl I am!—Father, always complaining of his loss of fortune and poor me to do all the household drudgery! But Chun-hee loves me, or life would be unendurable; and he does love me, poor as I am, and I do love him or I shouldn't be here, risking to be found out in old Chang's house, and disgraced for ever should he or my Father know it.—Poor Chun-hee, his Uncle keeps a watch upon him and won't let him out of the house. He can't come to me, so has begged me to run across and see him here, that he may tell me of his plan for our elopement. Oh! How I tremble! But, there is nothing to fear. I can get home by the back door, the same way I came in and nobody will see me. (*Steps heard*) Ah! Here he comes!—No! It is the old man. 'Tis Chang himself! What shall I do? Heaven save me if I am discovered! Oh,

Chun-hee, Chun-hee, what have I not risked for your sake ! Quick, or it will be too late. I must hide here. (*Hides behind screen.*)

Chang. (*Enter R. U. E.*) That obstinate boy ! I can do nothing with him.—But he shan't have his own way. I'll let him see who's master. I've locked him up in his room and I won't let him out till he does what I tell him. Here he is nineteen years of age and only just passed his first examination and now he wants to spoil his career by marrying that chit Foo-kwei, a girl without a penny. It's true, her reckless old father was once my best friend, but obstinate as a mule, and, now that the Emperor has cashiered him, he has nothing to live on, one and all owing to his stupid honesty. Three years magistrate of this city and never feathered his nest as he might have done and as any sensible official would have done in his place. I've no patience with the old fool, and, if he comes begging to me again, I'll pretty quick send him to the right about. Why here he is!—The old reprobate !

Foo-kwei. (*From screen*) What ! Chun-hee's guardian !

Tung. (*Enter L.*) Good-morning, my dear friend ! Why, you are up quite early ! I hardly expected to have the luck to find you !

Chang. Delighted to see you, I am sure ! Sit down ! (*They sit*) I knew some dear old friend must be coming, for a spider dropped down from the ceiling into my cup as I was having my early tea :—an infallible omen !—And now, tell me, dear friend, how are you getting on ? Is there anything I can do for you ? You'll stop to dinner, won't you ?

Tung. No, thanks ! But how are you yourself ? You don't seem quite the thing this morning !

Chang. Oh ! I am so worried with Chun-hee,—that good-for-nothing nephew of mine. What did his father go and die for and leave that young cub upon my hands. I want him to go back to continue his studies, but the young fool must needs fall in love and insists on stopping on here ; but I'll soon find means to bring him to reason.

If he marries without my consent, he will never get a penny of his money, and when he does marry, I'm going to choose his wife for him !

Tung. Quite right, my friend ! These youngsters are always making fools of themselves. But, who may the girl be that's keeping him here ?

Chang. I don't know, and I don't care. He won't tell me, and indeed it is of no consequence, for I shall pack him off at once, and never let him have a chance of seeing her again, whoever she is. (*They sip tea.*)

Foo-kwei. (*Appears from behind screen, aside*) Oh dear ! What an unhappy business this is ! I shall never see him again !

Tung. Don't worry yourself, though children are an awful nuisance. There's that girl of mine, Foo-kwei. Ever since her mother died, I have had no peace. I intend to marry her off as soon as I can. Old Mr. Hsing will take her and pay me a good round sum for her. In fact, he is coming to see me this evening to discuss the matter, and I shall try and hurry the wedding before she gets into more mischief.

Foo-kwei. (*As before*) Oh dear ! Oh dear ! What will become of me ?

Chang. I am delighted to hear it. When she is gone, you can come and live with me. You know my house and everything that I have is always at your disposal.

Tung. I knew I could rely on your kindness, dear friend !

Chang. Kindness !—The kindness is on your side,—to take compassion on a lonely old widower like myself. But to what do I owe the fortunate circumstance of your visit this morning ? Come, do not be bashful !—What is it you want with me ? Is there anything I can do for you ?—You know my house, my purse, all that I have is as much yours as mine. You have only to ask !

Tung. No ! No ! I merely called to enquire how you were, dear Chang—I should be ashamed to avail myself of such kindness—though, of course, at times, a little help comes very acceptable. (*Sips tea.*)

Chang. (*Aside*) The old villain! I guessed what he was up to. One would think he had the impudence to take my offer seriously. (*Sips tea.*)

Foo-kwei. (*As before*) They'll never have done at this rate! I must run home and come back later and tell Chun-hee what I have heard. (*Exit across back of stage, L.*)

Tung. Well, to tell the truth, dear friend, I came to ask you to lend me fifty dollars to entertain Mr. Hsing with.

Chang. (*Rising impetuously, aside*) You brazen-faced impostor! You know well enough I have nothing. (*To TUNG*) Well, that is cool! It's money you want?

Tung. Surely a trifle, like this, won't hurt you.

Chang. (*Standing up*) A trifle indeed! Did you come here on purpose to insult me?

Tung. (*Rises*) I insult you! Dear friend, be calm, and listen to me.

Chang. I won't listen to a word, so the sooner you are gone the better, and don't let me ever see your face again!

Tung. All right! Don't alarm yourself! I'm going! I see you have made up your mind not to oblige me. But this I must say that it's base ingratitude on your part, neighbour Chang, after all my great-grandfather did for yours!—I'm astonished at you!

Chang. Don't talk about my great-grandfather! Where would yours have been if mine hadn't given him his daughter in marriage? Why you yourself would never have been born!

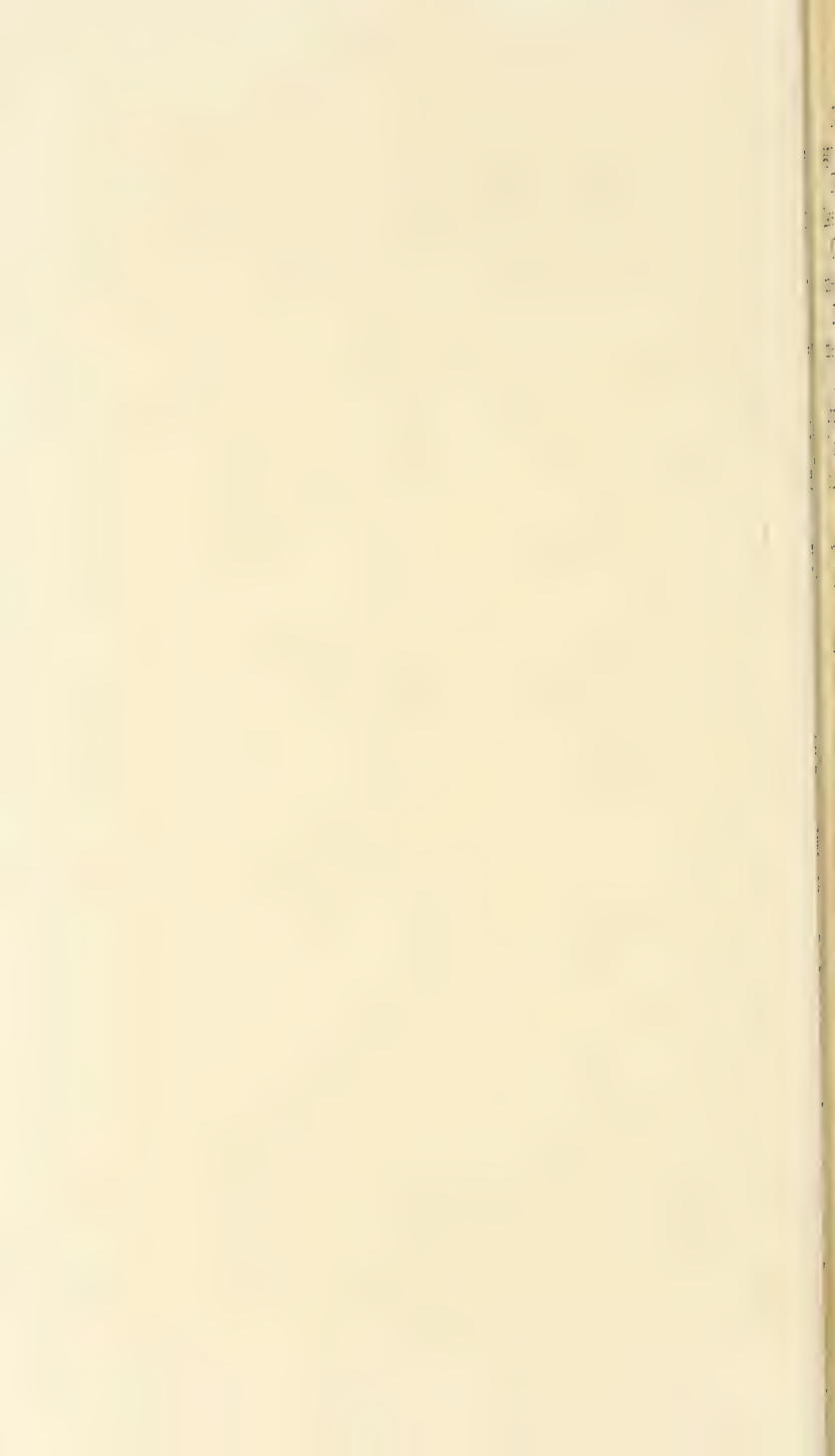
Tung. No, and I wish to Heaven I never had been: better never have been born than have one's feelings shocked in this way.

Chang.—Feelings, indeed! I should think a man who wants to dip his hands into his neighbour's pockets had no feelings.

Tung. What language from a man who is my cousin by marriage five times removed. If you go on in this way, I shall be driven to hang myself.



Literary official reviewing troops in West China : note in the background, the standing officers and the long trumpets.



Chang. Would to God you had hung yourself long ago. Coming here in this way to worry me.

Tung. 'Tis you are the worry!—To treat your relations like this!

Chang. Fine relations indeed! To run up debts which they can't pay.

Tung. Well, it's only a trifle I ask—don't be hard on me, Cousin! (*Sits.*)

Chang. (*They sit*) It is no use wasting your time attempting impossibilities. Why! You seem to think I am rolling in wealth, whereas you know that nothing but the strictest economy enables me to live as I do.

Tung. You can't deceive me! (*Rises*) You're a selfish old miser, and I'll never come near you any more. (*Going.*)

Chang. (*Rises*) No! No! You mustn't go from me like that, dear Cousin,—You know I was only joking and that I am ready to make any sacrifice to oblige you.

Tung. (*Returning*) Ah! That is spoken more like my old friend, Chang,—I always said you were one of the best-natured fellows living.

Chang. And so I'll prove myself. Come, sit down and let us talk it over. (*They sit again as before, CHANG R. TUNG L.*) Is it only fifty dollars you want?

Tung. That's all.—Just to tide me over the new year.

Chang. Well, then, you shall have it at once,—I'll send it you.

Tung. Couldn't you oblige me with it now? Mr. Hsing is coming to-night.

Chang. Bother Mr. Hsing, I want to oblige you, what care I for old Hsing?

Tung. Old Hsing! Names, my dear Cousin! don't speak ill of my best friend.

Chang. I speak ill of nobody, but when you thrust this Hsing of yours down my throat, it is hard to keep one's temper.

Tung. Well, well! Lose your temper if you like, but let me have the fifty dollars,—I must be going.

Chang. I have already told you I'll send you the money, but the truth is, I've none in the house. In fact, I shall be compelled to wait till I get my rents in.

Tung. Then you positively won't oblige me?

Chang. Not won't,—but can't,—my dear friend.

Tung. But you must,—you promised me!

Chang. So I did, most certainly—and I will keep my promise, but at my own time.

Tung. I never thought you would have been so ill-natured.

Chang. Who is ill-natured?

Tung. (*Going*) Why, you!

Chang. (*Both rise*) Be careful what you say or you'll repent it.

Tung. Yes, indeed! I'll repent ever having come here.

Chang. Stay, stay! One moment, dear Cousin!

(*They return from L. and come down stage. Enter Foo-kwei L.*)

Foo-kwei. (*Aside*) Now I can be off: No! They're still at it! The horrid old miser! I must wait and hide again. (*Hides.*)

Tung. Well?

Chang. I tell you, I'll send you the money at once, I will make any sacrifice to oblige a dear old friend like you.

Tung. Then you'll let me have the money to-day—You are indeed my good old friend, Chang! I knew you would not leave me in the lurch.

Chang. Of course not. You shall have it by sundown. Trust me.

Tung. Then I may rely on you. Good-bye!

Chang. (*Stopping TUNG'S salute*) Don't go yet. I have just ordered a pig to be killed in your honour. Dinner will be ready in an hour or two's time.

Tung. Thanks, thanks!—But I must really go. (*Aside*) The mean, lying brute!

Chang. If you must go then, take my sedan-chair. The bearers will be in directly.

Tung. No! No! I can walk. I should be ashamed to give you more trouble after all the kindness you have shewn me this morning.

Chang. Well then, good-bye, if you can't wait. And don't forget if ever you want help, come to me!

Tung. (*Exeunt L. saluting*) No! No! I know the way. I really couldn't presume!

Foo-kwei. (*Comes forward*) Now to find Chun-hee!— I thought they would never have done!—So, I'm to marry that hideous old Mr. Hsing. Never, if I drown myself first! Quick! if father gets back and finds me gone out, I shall never be able to leave the house again. Now to find Chun-hee's room!

(*Advances to go off R. U. E. Steps heard, rushes behind screen.*)

Chang. Thank goodness! He is off the premises! It was the only way to get rid of him without a scene. To come begging to me with his stupid old stories. Marrying his daughter to Mr. Hsing indeed, I don't believe a word of it! What a worry it is!—Then there's that wretched nephew of mine. He's always up to some trick, but I've got him safely under lock and key (*produces key*), and he shan't get out until I send him straight off to Peking. But how to get him there? He won't go quietly so I shall have to use force. Ah! I have it! I'll have him kidnapped and carried off to Tsow's junk which sails for the North to-morrow. I'll be even with him. I'll go and make arrangements at once. Tsow shall send his men here to carry him off, and if he gets drowned so much the better, I should be rid of him once for all, and get his money into the bargain. Half measures are no use with a young fool head over ears in love. (*Exit L.*)

Foo-kwei. Oh! This is too dreadful! How lucky, though, I was here and overheard him! I must go and tell Chun-hee at once. He's clever and may perhaps find

out some plan to baffle his uncle's treachery. But how am I to get to him? Impossible to get hold of the key! Ah, there is the verandah window. There's nobody about! I'll soon manage it. (*Runs off R.*) (*CHANG enters L.*)

Chang. I've sent for Tsow, and as soon as he comes I'll arrange for that ungrateful boy to be carried off. There is that old Tung too, I'll send a message to Court and get him appointed to a post on the savage frontier and so rid myself of him. (*Sits*) Then perhaps I shall have some peace at last. What with that old fellow constantly begging of me (and I can't in decency be always refusing him) and that pickle of a boy always disobeying me, I am getting quite ill and losing my appetite. It is hard to be worried to death in this way. However, I shall be rid of Chun-hee directly, and it won't be so very long before I get old Tung out of the way also. Why,—one would think a rich man had nothing to do but to provide for his poor relations. Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm getting quite ill! The doctor told me I must give up all excitement if I wish to get well, and here I am, constantly excited from morning to night. Surely at my age a man has a right to be tranquil, and I'm determined I will be tranquil, come what may. I'll follow the sages of old, and make tranquillity my goddess, but it's a terrible strain meanwhile. (*Rises*) Where's Tsow? He ought to have been here long before this and I've many directions to give him, for that boy Chun-hee is a sharp young fellow, and I shall never feel safe until he is fast on board the junk. I must go, and look for Tsow at once. Oh, my poor heart, my poor heart! This agitation is killing me! (*Exit L.*) (*Enter FOO-KWEI R.*)

Foo-kwei. I've seen him and he has a capital plan which will save us both,—he'll get his old miserly uncle carried off in his place. Oh! I wish I could let Chun-hee out. As it is, I, poor girl, have got to manage the whole business and, if it doesn't succeed, there's an end to my happiness. But, where there's a will there's a way, so courage, Foo-kwei, courage! And now to way-

lay Tsow and persuade him to help us. (*Takes out document*) Here's Chun-hee's promise to pay him ten thousand silver dollars if he'll kidnap Mr. Chang, and keep him on board a whole year or the time of his voyage to the North and back. Meanwhile we shall have had time to get married and escape to some remote province where no one can find us. Oh Love! Love! Give me courage to act and a soft tongue to talk over Tsow and bribe him to this daring act. Oh! How glad I shall be when it is all over! Now to find Tsow and intercept him before he can see Mr. Chang. (*Exit L. U. E.*) (*Enter CHANG L. long pipe in hand.*)

Chang. It's all right. Tsow will be here with his men directly, and then, my young cub, your business will be settled. He's safely locked up and I have only to give the sailors the key to his room and they'll soon make short work of him. (*Quickly*) I wonder what's keeping Tsow so long.—However, it's no use exciting myself, I'll send him a note to hurry him, (*writes note*) and I'll sit down here quietly and wait till he comes, (*sits R. and fills long bamboo pipe*) Here Boy! Boy!! Come here, you rascal. Come and take this note and light my pipe. Do you hear me? Boy! Boy!! Boy!!!—what the deuce is the matter with them all? Vile set of rascals! I'll have them all bamboosed (*rises*)—But stay! (*Enter SAILORS, dissembling*) I'm exciting myself again. Kung-hee! Kung-hee!! Come here, you villain! Kung-hee! Kung-hee!! Oh! You rogue! You shall have 500 strokes if you die for it! But I mustn't excite myself. Oh, my poor heart! I'll be calm—quite calm—Kung-hee! Kung-hee!! I say!—(*Turns round and perceives Sailors, who rush upon him.*)

Foo-kwei. (*L.*) Seize him! Quick! There he is! Have no mercy on him! Down with him! That's right! Bind him fast. (*Sailors throw CHANG down and bind him. FOO-KWEI takes key from his pocket in triumph.*) Saved! Saved!!

CURTAIN. END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE.—Romantic glen on the coast of Shantung.

Foo-kwei. (*Enter L. leading Shantung terrier*) What a fine day after the storm! Oh! How I do enjoy this beautiful country in summer time—But what a gale we had yesterday—a regular typhoon: two of the oaks in the avenue blown right over, and the ground all strewn with branches. How lucky we were to have such a quick and prosperous voyage! Why, here comes Father; quite another man since we left Canton and came to this charming place. Good-morning, dear Father—Have you come out to enjoy this lovely day?

Tung. (*Enter L. attended by two Soldiers*) Yes, my darling and this is the first day I have had any leisure to look about me ever since we arrived. How well you look in your new dress! Ah! If Chun-hee could see you now he wouldn't know you again.

Foo-kwei. Ah! poor Chun-hee! I wonder whether he has safely arrived in Peking. I think, father, you might have let him marry me at once, as he wanted. Supposing Mr. Chang should turn up and prevent our marriage after all. You know what an obstinate, disagreeable old fellow he is, and he is Chun-hee's guardian and can compel him to do what he likes.

Tung. No fear that he will cross our plans now, although Chun-hee did play him a scurvy trick and I wonder he could have ventured on such a bold scheme.

Foo-kwei. Well, father, he was driven to it in order to save himself, but (*affectionately*) you ought to have let us profit by his manœuvre at once and get married before Mr. Chang could get back again.

Tung. (*Severely*) My dear girl, you will not marry Chun-hee with my consent against his uncle's wishes. After the way Mr. Chang treated me, I am not going to put it in his power to say that I forced my daughter on his rich ward.

Foo-kwei. What shall I do then? Am I never to see Chun-hee again? Unhappy girl that I am! (*Weeps.*)

Tung. Be patient, my child. When Chang finds out that his plans to ruin me have failed and that his drawing the attention of the Emperor upon me has resulted in my recall to office, I feel sure he will relent only too gladly.

Foo-kwei. I wish I were as sure of that as you are, father. Now that you have made this and Chun-hee's return to his studies conditions of our marriage, I feel as if it would never come off.

Tung. In a year all will be well. Chun-hee will have taken his degree and be ready for office, and then you can marry to the satisfaction of everybody.

Foo-kwei. Yes. But how about Mr. Chang? He will never get reconciled to Chun-hee after the way he has been treated.

Tung. When he learns the change in our condition and knows that I have been restored to my command, he will soon get reconciled to the match and forgive the indignity to which his nephew has subjected him.

Foo-kwei. Ah yes! I only wish everything were settled. Mr. Chang is a time-serving toady. I wonder what has become of *him*. It is now three months since he was carried off and no news has been heard of Tsow's junk yet. I can't help thinking he may have somehow reached Peking and may now be plotting something to injure us.

Tung. Don't give way to these idle fears! The little influence he once possessed at court will be all gone since the fiasco he made in denouncing me to the Emperor.

Foo-kwei. Mr. Chang is sly and patient and once in Peking will manage to trump up some charge against you. At least he is sure to try and get poor Chun-hee punished for his disobedience. We have no news either of him or of Chun-hee and I tremble at the thought of what may happen.

Tung. Let the future alone, my daughter; try to enjoy the change in our circumstances and make the most

of this fine weather while it lasts. I must return, my child, and attend at the Yamên.—Good-bye for the present ; you will be in to breakfast. (*Exit L.*)

Foo-kwei. Ah ! If I could only see Chun-hee again, or hear from him what he is doing ;—but in this solitude I have only my own dark thoughts for company. (*Retires up stage, afterwards starts on perceiving CHANG and conceals herself behind tree.*)

Chang. (*Enters R. in rags*) Oh ! How my bones ache ! My poor heart ! I shall never enjoy tranquillity now until death puts an end to my troubles. And I might as well die here as anywhere. Better to be drowned at sea and be food for fishes, than to perish miserably of starvation and have one's unburied ghost wandering about to all eternity. For starve I must, amidst these desolate mountains, nothing but rocks and stones. Oh ! That wretch Chun-hee. I wish to heaven I had never bothered myself about him. That boy has been the torment of my life ever since my poor brother died and left him to my charge. To me, his adopted father, he has behaved as a parricide and he shall die a parricide's death. Yes, Yes ! I will make my way to Peking and have him punished by the lingering death the law awards to parricides (*Sits down on rock.*)

Foo-kwei. (*Aside*) Oh ! What is to be done now ? Chang come back ! Poor Chun-hee ! His vindictive old uncle will catch him after all. (*Retires to tree.*)

Chang. How to get to Peking ?—Before we were wrecked, old Tsow said we were off Shantung and that once round the promontory we should be safe. But that ill-starred junk never rounded the point and we got blown ashore in the night and we lost everything. It seems I am the only one who got ashore alive—saved ! but everything gone beyond the clothes I slept in. Luckily I have a few dollars safe in my girdle and they will carry me to Peking though it be 300 long miles to get there. (*Rises*) Thank Heaven, I am alive ; though I verily believe that villain Chun-hee bribed the master to drown me, and now old

Tsow is drowned himself and I am saved. Yes, saved for vengeance—but how to get on? In this dress I shall be seized as a rogue and a vagabond, and who will believe my story? Oh! my poor heart! This excitement will be the death of me. Oh, Chun-hee! You wretch, you shall pay for this! You thought you had got your old uncle safely out of the way. You little thought I should ever come upon you again. Oh! won't he be startled when I come and break in on his honeymoon and lead him off to death! Death alone is too good for him. He shall be sliced in pieces first. A nice honeymoon it will be, indeed (*rubbing his hands*). But meanwhile, I am worn out. Where to get some food without being driven from the door? (*Sits down.*)

Foo-kwei. Ah! Let him starve!

(*Enter two Peasants R. Cross stage: scream on perceiving CHANG and retire precipitately L.*)

Chang. There! They already take me for a Shantung brigand—Stay, my friends, stay! It is no use, they are off—no wonder, in these rags and my hair three months unshorn (*feels his forehead*). Oh! This excitement will kill me and I am still all wet through (*wrings his clothes*). I'll lie down here in the sun and rest awhile. (*Lying down.*)

Foo-kwei. (*Comes forward*) To think of the old villain turning up on this spot! What shall I do? Oh! Chun-hee! Why are you not here to help me? But I must act again for both of us. How shall I manage it? If my father finds out who it is, his good-nature will be imposed upon and he will let Chang go and we shall be destroyed. I would kill him now if I dared, the wretch! as he lies there sleeping. Ye Gods! Come to my aid and inspire me what to do. Poor Chun-hee, to die a lingering death! Never! while thy faithful Foo-kwei is here to defend thee. (*Goes up to CHANG*) He sleeps—now or never is my time. But what can I do? If I leave him here he may awake and be gone before I return

with aid. Kill him? No! That I cannot do. Oh, Heaven! aid me! (*Kneels.*)

Tung. (*Attended by Soldiers*) My daughter, and on her knees! What means this?

Foo-kwei. (*Rising*) Is that you, my father? I was praying to Heaven that our present happiness might last, for the gods are jealous and our change of fortune may come to an end as suddenly as it appeared to us.

Tung. Why these constant fears? What have we to dread? I am fully restored to favour. The province is tranquil but for the robber-bands I am commissioned to put down. They have long infested the province, but a firm hand will soon make an end of them. They are nearly all disposed of already, and if I can arrest their chief, the notorious Lee-foo, my task will be ended and rewards will follow. But come, my child, we must go in to breakfast. (*Turns to go.*)

Foo-kwei. (*Aside*) Good Heaven! My prayer is answered: I have it—Chang must be turned into the robber chief.

Tung. Come along, child; we will go in now.

Foo-kwei. Stay, father! Stay! Did I not hear that the robber chief was hiding in these woods?

Tung. Yes, my child, and they are all surrounded by my men.

Foo-kwei. But he may hide and tire them out and then escape, and then you will be held responsible and again degraded.

Tung. Why these fears beyond your age? Leave these matters to me and enjoy in peace the respite the gods have granted us. My measures are all taken and I have no fear of the result. (*Turns to go.*)

Foo-kwei. Father! believe me, I saw a robber-looking man here just now. Suppose it were Lee-foo; if he is hiding in these woods *it must be he!*

Tung. Nonsense, child! He would never show himself by daylight.

Foo-kwei. He passed and never saw me—See!—He is sleeping here. It is Lee-foo and no other.

Tung. By my stars, you are right. (*To Soldiers*) Quick! Seize him! Search him!

Chang. Let me be! A poor shipwrecked mariner—Villains, unhand me! (*Throws off the Soldiers and in doing so his girdle breaks loose and dollars fall on the stage: the Soldiers draw their swords, run after him and seize him again and throw him down on his knees.*)

Tung. Hold him fast!—Alive or dead he must be ours. (*Soldier makes as though to cut off his head*) Spare his life—Don't kill him yet.

Chang. (*Aside*) This must be the bandit chief Lee-foo. (*To TUNG*) Who art thou? If thou be Lee-foo I will pay thee a big ransom to let me go.

Tung. A poor mariner and pay a big ransom. Loaded with dollars—It is indeed Lee-foo himself. Confess, villain!

Chang. Confess to what? They are strangling me already. I tell you I'll pay you well.

Tung. Yes. Pay us from your ill-gotten gains: the plunder of murdered women and children. If I had my way you would not live another hour, but the Emperor's orders must be obeyed and you will be reserved for the fate you deserve.

Chang. The Emperor's orders! You are no brigand? Who then are you?

Tung. Tung, Captain of the Imperial forces in Shantung.

Chang. (*Aside*) What, Tung! Then I am undone! (*Falls on his knees to TUNG*) Have patience, your Excellency, and I will explain all.

Tung. Yes, you had better confess at once and trust to the Emperor's mercy. The death by slow torture you deserve may be commuted into simple crucifixion.

Chang. (*Aside*) Oh, Horror! (*To TUNG*) My lord, you are mistaken, listen to me. I am an official myself, native of Canton. I am no bandit.

Tung. A poor shipwrecked mariner! A Canton official! What next! Away with him!

Foo-kwei. That is well done, father! Do not listen to the rogue. Carry him off to the Yamên, and examine him there at your leisure. (*Aside*) Oh! How am I to end the dilemma! Chang will explain all and we shall be ruined. Delay is my only chance.

1st *Mes.* (*Enter L.*) A letter, my Lord, from Peking.

(*CHANG continues to groan and kotow.*)

Tung. (*Taking letter*) Why this is from Chun-hee, my child! See!—He writes from Peking, only a week ago.

Foo-kwei. Chun-hee!—Quick!—What does he say?

Chang. (*Aside*) Chun-hee! My villain nephew! Oh! The rogue! What means this?

Tung. (*Unfolding letter*) “To my esteemed and revered father:—His Excellency Tung, Provincial Governor, Commanding the Imperial forces in Shantung, decorated with the insignia of the Green Dragon, Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, etc.”

Chang. (*Aside*) Impossible! Can this be my old neighbour Tung?

Tung. Provincial Governor! Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent! Can I believe my eyes?

Foo-kwei. What can he mean?

Chang. Old Tung raised to Provincial Governor!

Foo-kwei. Read on! Read on!

Tung. “I arrived in the capital safely on the 9th day of the 3rd moon and took up my quarters in the West suburb, where I am now preparing for the autumn examinations. I take the opportunity to send you news of myself by the Imperial Messenger who sets out by express post to-morrow morning to convey to you, as I hear, the Emperor’s acknowledgment of your success in extirpating the robber band of the notorious Lee-foo and creating you Governor of Shantung.”

Chang. Governor of Shantung!!

Tung. “ and Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent.”

Foo-kwei. (*Pleased*:—CHANG astonished—*Clasping her hands*) Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent!!!

Tung. “ How this good news delights your poor son, I am at a loss to express by letter. How has Fortune smiled on you at last!—but believe me, it is with deep pain and remorse I look back on the action I took in regard to my uncle Chang—”

Chang. (*Aside*) The rogue professes remorse!

Tung. “ in kidnapping the old man and sending him to sea, possibly to meet a miserable death. Master Tsow’s junk is now six weeks overdue and with the typhoon now raging I much fear some disaster has occurred and that my uncle’s unburied ghost will haunt me and prevent the happiness I look forward to in making Foo-kwei my bride and that his evil genius will stand in my path at the coming examinations. I pray Heaven daily to spare his life and save me from the consequences of my rash and unfilial conduct.”

Chang. (*Aside*) The boy regrets his villainy after all!

Tung. “ Believe me I can never rest until I know what has happened to my poor uncle. Oh! Why did he oppose our marriage and drive me to this desperate act? ”

Chang (*Aside*) I don’t disapprove the marriage. Why didn’t the young fool say she was a rich mandarin’s daughter?

Tung. “ Remind your beloved daughter Foo-kwei of my eternal devotion to her, and believe in my constant honour and respect to my revered father.

“ Dated the 30th day of the 4th moon of the 12th year of the reign of Kang-hsi.

“ Signed CHUN-HEE.”

Chang. (*Aside*) Can this be Tung?

Tung. And to-day is the fifth of the fifth moon,—a most fortunate day! (*To Messenger*) But where is the Imperial decree?

1st Mes. The Messenger attends with it in the Yamên, —awaiting your Excellency’s auspicious glance.

Tung. Send him here at once. (*Exit Messenger L.*)

Chang. Who would ever have thought it? My plans of vengeance are in vain. He is now the Emperor's favourite. The game is up. I had better submit to fate.

Foo-kwei. Oh! My dear father! We have waited long, but your merit is at last acknowledged as it deserves. To think that the machinations of that villainous Chang should have been the means of bringing you again into the Emperor's notice! How he would be astonished if he knew how his plans had miscarried!

Chang. (*Aside*) Astonished indeed! (*To TUNG*) My Lord! My Lord! Do you not know me?

Tung. (*Turning round*) Ah! I had almost forgotten our prisoner—Away with him to the Yamên!

(*CHANG struggles and appeals to FOO-KWEI.*)

Foo-kwei. Listen, father! On this happy day, let justice be tempered with mercy. Hear what he has to say.

Chang. Yes, hear me! I will explain all!

Tung. The rogue is at his old tricks; it is some plan to escape. I will hear him in Court and get him identified by his accomplices.

Chang. (*Aside*) The villains will identify me to save themselves. (*Aloud*) Foo-kwei, my darling Foo-kwei, hear me!

Foo-kwei. A fine idea for a robber chief like you to call me by name. Think of the homes you have laid bare and the lives you have destroyed. You had better repent and confess your crimes and throw yourself on the Emperor's mercy.

Chang. Foo-kwei, dear Foo-kwei! You know it is I, Chang—your kind neighbour who always loved you and favoured your match.

Foo-kwei. Now I know it is indeed not Mr. Chang, for that hard-hearted man did his best to ruin us, and nothing but the interposition of kind Heaven itself saved us from utter destruction.

Tung. (Who, meanwhile, has been conversing aside with one of the Soldiers while the other Soldier keeps guard over CHANG.) Don't waste time talking to the wretch! It will lead to nothing! He must soon meet his deserts.

Chang. Save me, Foo-kwei! That I may give my blessing on your marriage with my beloved nephew. (Kotows, FOO-KWEI smiles.)

1st Mes. (Enter R. excited) My Lord! My Lord! you are wanted at the Yamên. Lee-foo has been caught and the whole gang is now in our hands.

Tung. Lee-foo caught and in prison! Why, we have just arrested him here! It must be some other of the gang!

1st Mes. No, your Excellency! It is he himself! His accomplices recognised him at once.

Tung. Then whom have we here? Speak, you villain!

Chang. If your Excellency will deign to listen to a poor unhappy half-drowned wretch! Believe me! I am your old neighbour and dearly-loving cousin Chang.

Tung. (Starts) Chang! Is it possible?

Chang. I am no thief but an honest official. I set sail from Canton three months back, intending to proceed to the capital. It had always pained me to see an official of your Excellency's worth living in enforced retirement.

Foo-kwei. (Aside) The old humbug!

Chang. And I had determined to risk the voyage in the hope of bringing your merits to the Emperor's notice: but I see I have been happily forestalled. . . .

Tung. It is he indeed. I should never have recognised him. (To Soldiers) Let him go. (To CHANG) I am indeed sorry to see you in this plight. Come home with us and I will have you properly provided for. (To FOO-KWEI) Come along, my child. (Turns to go.)

2nd Mes. My Lord! Here is the Imperial Edict you sent for me to bring, together with the robes and insignia of the Green Dragon presented to you by

His Majesty. (*Kneeling and holding out the edict and insignia case reverentially.*)

Tung. (*Kneels to receive the edict, rises, and hands it to Attendants*) Open it out. Let us read it.

Chang. Ah, dear Foo-kwei! I can't tell you what pleasure it gives me to see you looking so well—and your dear father too. I am so glad I have been able to help him. You don't know how sorry I felt to see you so badly off in Canton.

Foo-kwei. Let me be! I wish I had never known you. You did your best to ruin my poor father, and Chun-hee might have been drowned for all you cared.

Chang. You misjudge me, Foo-kwei. If I had known how charming you were, I should not have hesitated to let Chun-hee marry you at once, but he never would confide in me.

Foo-kwei. No, I should think not when he knew you were only anxious to get rid of him. Why did you not let him go to Peking by land?

Chang. I wanted to give him time to reflect. There is nothing like the sea for this and for improving one's condition.

Foo-kwei. So it seems, to judge by your appearance.

Chang. Oh, look! Just look at your father. It does my heart good to see him. I thank Heaven that I have lived to contribute to this happiness.

Foo-kwei. (*Impatiently*) Have done! Cease this nonsense!

(*Two Messengers unfold the document across stage, while the two Soldiers help TUNG to don his robes, etc.*)

Tung. (*In his new robes, hat, and insignia*) 'Tis true indeed—as Chun-hee writes—How now, friend Chang? (*Taking F.'s hand*) Will you let your wicked nephew marry the girl of his choice?

Chang. Of course I will, my dear friend. (*Comes forward and takes FOO-KWEI'S hand*) This union has been my heart's desire from the beginning.

Foo-kwei. Then at last we shall be happy!

Chang. (*Aside*) Yes, and all owing to me!

M.

S.

M.

S.

C. F. T.

M.M. = Messengers *with edict*.

S.S. = Soldiers.

C.F.T. = CHANG, FOO-KWEI
and TUNG hand-in-hand.

CURTAIN.

THE RAT'S PLAINT

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE

PREFACE

THIS little *jeu d'esprit* is well known, but, as with many of our own nursery classics, its authorship is unacknowledged. I bought my copy at a book-stall in Ichang for 1½d. Whether it dates from the Sung dynasty (twelfth century), as one wise native informed me it did, or later, I am unable to say. Suffice it that, apart from its unquestioned humour, the poem gives us incidentally some interesting and effective pictures of Chinese social life, and so has, I venture to think, a more than ephemeral interest and needs no apology from me for its introduction to Western readers.

The "Plaint laid by the Rat against the Cat" is told in the common two-lined stanza of seven syllables to the line. It comprises 222 of these lines and is written in what may be called the colloquial style of Chinese versification. All the words being monosyllables, each syllable is a word and so each line contains seven words, and, we may say, seven feet. It has been my endeavour to make the translation as literal as possible and to avoid paraphrase. I have allowed myself seven dissyllables in each English line as an equivalent for the seven monosyllables of the original, and have thus a two-lined stanza, equally of seven feet, by which to render the Chinese stanza, which rhymes in *tone* but not in sound:—in both the *cæsura* comes after the fourth foot.

In order to convey an idea of Chinese metrical rhythm, I give below a word-for-word rendering (sound and meaning) of the first two stanzas. I might have instructed students and exercised their ingenuity by contenting myself with this form of translation throughout, but by so doing I should, I fear, have turned away that, numerically, more estimable party,—the General Reader.

Tso ye lao shu—pei mao shang,
Hun pe miao miao—kao yin tsoang,
Chia chu chiu tsai—kao pi fu,
Ti ku tung li—she chia hsiang.

Last night old rat—catch cat hurt,
Soul spirit float fly—lay "dark" plaint.
Home dwell indeed at—high wall city,
Earth hole cave in—is home land.

ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

Ichang, *April* 15, 1891.

THE RAT'S PLAINT

(Lao Shu Kao Chuang)

A CHINESE LEGEND

LAST night poor Rat, by cruel Cat, was dealt a violent How a cruel deed of death was done
Death!
In Hades dim, a Ghoul slim, a shadow without breath,
To Pluto's Court he holds resort, and thus his plaint he saith:

I

In a high walled town I had my home, in a burrow in the How the rat laid his plaint
ground,
By name I'm known as the Ashen Rat in all the country round.
To Hades prematurely sent, my soul for justice longs;
Before thy dread Tribunal, Prince, I come to plead my wrongs:
Between my teeth I hold my Plaint and beseech your Royal Grace
To listen to the cruel woes heaped on our suffering race.

II

The rat
tells of his
descent

Since Heaven's Ukase first ordained the Rat to live and
thrive,
Their long descent they proudly trace from forbears once
alive,
Who reigned in honour through the land, in thirty counties
wide,
With mandate to collect their food from off the country
side :
To take their toll of the five chief grains ; rice, millet,
wheat, hemp, bean :
To raise the rodent tribe in peace, with all their kith and
kin—
Each with his name, each in his place, as plainly here is
seen.

III

The rat
tells of his
relations

First comes the Squirrel, vagabond, to ornament the
groves :
The Lizard, little though he be, on high walls skyward
roves :
The Weasel sups on chickens sweet, roams early forth and
late :
The Ermine yields his matchless coat to decorate the
great :
The noble Sable's skin is worn by Princes on the
throne :
The humble Water-rat as kin, by marriage, too, I own.
The Bat, that noxious insects eats, on my mother's side
I claim :
The lusty Badger in his hole as distant Coz', we
name.
The Ferret, poor connection's son, we generously adopt,
Nor from our family tree, the Stoat, though graceless,
have we drop't.
The Otter too, as adopted son, owns our Ancestral
Hall :
And last, not least, the Water-hog our relative we call.

IV

To all this Lordly race akin, no peace enjoys the Rat :
 By night and day, go where he may, he's harried by the
 Cat.

The rat
 describes
 his murder

The Black Cat comes without remorse to scatter Man and
 Wife,

Holds in respect no family tie—seeks nought but war and
 strife—

No bowels of compassion owns but hourly seeks our life.
 So that no more by light of day we dare to raise our head,
 But hide in holes, while tears run down for a Brother newly
 dead.

And when at night we venture forth to seek a little grain,
 The dreaded Cat's eyes' glance we meet, which drives us
 back again.

With her four feet one spring she makes, with two paws
 holds and tears,

And once within her cruel grasp no plea for mercy hears :
 Then with fierce mouth bites through the nape and carries
 off her prey,

Nor hears the poor Rat's agony, but quickly runs her way,
 Past the granary towering high with its heaped up store
 of rice,

Past the house and courtyard wide to a dark and lonely
 place,

Where first she sniffs, next, gingerly, the poor Rat's life
 blood tastes ;

Then quickly gulps her nauseous feast—no particle she
 wastes.

Heart, liver, guts, skin, tail and all, Oh ! 'tis a ghastly
 sight !

There's nothing of the poor Rat left, but his bones licked
 clean and bright.

Meanwhile his sons and daughters small, awaiting his
 return,

Peer forth from out their little hole some news of him to
 learn,

And when their Sire's sad fate they see they bid their
Mother come,

Who runs and leaves her hairless babes to watch and weep
at home.

And now the hapless daughters no wedding portion own :
The sons can get no wives, for their money is all gone.

Bad quarrels soon ensue ; the young are kept from school ;
Brothers and Sisters snap and snarl, neglecting every rule.

Paterfamilias dead and gone, there's none can order keep,
No lord nor head more in the hole where I was wont to
sleep.

So down I flit to Hades, by grievous wrongs attaint,
Before its mighty Ruler, Great King !—to lay my plaint.

V

The King of
Hades hears
his tale

The king of Hades hears his tale, and notes his awful
wounds ;

Empowers the Rat to lodge his plea and justifies his
grounds ;

Sends forth his sable myrmidons to scour the country
round,

And quickly seize the old black Cat, where'er she may be
found—

Straight to be questioned of her crime in Yamên under-
ground.

VI

How the
constables
set forth and
search for
the rat

Two constables at once set out from forth the Judgment
seat :

The rolling hills and mountains high assiduously they beat.
O'er streamlets shoal and rivers deep they pass day after
day,

High over all they hold their heads, wide scanning for their
prey ;

Spy many a scion of the tribe but ne'er Defendant speak.
Of one the body is too short ; of one the frame too sleek ;
This one has feet with hoarfrost tipped ; that one has tail
that curls ;

Another's inky hide is striped ; another's decked with
 pearls ;
 Rice-powdered is the mouth of one ; another's mottled
 nose ;
 And another's snow-white flanks all fail the culprit to
 disclose.
 Some Pussies' coats are yellow ; some amber streaked
 with dark ;
 No member of the feline race but has a special mark.
 Each roaming Tom, each stealthy Puss most warily they
 scan
 In vain !—And wonder if Black Cat was ever seen of man.

VII

At length, uncertain what to do, worn with the search
 they'd made, How the
 wicked
 murderess is
 caught
 The two men stop to rest awhile beneath a willow's shade.
 They gaze across the spreading fields : they hear the gay
 birds sing :
 They look upon the sprouting crops rejoicing in the
 Spring :
 They watch the insects on the tree : how the Spider spins
 o'er head,
 How the Caterpillar up and down goes dancing on his
 thread.
 The Dragon-fly across the pool arrests their tired gaze—
 Then, suddenly, they raise their heads, when Lo! to their
 amaze,
 Above them squats the old Black Cat on the selfsame
 Willow-tree
 Munching a Mantis' carcase green, as quiet as can be !

VIII

Now see them raise their eyebrows and roll astonished
 eyes ! How the
 murderess
 pleads for a
 respite
 With face broad as the Ocean the elder Bailiff cries—
 " Quick ! Seize the old delinquent !—You wicked, mur-
 dering Cat,

I arrest you on the plaint deposed in the suit of Mister Rat."

When Pussy hears these awful words her tears begin to flow ;

She bows down to the Constables and thus relates her woe :
" Now hearken to my prayer, ye two ! In mercy let me go !

" I've not yet ate my morning rice ! My body's light as chaff !

" My bones stick out like firewood, my tail is like a staff,
" The only food I've had to-day is a Sparrow's liver small
" With half the head of a little Swift and nothing else at all.
" Just let me go and fetch some grain to take to the shades
below,

" Where Pluto holds his dreadful Court ! Then peaceably I'll go."

Rage seizes on the constables ; they lay Puss on a block
And round her neck an iron chain they fasten with a lock.
" You miserable Cat ! " they say, " for many a night and day "

" Just for your sake we've hurried on,—and now you plead delay ! "

They push and shove ; she pulls and strives with many a weary moan,

Until at last they land her safe before the shady Throne.

IX

When Pluto saw the prisoner brought his anger knew no bounds.

" Vile wretch," he cried, " you see this Rat ! Whence come his awful wounds ?

" As Plaintiff he accuses you, and not in vain, I trow,

" Comes he to me for justice, as your sentence soon will show :—

" First forty blows upon your mouth and then to prison go ! "

When Black Cat hears this verdict, tears start into her eyes :

"Great Judge, I am not guilty : hear my defence," she cries :—

"In further India's distant land, by holy Buddha's shrine,

"In ages past my Ancestors were offered rice and wine.

"'Twas then the wicked rodent tribe began to vex the realm

"And our famed Eastern capital with ruin to o'erwhelm,

"Till 'Pow,' renowned Prime Minister of our dynasty sublime

"Into the Prince's presence led the Cat,—who for all time

"Did there receive the Royal Command (such was the sacred Will)

"Throughout the land the Rat and Mouse to harry and to kill ;

"To hunt them out of every house, from every farm and mill.

X

"And, know, my highborn lineage commands respect from all. Of the crimes of the rat

"The Tiger fierce, the Lion bold, themselves my pupils call :

"And many a noble quadruped, that roams the forest wide,

"Is proud to own our Race as Kin, and hunt the Cat beside.

"The Cheetah, Jackal and the Pard, the illustrious Dragon rare

"My friends and high connections are—a line beyond compare !

"Alone the Ape and Monkey tribe no more as friends we own,

"For cause—their lack of conscience and want of filial tone !

"And so with Rat and Mouse, My Lord, we never could agree,

"For they too are dishonest and steal where'er they be.

"Look, how they roam about in troops ! As an army they set out,

- “ And, not content with petty thefts, they make a perfect rout.
- “ Tramp ! tramp ! they trot in single file ; along the beam they run ;
- “ The Mothers bring their baskets ; the Girl rats aid the fun :
- “ Then down they sit on a Rafter high and chaunt a merry Lay,
- “ Just like a new fledged Graduate conning o’er his prize Essay ;
- “ Then all at once they scurry off—a good-for-nothing lot—
- “ Into the Temple shrine close by, where wanton deeds they plot :
- “ They gnaw the wood from Buddha’s face, the paint from off his thumb,
- “ And sacrilegious teeth insert in Joss-stick and in Drum.
- “ Then off they rush to the Common School, where the boys their books recite,
- “ And there the sacred Classic tomes remorselessly they bite.
- “ And when the Bride in state comes home the Son of the House to wed,
- “ They gnaw their way thro’ the Marriage gifts and carouse upon her bed,
- “ Gnaw thro’ the bamboo baskets, thro’ the pigskin trunks and all,
- “ Eat up the rice and walnut cakes, spread out in the banquet hall :
- “ The Silks, Brocades and Satins rich with their graceless teeth they spoil ;
- “ Attack the Furs ; the Bed Quilts too with their dirty feet they soil,
- “ And Hairpins, Earrings to their hole they drag with merry toil !

XI

- Of the death of the poor, good, slave girl
- “ At early dawn my Lady comes to dress and comb her hair,
- “ To paint her lips and rouge her cheeks and deck her bosom fair :

- “ She finds the rouge box overturned, her pins and rings adrift,
 “ Then beats the little Slave girl poor, accusing her of theft.
 “ ‘ ‘Tis you that must have stole my rings, you little Wretch ! ’ she cries ;
 “ ‘ I see you’ve gone and sold them all for sweeties and for pies.’
 “ Ah ! how the poor young Slave girl weeps and broods upon her lot,
 “ Her Mistress’ injustice feels and the cruel stripes still hot,
 “ And sobbing moans :—‘ I hate them both, my Master and his Wife !
 “ ‘ Why weakly did my parents sell their daughter to this life ?
 “ ‘ I’ve neither Dad nor Mammy left, to whom my griefs to tell.
 “ ‘ How can I bear these cruel blows and unjust blame as well ? ’
 “ So weeping lies and shivering cries throughout the dreary night :
 “ Then in the morn, at early dawn, she hangs herself outright.

XII

- “ In this we see how the wicked Rat of conscience is devoid :
 “ His crimes he shifts on a poor Slave girl, and cares not how she died.
 “ He gnaws his way, mischievous beast, through door and shutter tight ;
 “ Unearthly sounds his racketing maintains throughout the night.
 “ For Rats and Mice no law respect : they break with unconcern :
 “ Rattle the tea cups on the shelf and winepots overturn :
 “ The candles lit before the god—his incense too they gnaw :
 “ They make a playroom of the bed, a parade-ground of the floor :

How that
 too lies at
 the door of
 the wicked
 rat !

- “ Then run along the foot-board with a noise like hurling spears,
 “ Jump down upon the lamp-stand, which in its fall the curtain tears,
 “ Bang ! Bang ! They scuttle home at last just ere the dawn appears.

XIII

How the lady of the house finds her dress ruined, and how the poor cat dies of grief

- “ And now the thrifty housewife gets up and dons her dress,
 “ And finds it like an Oilman’s—a nasty greasy mess !
 “ The Husband, when he sees it, exclaims with rising spleen :—
 “ ‘ Go ! curse that good-for-nothing Cat ! I’ll skin her carcase clean !
 “ ‘ Each day with fish and rice she’s fed ! My kindness now I rue !
 “ ‘ What use to give her house and home when she no work will do ? ’
 “ And thus the poor, black, faithful Cat her soul with anguish rends,
 “ Until at last her harassed life a dish of poison ends.

XIV

How the cat pleads her cause

- “ Believe me now, most mighty Judge and puissant Prince of Hell !
 “ From the bottom of my heart distraught the honest truth I tell.
 “ Deign to regard my humble plea, nor my just rights refuse.
 “ Consider who the plaintiff is, that dares the cat accuse—
 “ A miserable old, grey Rat, that nought of virtue knows,
 “ Whose glaring orbs and eyebrows straight his vicious heart disclose.
 “ A wretch that never conscience owned ! a brute that’s steeped in vice !
 “ Dares now arraign the pious cat and feign a grievance nice.

“ Away with him to the prison cell ! bring forth the torture rack !

“ Chastise him with two hundred blows upon his sinful back !

“ Fix round his neck the wooden Cangue, and his crimes on it record,

“ That all the world may read his guilt and justice high applaud.”

XV

The Judge approved the Cat's defence and ordered her release :

The Prince
of Hades'
sentence

Decreed the Rat a two months' Cangue, her anger to appease :

Ordained that She at once go free to the bright day world above,

There to hold guard o'er Rick and Farm, in Granary and Grove,

And, if again Old Rat she met, to chase him as of yore.

Black Cat this charge on her knees received, then left the dismal shore

And came to live in man's abode, ne'er to be harassed more !

And thus the Cat is cherished now in Hovel and in Hall,

And the thieving Rat scarce dares to quit his Hollow in the Wall.

L'ENVOI

This curious tale in one small book I give to light the age.

My noble Friends, when Cares oppress, seek refuge in my

Page.

And Boys and Girls in England, for whom this Tale I tell

Take note of Pussy Cat's good deeds and always treat her well !

Part IV: Religion and Philosophy

IN A BUDDHIST MONASTERY

THE following lines were written at the request of the abbot of a temple in the Chêng-tu plain, the Lung-chang-sze, an old Buddhist monastery situated in the Hien or district of Hsin-fan, about twenty miles north of the capital, Chêng-tu, on the road to Mien-chu. It occupies a beautiful site, surrounded by a forest of grand old trees, and is said to date from the Han dynasty. The abbot was, when we visited it, a man of uncommon culture, and very friendly to foreign visitors, whom he entertained free of charge. He is able to do this, as the monastery is well endowed and independent of offerings from the faithful. The place lies at some distance from the main road and is little frequented by worshippers. It is celebrated among literary Chinese for its wealth of "pei-tse," of which there are many hundreds scattered through the different pavilions. These are records engraved on stone and are in the handwriting of numerous celebrated visitors of the present and previous dynasties, among them the poet Su-tung-po of the Sung dynasty. The buildings and grounds are in excellent condition, and the outlying "dependencies" or guest houses are exceptionally clean and comfortable. In visiting establishments like the Lung-chang-sze, one cannot but be struck with the social aspect of Chinese Buddhism, be the religious aspect satisfactory or otherwise according to the views held by the foreign visitor. One pleasing feature there was the care bestowed upon the education of the boy monks; these have a lay professor to ground them in the Confucian classics apart from the religious teaching

of the Buddhist sutras, a teaching which, to most, is doubtless little more than mechanical; yet the repose and good order of the establishment can hardly fail of a moral effect on resident and visitor alike. The monks are, of course, strict vegetarians; the abbot's table we found most appetising, so varied, so clean and so well served were the dishes provided.

A Chinese translation of the following lines was hanging in the monastery when last visited by a foreigner.

The wayworn traveller from distant land,—buffeted by the mighty ocean, sore from the lofty mountains,—

Weary of cities, the roar of the market, the strife of the trader, the vain pomp of officials,

Tired of the road, the sorebacked horses, the sweating coolies :
Sick of the inns, their noise, their dirt, their animals manylegged,
Pining for wife and child, for home and friends—

“Go to!” said a Chinese acquaintance, “go, rest in the abbey of Lung-chang!”

Sad and worn I set forth on the march to the sacred spot, to the mystical “Dragon's Lair:”

Riding a horse of the country : the deep mire covered his fetlocks.
Other temples many had I visited during forty and more years in the “flowery land” ;

Some in ruins, aged with poverty ; others flourishing, but noisy with crowds of touring pilgrims.

On entering I doubted : Here too shall I find peace ?

I turned aside from the muddy highway and beheld a forest of stately shade trees ;

Crossing the swollen river by an old-world many-arched bridge—
’Twas the torrid month of August, the close of the sun-burning dog-days—

Hot and stained with travel approached I the highwalled entrance,
Passed through the triple gateway, pierced in the wall painted crimson :

Rode through the cedar avenue, by yellow and green tiled pavilions :
Entered the spacious courtyards, wide as an emperor's palace :

Met with a royal welcome from the kindhearted priest of the temple !

“Skiff Star-ascending” his name ; pious and true was his aspect.
Then a feast of fresh herbs, nutritious and free from all bloodshed :
Tea from the gardens of Buddha, fused in the bright sparkling river.

Holy the calm that o'erspread me ; deep the repose of my spirit.

Five days I spent in the precincts ; days to be treasured for ever :

Sweet the commune with the learned, sweet too the dictates of Buddha !

These were the teachings of Jesus : love, duty, a life of compassion.
Much we compared the doctrines : both we would fain strive to
follow !

Prayed for a better time coming, when the truths of Buddha's
mild teaching ;

The hope and the faith of the Christian, shall soften the hearts of
our peoples,

Till peace universal shall reign as it reigns in the courts of the
Lung-chang.

Again to return to the wide world, sweet sorrow o'erwhelms me
at parting !

Behind me I leave this expression ; too feeble, but heartfelt,
sincere,

With a prayer that heaven may bless and grant long life to the
abbot ;

Guard the wonderful treasures, the relics of poets and sages !
Long may its sacred inscriptions be spared as they have been of
old time !

Long may the traveller remember his peaceful stay in the Lung-
chang !

Long may the monks of the Lung-chang remember the waif from
afar !

August, 1902.



The Fortification Staff at the British Legation, Peking, 1900.

With the Nordenfeldt rapid fire gun and Marine-Sergeant Murphy behind. Rev. Dr. Gamecwell, Am. Methodist, who designed all the fortifications, with arm outstretched; to his left Mr. Morris, Eng. North China Mission, Messrs. Stonehouse and Chaplin. Messrs. Ewing and Killie (who took the photograph) behind. Commonly called the Six Fighting Parsons.

To face p. 289.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

(NOT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED)

To one who like myself has spent the greater part of his life in China and knows the Chinese as well as it is possible to know a people so alien in character and training, the events connected with the Boxer Rising were peculiarly lamentable. The depth of the anti-foreign feeling revealed in that outbreak is difficult to appreciate, and we naturally seek for its cause and long to discern a remedy. Forty years back I had occasion to travel widely in the Che-kiang, Ngan-hui, Kiang-si and others of the Central provinces of China, and although occasionally molested, I generally found the people friendly and above all hospitable. Fortune, the Kew botanist, who first brought to light the wealth of the Chinese flora, has left us a charming account of his life amidst the people in the interior of Che-kiang and of his kindly feeling towards them; a perusal of his travels shews us that in the districts he visited practically no antagonism to a well-conducted "Foreigner" then existed, notwithstanding that the memory of the cruel war with England of 1840-42 was still fresh in the minds of the people: but by the masses this war was regarded as an affair of the mandarins, whose mismanagement had brought about the trouble, and so individual travellers were not molested. M. Eugène Simon, who at this period was stationed at Ningpo as French Consul, has also left us a most sympathetic study of Chinese social life in his delightful book *La Cité Chinoise*, which deserves to be more widely read in England and America than I imagine it has been.

In the province of Szechuan, where I have mostly lived, as well as in the neighbouring provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan, the people are of an easy-going, sociable disposition, so that next to Japan, travel in Western China, with its magnificent scenery, has hitherto been as pleasant and no more difficult than elsewhere in Asia where railways and steamers have not yet penetrated. Here, as elsewhere, a knowledge of the language is a *sine quâ non* if misunderstandings are to be avoided, for the interpreters whom travellers who do not possess this necessary qualification have to fall back upon are the cause of endless trouble both with officials and people. They come from a class who have picked up their English amidst the doubtful surroundings of the Treaty Coast Ports, are apt to assume an unwarranted authority under the shadow of extra-territoriality, tyrannise over inferiors, accept unblushingly bribes from officials, and bring their employers into bad odour with rich and poor alike. Thus one may say that the traveller in the Celestial Empire was, until within the last decade of the nineteenth century, not exposed to any serious danger, and that, with trade steadily increasing, intercourse between Europeans and Chinese gave promise of developing into friendship, as much as there can ever be between people of such different habits, customs and beliefs. Whence then the change that since 1890 has come over the spirit of the scene? Let us study for once the Chinese view of the question.

The officials have no hesitation in saying that one chief cause, but not the sole cause, of the spread of ill-feeling towards "Foreigners" is the sudden and enormous increase in missionary activity that developed in the 'eighties, and produced the numerous riots in the Yangtse Valley in the early 'nineties. They lament the fact that these riots cost them heavy indemnities, although a settlement was effected and quiet was restored with little disturbance to trade, which went on increasing by leaps and bounds. But the influx of missionaries continued, and as

trade increased so did mission establishments, and unfortunately, it must be said, without any reflection upon missionaries personally, these were carried on in a trading spirit. That is to say, that the innumerable societies from England and America and the Continent of Europe compete with one another as to who shall shew the most business and be able to report home the best results. This great influx of missionaries, thrust suddenly into almost every city of the vast Empire by the Protestant societies, has not only disturbed the minds of the people, leading them to believe that some great political move was imminent, but has also stimulated the Catholic missions, who already held the field, to greater activity. Not a town of any importance throughout the vast province of Szechuan that has not now its competing Protestant and Catholic missions.

The French Minister demanded and obtained from the weak central government official rank for the priests of an alien and detested religion ; detested because it is a religion that subverts the whole Chinese social system and government ; a government based upon the willing submission of the people to the Emperor as " Pope " who alone offers living sacrifices to God in their name, annually at the Altar of Heaven in Peking, while each family burns incense to its ancestors and to the Chinese worthies of old whom the Emperor has canonised. And surely the ancient Emperors and Popes of China had as much right and power to make saints of the sages of old, many of whom died for their emperor and country, as have the Popes of Rome to make saints of their worthies.

The spirit of Buddhism and Confucianism is tolerance : what is the spirit of the Western religions, now being attempted to be forced upon the Chinese against their will, may be judged from the words of a Jesuit priest in a recent scientific work published by him in Shanghai, and treating of the Great Yangtse River. He writes in his notes upon the Yangtse gorges :—" Here is a fine temple, dedicated to I know not what devil ! (dédié à

je ne sais quel diable).” This devil is a saint sacred, and deservedly so, in Chinese eyes ; Kwan fu-tse, the Patron Saint of the Dynasty, a man who in the time of the Han dynasty gave his life for king and country—his loyalty costing him his life. His portrait at the present day adorns the reception-hall in most large business hong in Szechuan and incense is burnt before it ; he stands for the ideal of truth and honesty, and I doubt not his worship redounds as much to the good of his followers as does that of many a saint before whom candles are burnt in the Catholic churches. The spirit of Protestant missionaries may be judged of by a quotation from the work of one of the best of the American missionaries in China : “ In my travels I constantly spread my bed in Buddhist temples, but I took very good care to keep my back always turned to the idols.” The writer is a scholar and superior to the rank and file of the Protestant missionaries in intellectual attainments ; he has given to the world valuable works on China and on the Chinese language, and yet he shews the same intolerant spirit that disgraces the Roman Catholics. And if the leading lights of the profession use language like the above, it can be imagined what is the attitude of the less well educated mass of the missionary body. Is it to be wondered at that a literary people like the Chinese, proud of their own classics, and of whom many have conscientiously perused our Jewish Bible, still remain sincerely convinced that the teaching of their own sages is more humane and quite as “ Christian ” as is the teaching brought them from the West ?

Well-meaning people at home subscribe millions and employ colporteurs to spread translations of the Old Testament broadcast throughout the Empire and virtually say to the Chinese, “ These are our ethics.” The result is that the Chinese take us at our word, and say, “ This accounts for the fierce conduct of foreign nations towards us ever since we have permitted intercourse with them. More are coming into the land every day : how can we keep them out ? Unlike ourselves they rely on force for

their arguments and not on reason!" It cannot be denied that this reproach is to a large extent deserved, as every unprejudiced student of the history of our intercourse with China cannot fail to admit. We force China to admit our people of every class to trade and travel throughout the country, and that under the privilege of extra-territoriality which practically leaves them uncontrolled by any power but their own impulses good or bad, while in America and in British colonies, not to speak of France and Russia, the Chinese are excluded or only grudgingly admitted under a heavy poll-tax. Is this the "freedom of intercourse" we are for ever preaching to the Chinese?

The missionaries and their supporters reply:—"We have our marching orders and these we obey without questioning. Whatever may be your views as to the political expediency of our efforts, whether you be convinced or not that our creed is literally true, and not only this but that it is the only true creed, we, as apostles of Christ, have to act as the apostles of old did, and spread our religion by every means in our power, regardless of consequences." But to this argument the Chinese may well answer:—"Our sacred Ancestor, Pope and Emperor, Kang-hi, in the last century issued an edict, known as 'The Sacred Edict,' and which is read to the people in all the Confucian temples throughout the Empire twice a month, ordering the people to reverence the Sage Confucius and not to be led away by strange doctrines, including Christianity." Thus the Chinese have equally their divine orders, which conflict diametrically with the divine orders of the missionary, and without more goodwill and true Christian feeling on both sides than appears to be compatible with religious controversy in all ages, unrest, revolution and war are the necessary result. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

It is true that Buddhism, a foreign religion imported from the West, has taken root in China without any political disturbance, but Buddhism stands upon a footing

entirely different from Christianity. Its original apostles, now canonised as the Eighteen Lohan, did not come into China under the aegis of extra-territoriality; they had to submit to the laws of the country, and as a symbol of their allegiance to the Emperor—God's representative on earth, the Tien-tse or Son of Heaven—in every Buddhist temple stands a tablet of the "Wan sui," the reigning Emperor and God's Vice-regent, to whom incense is burnt and reverence paid along with that given to the Buddhist divinities. Farther, the Chinese Government claim a control, exercised through the medium of the local magistrate, over all religious institutions throughout the empire.

The law of mortmain is strictly enforced and three hundred years ago the addition of any more land to that then held by the numerous monasteries spread throughout China was forbidden. But the Christians, by the treaties which give us extra-territoriality, set this law at defiance, and to this day the Catholic Missions are adding field to field and house to house at a rate that will ere very long make them owners of the lands of the all too numerous thriftless families in China. Their revenues increase steadily as must do the revenues of a society of celibates having no other family claims than those of Mother Church. The heavy indemnities enforced as compensation for the numerous riots, caused by their deserved unpopularity, have been cleverly expended in the purchase of landed estates, and thus each local disturbance, often due solely to the arrogant conduct of the Catholic converts themselves, directly benefits the Church. Under the Treaties American and other foreign merchants in China are debarred from acquiring Chinese territory outside the Treaty ports, but missionaries are exempt from this clause, and hence we have instances of foreign merchants owning land and mines in China under cover of their being missionary premises. That this state of things is gall and bitterness to the native officials can be easily understood; while the people feel the pinch in losing the former contri-

butions of their fellow-citizens to public works, festivities, guilds and institutions, all of which are connected directly or indirectly with what are called idolatrous institutions, and so are taboo to the Christian convert. Many of these so-called idolatrous practices are of the simplest nature and innocent in the extreme, such as lighting a stick of incense to the worship of heaven and earth, say, to the Spirit of all-pervading Nature, upon sitting down to a feast. The Government of China being essentially democratic, the village communities governing themselves by their own elected representatives, assessments for public purposes are in reality voluntary. All local business is settled at feasts in which, they being classed by the missionaries as idolatrous, Christian converts cannot join.

Much misconception in regard to the corruption and fraud in all Chinese combined effort, governmental and municipal, is due to the fact that our chief authorities on Chinese life and customs are missionaries. Merchants and officials from the West are too busy with their own work to have time to spare to study the intimate life of the people amidst whom they dwell, while the almost invincible barrier of the language debars them from social intercourse with natives of the country, even if they had the leisure and inclination to associate with them. The missionary, on the other hand, has to learn the language as one of his chief duties, but he is also tempted to shew the need of his existence by proving that the Chinese are so utterly bad that without his teaching their reform is hopeless. Hence an unconquerable tendency in all missionary books on China and the Chinese to represent the country and people in its worst light and to ignore the many points in their civilisation in which they can shew Christian nations an example to be followed. This unconscious bias on the part of missionary writers is strikingly exemplified in one of the cleverest studies of Chinese character published, the *Chinese Characteristics* of the Rev. Arthur Smith. How would our Western Civilisation appear in print if all its shadows were

darkened and its lights omitted by the brush of the painter ?

While thus criticising missionary effort, no one can be blind to the good side of the work done by missions, both Catholic and Protestant, in medicine, in education, and in philanthropic work generally. Ignorance of other civilisations than their own is the great hindrance of the Chinese to that progress which, since the Renaissance, and after an interval of a thousand years of such chaos and brutality as even the early Chinese annals do not exhibit, has entirely transformed the West during the last five hundred years. And this ignorance missionaries, more than any other class, have done their best to dispel. Newspapers, established by Europeans, have likewise had their share in acquainting the Chinese with the existence of the great nations of the West and the movement going on amongst them. But the best work has undoubtedly been effected by the educational establishments of the missionaries, in which Chinese youth have been trained in Western knowledge and that without compelling them to subscribe to the Christian faith. By waiving this condition, the missionaries have succeeded in inducing parents among the upper classes of Chinese to send their sons to foreign colleges to be trained, for the sake of the more practical education they there receive than it would be possible for any purely Chinese tutor to afford them. The majority of the young men thus trained do not become Christians, but their natural anti-foreign prejudices are broken down, and, as time goes on, a ferment is being introduced into the land which will slowly leaven the present dense mass of Chinese ignorance and heighten their ideals. Foremost in this good work are the missionaries of the American Episcopal Church, whose educational establishment, situated in the suburbs of Shanghai, is a model for all similar work. Other missionary societies, both British and American, are actively engaged in the same way throughout the chief cities in the empire, and the future result cannot fail to be a widespread reaction against the present Chinese

system of spending years in memorising the classics of two thousand years ago and writing conventional essays upon them in the examinations for official rank. The new leaven had, it is well known, so far penetrated the upper crust of Chinese conservatism that, in 1898, the young emperor, Kwang-hsü, issued an edict introducing Western science into the examinations. This and his many other similar edicts were revoked by the Empress's *coup d'état* in September of that year, and the ever present anti-foreign feeling in the Manchus and in the conservative Chinese was thereby accentuated and is mainly responsible for the fanatical outbreak of 1900.

It is the old story of putting new wine into old bottles, and although the missionary societies can but be commended for their devotion to the work of elevating the Chinese race, yet it cannot be gainsaid that the late upheaval is very largely due to missionary effort. Farther, the new ideas of the young emperor and his friends upset the reactionaries and maddened them into sanguinary conspirators ; these took advantage of the ever underlying hatred of Christianity and its converts latent in the common people to bring over the secret anti-dynastic societies to their side by promising them the plunder of the Christian communities throughout the empire. These unscrupulous and bloodthirsty politicians in high places have since been brought to book, and, with their malign influence removed, added to the sobering action of late events upon our missionaries, peace and quiet in China will probably be permanently restored.

The Shanghai Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge, now called The Christian Literature Society of China, which is mainly occupied in translating the most advanced Christian and philosophical works of the West into Chinese and in distributing them throughout the country, is likewise carrying on a great educational work and steadily influencing Chinese thought, but whether they will at the same time succeed in converting the Chinese to Christianity seems doubtful ; as with the

natives of British India, the Chinese are fast coming to value our superior knowledge and to profit by it without accepting the Christian teaching connected with it. And the reason I take to be that the old missionary idea of making *tabula rasa* of the old religions is a totally mistaken one. Until missionaries admit that Confucius, like Christ, was a great teacher, whose teaching did little less to civilise the ancient semi-barbarous Chinese than did Christianity, though far more slowly, to civilise Europe: until they admit that the introduction of Buddhism softened the fierce passions of Asiatics as did Christ's teaching those of our ancestors; and until they accept the corollary that these Asiatic religions are worthy of reverence and not necessarily to be cast out neck and crop by the introduction of Christianity,—I doubt if the Chinese people can ever be induced to become Christian any more than can their enlightened neighbours the Japanese. To the philosophical mind it would appear to be a self-evident proposition that, only by imposing Christian ethics as a superstructure on the existing older religious foundations, can Asiatics as a body be expected to become Christian. Dogma has had its day in Europe, and it is assuredly a work of supererogation to attempt now to impose it on the Chinese. Hence I regard it as a misfortune that so much missionary effort is expended in attempting to realise a vain ideal, the result being the alienation of the educated classes in China from that Christian teaching, in the genuine spread of which lies the hope of peace and brotherly love between nations, as much in the West as in the East. The most effective propagandism in China would we all know be the Christian conduct of the lay "foreigner," too generally ignored by all but the North China Mission.

If we place missionary activity, as well Protestant as Catholic, in the forefront amongst the causes of the late suppressed unrest and anti-foreign feeling amongst the Chinese, we must admit that the torch was applied to the mine by political action and notably by the seizure of

Tsingtao by Germany in the spring of 1898. The Boxer movement started in Shantung, the province of which Tsingtao is the port, and was a not unnatural reply to a seizure of territory without even the form of preliminary negotiation, and in a time of profound peace. Nor can we justly blame the Empress and the high officials of China for originally countenancing what was eminently a patriotic movement. Their fault was, *more Sinensi*, in failing to organise the movement and keep it in bounds, until they should have been able to make a formal declaration of war in the event of farther foreign aggression. But here come into play the ignorance and arrogance of the Manchu rulers of China. Unversed in the civilised methods of attacking one's neighbour, they thought to harry the detested foreigner out of the country by a few exemplary murders and a strong shew of well-armed force. And there is little doubt that, had they kept the Boxers in hand and postponed the outbreak until everything was in readiness, the Chinese might have achieved an early success much as did the Boers over England by their similarly long prepared outbreak. That Europe must conquer in the end the ignorant Chinese could not be expected to anticipate. Like the Boers, they relied upon distance and dissensions amongst the "Warring States" as, harking back to the times of the Chow dynasty, 500 B.C., the Chinese venture to designate Europe.

It was indeed a piece of good fortune for us residents in China that the Boxers could not be held back and that the outbreak occurred four months earlier than the Empress intended, for lamentable as were the dreadful massacres that then took place, there would undoubtedly have been ten times the actual number of victims had the Chinese organisation been as complete as it was intended to make it. Possibly this misfire has proved the salvation of China, for, had the Manchu scheme been carried out in its entirety, nothing could have saved the country from being partitioned up amongst the aggrieved Powers.

As it is, a mutual self-denying ordinance has been agreed upon, and we residents in China, while earnestly deprecating partition, now stand in fear of too little being done, and that neither will the real culprits, the leaders, be brought to punishment nor will effectual guarantees be taken for the due protection of foreign residents in the interior in the future. For it is not enough to insert favourable conditions in a Treaty: we must put into power people willing to carry them out. The Allied Powers had in China, in the North and in Shanghai, troops sufficient to sweep the country, if needed, but as these were not utilised for a military promenade through the country, with the double object of exhibiting our strength to the inland Chinese and so deterring them from future attacks on "foreigners" and of placing the rightful emperor on the throne; we can expect little more than a return to the *status quo ante*: a truce, broken by minor riots, to be followed by a fresh armed intervention and disturbance of trade ten years later.

One point, and one only, was certain to be properly provided for in the treaty then negotiated, and that was the indemnity. This payment involved fresh taxation. At the moment, the interest on the Japanese war loan absorbed the whole Customs revenue: other sources of revenue were the Salt excise, the Likin (octroi and transit duties), and the land-tax. The first of these was already mortgaged for the service of foreign loans, while the latter barely provided for the current expenses of the Government, imperial and local. To arrange for farther taxation, a financial reorganisation of the resources of the country was necessary. The Chinese themselves had not the experience nor the capacity requisite; foreign agents should have been employed, and foreign agency is too expensive for an Oriental country, as we see in India. The foreign debt is a gold debt and has to be met with a depreciated silver currency: the actual debt amounted to some £60,000,000, and the indemnities to be paid would more than double this sum. China, like India, is a land of

small farmers and workmen, living mainly from hand to mouth ; the rich are few and far between ; there is little accumulated wealth, no savings banks and little means of investing savings except in the purchase of land and in usury. Thus it seemed as if foreign control would become an absolute necessity if China were to meet her old and new obligations punctually ; and foreign financial control must, of necessity, lead up to constantly increasing interference with the details of government.¹ Either, then, the nations concerned must agree to some kind of international control similar to the old condominium exercised in Egypt by France and England previous to the Arabi rebellion, or they must agree to separate control in agreed-upon spheres of influence. We thus seemed to have partition within measurable distance, however strongly the Powers might protest their disinterestedness. The only sure way out of this alternative would be for the Powers to forego any military indemnity and each bear its own expenses, taking a money indemnity only for the actual mercantile and missionary property destroyed. The problem seems hopeless as long as the Powers are not honestly working for the benefit of China alone without *arrière pensée* ; but this we have evidence that more than one Power is declining to do. Are any of the Powers now engaged in negotiation with China sincerely opposed to taking advantage of China's weakness, and if so, can these Powers efficiently oppose the selfish designs of the others ? The reply is :—Yes ! provided that the Powers, say, America, Great Britain, and Japan, whose object is purely trade, hold firm together in face of Powers who, if not now desirous of partitioning the country, would yet render it so weak that partition should be inevitable. If Russia can be constrained to

¹ We have seen in 1909 the foreign protest against the dismissal from the highest offices of Yuan Shih-kai, trusted with reason by foreigners in China for the administration of the foreign debt, but with equal reason distrusted by the Regent of China as having caused the imprisonment and deposition from power of his brother, the late Emperor.—A. E. N. L.

“protect” nothing but her trans-Siberian railway; if France would give up the strengthening of the *imperium in imperio* formed by the agents of the Papacy and content herself with the industrial concessions which her officials have so painstakingly worked for; if Germany would be satisfied with her new port of Tsingtao and claim no monopoly of the hinterland—we might hope for permanent peace in China. But these are large IFs. Can they be converted into facts? ¹

Good people in the home countries, who give their money to the support of missions in China are not generally aware of the fact that missionaries are not under Chinese law, and, still farther, are under no obligation to submit themselves to that unwritten Chinese “custom” which is even more than law. This exceptional position missionaries, as all other “foreigners,” owe to “extra-territoriality.” When once away from the control of their respective consuls at the Treaty Ports, missionaries are practically free to act as they think fit, and it says much for the sense of honour amongst the majority that this freedom is not abused more than it is. The worst and most glaring abuse is the support of their converts in civil suits before the Chinese officials. It is in human nature to help your friends, and when that help means the support of a powerful foreign Government at its back, he must be an exceptionally strong mandarin who will not favour the convert. The French Government has now compelled the Chinese to give the Catholic priests official rank; a Bishop ranks with a Viceroy, rides in a Viceroy’s green sedan with a corresponding retinue, and so on through the hierarchy downwards to the most humble parish priest. ²

That such power should not be abused is against the teaching of all previous history of the relations between Church and State. The remedy for this gross anomaly is

¹ In 1910 this seems to have been measurably realised.—A. E. N. L.

² This is now withdrawn, having been found to work badly. The Protestant Missionaries from the first refused to have rank thrust upon them, so their position is unaltered.—A. E. N. L.



Chinese Mandarin on his travels about to step out of Sedan chair.

Note his dispatch box, the fur coats of his retainers all according to rite, his own necklace and embroidered breastplate, also the breastplates and turbans of attendant soldiers

one proposed some years ago by some of the more enlightened priests themselves, viz., that the Pope should appoint a Legate to the Chinese Court who should alone have the right of interfering in religious affairs. This plan would be far more favourable to the spread of Catholicism, but it would deprive the Governments concerned of the privilege of interference with China which their present political protection affords them; such pretexts as enabled Germany to seize Tsingtao and France to obtain valuable mining concessions in the West. The Protestant missionaries do not give a similar handle to their Governments, but they too act sometimes in defiance of official advice and rouse the opposition of the gentry, who form the most influential class in China, and whom the officials proper are forced to consider and consult in all they do. I do not deny that many of our Protestant missionaries display exemplary tact: what I complain of is the opportunity for offence that extra-territoriality confers upon those who are wanting in tact and in consideration for the feelings of the people upon whom their presence has been forced.

We have waived the imposition of extra-territoriality upon the Japanese and that without the dire results that were predicted when this concession to Japanese pride and independence was made. The Chinese are no less proud and hardly less civilised; I do not assert that, in the present condition of the country, they are ripe for the making of a similar concession; I only assert that the retention of extra-territoriality is a continually open sore and our relations will never be placed upon a really cordial footing until the time has arrived for its abolition; and that until it is abolished it behoves our Governments to see that it is not abused. This is not easy; I have known vice, that well-meaning Chinese officials attempted to suppress, hardily upheld under the ægis of extra-territoriality, this ægis being given by a quondam foreign official for a *quid pro quo*. We justly censure the Chinese for their gross breach of

international law and usage in their recent conduct in the north, but it must not be lost sight of that we have practically never given the benefit of international law to the Chinese in our dealings with them. The crime of the Chinese has been their weakness and the absurd arrogance accompanying it; and bitterly have they suffered in consequence. Setting aside extra-territoriality, which has been and is still an evil necessity, we have forced the Chinese to admit our citizens freely, however obnoxious they be, while we have kept the hardworking Chinese out of our own countries, just because they work too hard; we have forced them to admit our manufactures under a five per cent. tariff, while we allow ourselves to put as high tariffs as we like on their goods without consulting them. We collect their Customs dues for them and pay away the proceeds in interest on the foreign loans our aggressions have compelled them to incur, and we have in the past been mean enough to compel them to admit all articles of European and American consumption free, in order to make the life of the untaxed "foreigner" in China still easier than it was. If one quality stands out in the Chinese character it is their sense of justice, and it is this national characteristic that leads me to believe that a reformed China will one day be a safe country to live in even under purely Chinese law. Once let them be masters in their own house and their suspicion of our motives would cease. Suspicion begets fear and fear begets violence, such as we saw in the north in 1900. But this violence would not have broken out but for the stimulus given it and the support it received from the reactionary Manchu rulers, as ignorant as they are arrogant, and themselves in fear that the dynasty was threatened. China is not the only country in which success against the hated foreigner may plant a tottering dynasty firmly on the throne, and the Manchu dynasty has been tottering ever since a rude shock to its existence was given by the great Christian Taiping rebellion fifty years ago: a rebellion that might have succeeded and transformed

China, as did the revolution of 1868 in Japan, but for our well-meant interference in support of constituted authority. The Taiping Rebellion led to the establishment of "likin or octroi duties," to the sale of offices, to a falling revenue, and so to unpaid troops, illpaid magistrates, and the general financial corruption under which the land is now groaning and which we are doing our best to aggravate still farther. The time has not yet come for the Chinese to be given the freedom which our Governments have spontaneously accorded to the Japanese, but it must come some day if the Chinese are to be brought really to welcome our presence in their country.

The excesses of the Boxers, their atrocious murders, not of "foreigners" alone, the horrible tortures they have inflicted upon their victims, have given the outside world a shock similar to that given by the excesses of the reign of terror in France to the rest of the civilised world a hundred years ago; and the Chinese are looked upon as a nation of savages in consequence; yet no one reproaches the French as a nation, and who remembers our own witch-burning and the thumb-screws of our Courts of Justice (so-called)? Nor, I regret to say, has the behaviour of a large portion of the allied troops, sent to subdue the Boxer Rebellion, been any better than that of the Boxers themselves. It is a dreadful pity that such should have been the case and that an opportunity for exhibiting to the Chinese the superior humanity of Christian warfare should have been lost. Chinese, who have escaped from Peking and Tientsin, tell most harrowing tales of the destruction of their homes and of the loss of wives and children through Boxers and our soldiery alike. Here again is a case of the more civilised Christian Powers being unable to control the conduct of their semi-barbarous allies,—Christians so-called. Will these same civilised Powers be able to control the others in their future political treatment of China without a threat of force?

I may sum up by saying that in my experience with all classes of Chinese and in all parts of China: in business.

in pleasure, in travel, in war and in peace : with rebel leaders and their rabble armies, with Imperialist generals and their ill-disciplined troops : with literary pedants : with shrewd bankers, clever merchants, hardy sailors and boatmen and illiterate coolies : steadily comparing our two civilisations, ever modifying foregone conclusions and never reaching the comfort of absolute conviction : my conclusion is, that the average Chinaman is more forbearing, more tolerant and in his social relations as much, if not more, Christian than the average Westerner. He is restive under discipline and lacks the high qualities of courage and the virtues we class under chivalry, having apparently sadly degenerated in this respect from the standard of ancient times : he has little regard for truth, no conception of science and hence not the faintest appreciation of what we denominate as scientific accuracy ; for which defects we justly despise the Chinese, even where we do justice to his qualities. Although he has not risen to the high ideals of the best of our race, he has not fallen as low as the worst. But suspicion and jealousy, which are innate in the Chinese character, will ever prevent their combining to form a Yellow Peril, unless conquered and led by European leaders as are the Indians to-day by the British.

The Chinese are a highly civilised people, little less civilised in their way than we are in our way ; and deserve the same consideration, without regard to their military weakness, that we demand for ourselves. The individual Chinaman, it must ever be borne in mind, varies in disposition and character just as much as we do. To a new arrival in China all Chinese look cast in one mould, and it takes him some years to learn to differentiate them ; so, to superficially-minded Chinese, do we Westerners appear all alike repulsive and ill-mannered. Generalisations are dangerous, yet I think I may fairly say : The upper classes are lamentably effeminate and possess all the vices that luxury and effeminacy bring about ; the middle classes lack the energy and initiative that

distinguish the man of European descent, but surpass him in plodding industry. The lowest class, the peasants and the coolies, that here as elsewhere form the bulk of the population, have the virtues and vices that attend poverty all the world over. They equal the European in endurance, surpass him in the "manners" we associate with breeding, and fall behind in mental resource. In adaptability to circumstances, in faithful service to a sympathetic employer, and in the power of continuous bodily labour on coarse monotonous fare, they are unequalled.

Matthew Arnold sums up the result of our modern Western civilisation as "An upper class materialised, a middle class vulgarised, and a lower class brutalised." Be this a true, if exaggerated picture of Europe and America to-day, then we can hardly deny that we may almost have as much to learn from the despised Chinese as we have to teach them; and it is conceivable that a time may yet come when we may be indebted to the East for sending forth missionaries to reform the West.

In the meantime those of us who have lived in the interior are indebted to missionaries for so much, that the benefits the latter render their fellow-countrymen would themselves seem to justify their self-chosen exile, whilst we know and can testify that every good work that has been started during the last fifty years for the advancement of the Chinese people has been originated, and for the most part has been carried out by missionaries, including that Society to which the Progress Party in China owes its inception and which is most largely assisted by laymen, the Christian Literature Society of China, formed to translate and disseminate accounts of the most recent discoveries of science, as also the noblest and most inspiring works in the literature of Europe.

CONFUCIANISM WITH ATTEMPTS AT ECLECTICISM

To define "Confucianism" as it exists to-day, we must go back to and endeavour to realise the times in which this so-called "religion" originated—to that marvellous epoch in the world's intellectual history when some five centuries before the Christian era, in three different regions of the earth's surface, almost simultaneously yet quite disconnectedly, the spirit of enquiry swept as a wave across the three great centres of such civilisation as the human race in pre-Christian times had been able to attain. It was in the fifth century before our era that Socrates and Plato may be said to have laid down the foundations of Grecian philosophy which was to take the place of the crude mythology of their forbears: the same century saw in India an attempted reform of the prevailing but distorted Brahmanism of the day, and introduced in its place a religion of love of one's fellow-men, founded by the Indian Prince Gautama, known as Sakyamouni, or "The Buddha"; while in China Confucius preached that reform in manners and doctrine which has changed the face of the whole "Far East," and has maintained its moral influence persistently down to the present day;—a doctrine familiar to ourselves under the term, Confucianism.

Confining ourselves to the fatherland of Confucius, let us turn for a while to the political condition of China at that period. The country was cut up into a number of "contending states" (Chan kwo, as the Chinese style them)—much as is Europe in the present day; the feudal

system was in full blast and martial virtue the only virtue properly recognised. Writing had indeed been introduced and the "tadpole" or "seal" characters were engraved on stone and on slips of bamboo, but, as with ourselves in the middle ages, reading and writing were confined to a learned few; the mass of the people being steeped in ignorance. The learned few or "literati" of that day would appear to have been composed of peripatetic philosophers who travelled from court to court (much as Plato did), proffering their advice and counsel to the princes of the time in exchange for entertainment of themselves and their following. These princes were "mighty men of valour," scheming and fighting for their neighbours' territory: the literati were valued mainly as experts in history and diplomacy and so able to assist their illiterate patrons, the princes of their time, in their more or less nefarious projects. But many of these philosophers appear to have given perfectly disinterested advice in their honest desire to restrain war and promote the prosperity of the common people. The princes welcomed advice tending to increase the contentment, the wealth, and so the loyalty, of the people toward their feudal masters. China was at the same time still nominally an empire, though the power of the imperial house of Chow had practically ceased and the chiefs of the ten or dozen states, each of about the area of England, into which China was then broken up, fought and made peace as they pleased without reference to their feudal over-lord. The literati of that time would seem to have been largely employed negotiating alliances, sometimes as spies, and again as intermediaries whose actions could be ratified or disavowed as circumstances dictated.

The typical and boldly outspoken philosopher of whose speeches the most complete record has survived, known to us as Mencius, flourished nearly 300 years subsequent to Confucius: his fearless honesty is conspicuous and makes the record of his sayings and doings delightful reading. But in Mencius' time the feudal system was

fast rushing to its fall : as in the " Holy Roman " Empire, when the elective emperors no longer, like Charles V., were able to enforce their decrees with a strong hand, their power ceased to be respected and the feudatories of the empire were left to fight it out until the strongest and most warlike States finally succeeded in conquering and absorbing their weaker rivals.

Thus the analogy between the condition of affairs in the period of the " contending States " in China—B.C. 650 to 250—tallies fairly with the condition of Central Europe during the three centuries that elapsed from the date of the abdication of Charles V. to the final union of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, in 1870. This analogy is flattering to the conceit of young China, which has now for the first time in the existence of the Empire thrown itself with avidity into the study of European history, and is thus able confidently to aver that European civilisation is no less than 2,120 years behind that of China : and that a real union of our so-called civilised peoples is still so far off that, not impossibly a third millenium will have to be added before we arrive at the point reached by China in centuries when the Christian era had not been fixed or even thought about.

We know almost as little really of the details of the life of Confucius as we do of the lives of the founders of other epoch-making religions. Like as with the founders of Christianity and Buddhism, Confucius wrote nothing, and may be said to have founded " Confucianism " unconsciously. It was not until quite a generation after his death that the descendants of his whilom disciples collected into writing all they could remember of the sayings and doings of their revered Master : consequently we must not accept the little that has thus come down to us as absolute gospel and therefrom make deductions injurious to his character, as some of our *ex parte* writers would appear to take pleasure in doing, with a view to destroying his claim to the title of " The Sage,"—a title

first bestowed upon him by the Chinese emperor and people 300 years after his death. The Chinese, not unnaturally, accept the present text of the Confucian classics as literally orthodox, although this text was not definitely fixed until 1,400 years after the death of "the Master," not as verbally *inspired*, for, with their good common sense, the Chinese had not made a God of the founder of their ethical system. This text remains, the sole guide we possess to the life and sayings of "the Master," and from it, with the above reservation, and bearing in mind the fact that no history founded on tradition *can* be absolutely reliable, we must proceed to make our own deductions as to the character of his life and teaching.

Confucius or "Kung Sheng jen," *i.e.*, "Kung the Sage," is the title under which he has been canonised and which is now universally applied to him by his countrymen, "Kung" being his family name. He was the son of a military official in the province of Shantung, in North China : little is known of his career beyond the fact that he held office in his native state of Lu, that he was invited to the courts of neighbouring princes, and that in his old age he lamented that none would conscientiously follow his counsels. He appears, like other great teachers of the period, to have been followed from place to place by a train of admiring disciples. His teaching embodied mainly the necessity of restoring the virtues of antiquity and returning to the manners and civilisation of a mythical Golden Age, exemplified in the reigns of the model emperors, Yao and Shun, who flourished in the third millenium B.C. He announced :—" I teach nothing new ; I transmit." Thus he reprobated the rebellious spirit of his time and preached submission to the Central Power, the supreme Chow emperor ; the Chow dynasty being then already effete, and on its way to final extinction 250 years later. He appears to have collected and written out the history of his native state of Lu,—a bald collection of annals going back 250 years only, and so tersely expressed that they have little or no interest for the

European reader, while they are revered by the Chinese as the work of the Sage, and the work by which, so Confucius is reported to have said, his fame would go down to posterity. This practically useless contribution to literature is known as the "Chun Chiu," or "Spring and Autumn" (annals). But a really interesting and valuable contribution to history and literature, by which his disciples, as well as the sage himself, appear to have set far less store, is the collection he made of the old folk-songs handed down by tradition and known to us as *The Book of Odes*, the *Shi King* or *Poetry Classic*, as it is called by the Chinese. These give a pleasing picture of pastoral life and the frontier wars, and so an insight into the condition of the early Chinese. Many translations of these charming, simple ballads have been made, the most accurate being, in my opinion, that of Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, of Shanghai.

But it is as a reformer of manners, the rough manners of a fighting age, that Confucius has reaped the esteem and veneration of posterity. His ethical teaching, beyond his insistence on filial obedience and respect for ancestors, *worship* in the *old* sense of the word, was subordinated to the insistence on manners,—“Li,” *i.e.*, Decorum. He seems to have come to the conclusion that, if decorum were duly observed outwardly, the correlative change of heart would in time follow. The best record that we have of the Sage himself is preserved in his conversations with his disciples, as reported by these, in the “Lun yü” and in their account of his personal habits in the “Analects” so-called. Much of this appears trivial to the modern reader, although every detail given, if not taken too literally, affords an insight into the character of the Sage, as well as into the manners of his time. A grand characteristic was his honesty in not claiming any more insight into the unseen world than his neighbours, unlike other great leaders of men, such as Mahomet, for instance, who found it necessary to assume tangible communion with God, in order to impose upon the Arabians wise

ordinances for the people's conduct. Confucius, on the other hand, when asked about the unseen world, replied, so his disciples report,—“When we understand the natural, it will be time to enquire into the supernatural.”

In Confucius' time China had already reached a comparatively high stage of civilisation. His doctrine, as is often the case with human work, was hardly appreciated by his contemporaries, and it was not until after the advent of the Han dynasty, in the second century B.C., that his worth was recognised, that he was canonised as the “Sage” or “Holy man,” and his family ennobled. The books recording his life and sayings were only then with difficulty collected and thereafter established authoritatively as Classics, their study becoming later the enforced curriculum of every Chinese scholar, and the limit of his education. His successor Mencius, who was a man of far more philosophical spirit and with equally practical views, endorsed the teachings of Confucius some 300 years after his time and so greatly favoured their popularity.

It is interesting to note that the Kung family is now the oldest on earth, judged by length of pedigree, the present Duke Kung being the seventy-sixth in direct line from Confucius. This interesting descendant of a great man lives in a palace close to the tomb of his famous ancestor in Shantung, and it is noteworthy that in all the many devastating rebellions, that have swept through the country during the last 2,400 years, the tomb of the Sage has been invariably respected and the home of his descendants left unmolested. The famous Mikado of Japan places his pedigree farther back, but the names of his ancestors beyond 1,500 years are mostly mythical, whereas those of the present Duke Kung are all preserved, duly authenticated by each succeeding generation in the Ancestral Hall adjoining the tomb of Confucius himself. A recent British pilgrim to the tomb was hospitably received by the present Duke, whom he describes as a dignified, sociable man, worthy of his great ancestor; in the course of conversation he informed his visitor that he was the

largest landed proprietor in the empire ; and not only does he derive a sufficient revenue from his property in Shantung, which has never been alienated since it was settled upon his ancestor, the twelfth descendant, but he is the titular proprietor of all the Confucian temples throughout the land, each one of which contributes to his income. Of these there is one grand temple in every district centre throughout the empire, and of these there are no less than 1,300 in the eighteen provinces of China Proper alone, besides smaller temples in nearly every trading mart. In these temples or Commemorative Halls no images whatever are allowed ; although built and arranged much as are the Buddhist temples—both, in fact, being replicas on a grander scale of the Yaméns or palaces of the high officials—nothing but a simple tablet of red wood is seen above the altar, with the name and titles of Confucius engraved upon it in gilt letters. On the two sides of the main building in which the tablet of Confucius is erected, stand the tablets of his disciples : these take the place of the life-sized images of the eighteen Lo-han, or Arhats, the disciples of Gautama, in the Buddhist temples, as does the tablet of Confucius replace the universal colossal image of the Buddha.

The Confucian temples usually cover a large area of ground in the most valuable parts of the cities, while, dating back as many of them do, 1000 years or more, their numerous spacious court-yards are filled with avenues of magnificent trees, cypresses and the poetical *Sabiceja adiantifolia*, the sacred Jingko tree of Japan. A short musical service is held immediately before dawn on the first and fifteenth days of each moon, at which the attendance of the officials is compulsory, and which is seldom attended by any one else ; but the temples are always open and can be visited at any time. Although Confucius was an agnostic in the sense that he would not endorse what he did not know to be true, the term atheist which some of his foreign critics apply to him is certainly incorrect, for, while the general drift of his

teaching is to insist upon works before faith, his sayings are full of allusions to an all-controlling "T'ien" or God, usually translated "Heaven."

Of the "sweet reasonableness" of Confucius' teaching there can be no question; it has never formed a subject of controversy and that for the simple reason that its system of pure ethics, unalloyed by dogma, is incontrovertible. Moderation is the key-note, as in the familiar passage from the *Chung Yung*,—the *Classic of the Mean*—

"Perfect is the virtue which is according to the Mean:
Rare indeed the people in whose practice it is seen."

The "Lun üe" or "Analects" are generally believed to have been collated in the second generation after Confucius' death,—by the disciples of *his* disciples. I add a few selected extracts from the volume which enshrines his reported discourses: these give as good an insight into the character of Confucius' teaching as it is possible to obtain—and leave the reader able to form his own estimate of their doctrinal value.

"Is it not a joyful thing to welcome friends from afar?"

"The good man goes to the root of things, viz., filial piety whence all other good actions are deduced. Youth should overflow in love to all and cultivate the friendship of the good. After this he may devote his attention to polite studies."

"I will not be afflicted at men not knowing me: I will be afflicted that I do not know men."

"He who offends against Heaven has no one to whom he can pray." (Confucius in another place defines Heaven as "The lofty One who is on high.")

"The good man does not, even in the course of a single meal, act contrary to virtue. In moments of haste he cleaves to it. In seasons of danger he cleaves to it."

"The good man is slow in his speech and earnest in his conduct."

"Man is born for uprightness. If a man lose his uprightness and yet live, his escape from death is the result of mere good fortune."

"In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but *I have not yet reached the character of the good man who carries out what he professes.*"

"While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish what can the people of Kwang do to me?"

"Although his food might be coarse rice and vegetable soup, he would offer a little of it in sacrifice with a grave, respectful air."

"If a learned man entrusted with a charge does not know how to act, what is the use of all his learning?"

"Good government obtains when those who are near are made happy and those afar off are attracted."

"To lead an uninstructed people to war is to throw them away."

"In ancient times men learnt with a view to their own improvement. Nowadays men learn with a view to the approbation of others."

"Recompense injury with justice and kindness with kindness."

"If my principles are to make their way it is so ordered: if they are to fall to the ground it is so ordered."

"'RECIPROCITY' is a word that may serve as a rule of life-conduct. What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others."

"The good man stands in awe of the ordinances of Heaven."

"When you (magistrates) have found out the truth of an accusation, pity the offenders and do not rejoice at your own cleverness."

"You cannot be a good man without recognising the ordinances of Heaven."

"I do not murmur against Heaven nor grumble at men, for Heaven knows my objects."

On the whole the "doctrine" of the Sage would appear to teach that the "Noble," "Good," or "*Superior* man" as Dr. Legge translates the Chinese term Chüntse (literally "Prince"), may reform himself through constant endeavour, or "establish himself" in firm principles, as Confucius is reported to have announced his having succeeded in doing when he had reached the age of thirty years. We see that it is not correct to call his teaching agnostic, and that there is no reason whatever to doubt his reverence for the supernatural powers and humble subjection to the Will of Heaven. The unmitigated conceit and pride in their superiority exhibited by the literati in later times is due rather to the distortion of the real teaching of Confucius, a distortion such as in all times religious founders have suffered from at the hands of their followers and self-appointed interpreters.

Confucius is often taken to task by "foreign" critics for disingenuousness in not teaching his disciples clear views in regard to the Divine Being and future existence.

Readers of the preceding will have seen how little we can really know of what he did teach. Confucian knowledge nowadays is derived from the Confucian school of the "literati" who have expounded and expanded his teaching into the "orthodox" commentaries now officially accepted. These begin five hundred years after the date of his birth and end with Chu-hi (1130-1200 A.D.) twelve hundred years later, when the official seal of orthodoxy was affixed to the great commentator's readings, which none since have dared to dispute: and from this time on dates the stereotyping of Chinese civilisation. How distorted the views of the orthodox Christian may become we may read in the following extract from a talented Catholic writer on the subject. He says:—"Although Confucius taught the necessity of reverence and disinterested charity, he had no true belief in a self-existing Creator of an organised universe; no faith in promised grace to come, or in eternal life; no true love of God as a Perfect Being above, and superior to all things; no true fear of God as the Supreme and Sole Ruler of the universe; and no true obedience to His commandments." As Mr. E. H. Parker says:—"Can those who blame Confucius for not believing all this show any grounds why at that date he should have believed it; and are they sure what they mean when they say they believe it themselves?"

Our contention is that Confucius was a great moral reformer and a thoroughly earnest good man according to his lights, and that thus he may be called "inspired" as much as any other great leader and teacher of humanity; and farther, that in order to Christianise the Confucian nations, we must build upon Confucius and cannot in surety nor usefully call attention to his shortcomings. We must in short make Christian teaching *eclectic*, much as Christ Himself taught, if it is to gain the suffrages of thoughtful and sincere men either in Japan or China.

There is in the Chinese language no true equivalent for our word Religion, though there are any number of equivalents for the practices which religion exists to

inculcate, love of one's neighbour ; tolerance ; duty of son to father, of wife to husband, of junior to senior brother, of subject to ruler and of friend to friend, including all the virtues which we arrogantly define as Christian. The above may well be summed up in Religion, though in the Confucian Classics they are styled the "Wu lun," or "Five Relationships." Our writers on sociology are anxious not alone to have the data of the science clearly determined, but they would have the statistics of the memberships of the various sects of the people of England and America accurately enumerated where no strict enumeration is possible : numbers of worthy people having a difficulty in themselves defining their own religious belief and classing themselves in any one distinct category. In the same way, statisticians will attempt to divide up China into Confucianists, Taoists and Buddhists.

But if you ask a Chinaman under which of these three denominations he classes himself, ten to one that he will reply "Shin san kiao." "I believe in the teaching of all three" ; or, more literally, "I believe in the three doctrines" ; that is, he governs his conduct by the rules of life attributed to Confucius, nourishes his hopes of future rest in his acceptance of Buddhism, and his immunity from attacks of evil spirits,—the ghosts of unburied mortals and others,—in the demon quelling efficiency of Taoism. He is a true eclectic, and no large body of Confucianists ever is likely freely to embrace religions like Islamism or Christianity, which demand undivided allegiance to their own peculiar dogmas and to which the respect paid to ancestors is anathema. This "ancestral worship" is the one really active *motive to conduct* with the Chinese, and forms the *real* tie which binds families together and drives those members of a family that have the means, to divide their wealth with all the members of their generation and, in particular, to support their aged and helpless relatives at their own firesides. The Chinese are eclectic in a way hardly credited in modern Europe, but

in a way well known to and accepted by the practical Romans of old.

Thus, so far Christianity is mostly confined to converts among the poor and needy; the literati, the educated classes, setting their faces against it as at present preached; this preaching being too uncompromising and directly antagonistic to Chinese eclecticism. The Chinese are by nature tolerant and will never admit that any one religion has a monopoly of the virtues. Missionaries of all sects have until recent times always been hospitably received in China. Under the great and progressive Tang dynasty (A.D. 618-907) the Nestorian Christians were not only permitted to preach their religion but were given land upon which to build churches, as we learn from the Nestorian tablet still extant in Si-an-fu. In the same way, under the famous dynasty of Han, the Buddhist missionaries from the isles of the West (probably Ceylon) were received with open arms and their teaching rapidly became popular and overran the whole empire. The first Jesuit missionaries were, as we know, equally well received and made good progress at the Court of Peking itself. But all these did not proclaim aloud that previous religions were the work of the devil nor did they assume supremacy above the Chinese Emperor-Pope.

When, however, in the seventeenth century, the Dominicans came upon the scene and, jealous of the Jesuits' success, appealed to the Pope of Rome to order the Jesuits to preach against ancestral worship, the indignant Chinese Emperor forbade the propagation of Christianity absolutely throughout his dominions. As himself the Pope of the old national religion (akin to the "Shinto" religion of Japan, in Chinese, "Shentao"—"Path of the Gods"), alone worthy to perform the annual sacrifice to "Supreme Heaven" on behalf of his people, the powerful Emperor Kang-hi objected to an upstart Pope from the barbarian West infringing his decrees. The earlier Nestorian and Buddhist missionaries were

self-appointed ascetics who lived upon the free-will offerings of their audiences and owned nothing but the clothes on their backs and the staff in their hand. Such wandering ascetics are popular and respected throughout all Asia. They are strict vegetarians, on the principle of not shedding blood, by no means abstainers from the cup that cheers, and, in excess, inebriates ; but absolutely free from all aspirations for political influence.

The Emperor's tablet is thus set up in Buddhist temples as the patron, much as we find the royal arms displayed above the altar in the old Georgian churches in England, without in any way compromising the worship of " the Buddha " or the implied superiority of either Buddhism or Shintoism, which may thus be said to be treated as an open question. Compare a propaganda so spread in a quiet simple way with a propaganda backed by outside political power and to support which, with or without the desire of the missionaries, armed forces are from time to time employed—" *ad majorem Dei gloriam!* " Compare, too, a poor shabby ascetic with a full-fed English or American missionary receiving a salary of ten times that of many a small Chinese official,—and ruled by a Committee of his employers sitting in the capital of a distant foreign country. Compare, too, the arrogant invective against the so-called heathen in the preaching of many of such missionaries with the tolerance of the street preachers of Confucianism. These latter preach nothing but good works and the needful reform of evil lives, with not a reference to Buddhism, Christianity or any other what *we* should call, *rival* religion. To refer to such in a disrespectful way would be absolutely opposed to the spirit of true Confucian teaching. Compare, too, the practical distinction between the vegetarian ascetic and the Anglican or American missionary who taboos the strengthening glass of wine habitual to an essentially temperate people, while he himself flies in the face of his would-be converts' principles by eating the flesh of oxen. For the ox holds a semi-sacred position in China as the handmaid of divine

agriculture, while to the Buddhist the shedding of all blood is a profanation. Although the Chinese are mostly moderate consumers of pork, yet a self-constituted teacher of morals ought, in the Chinese view, to exhibit the ideal life of abstinence and self-sacrifice in his person and practice.

As I have said already, the Chinese are by nature eclectic and tolerant and the European missionary shocks these fundamental principles of their ethics. I have myself seen in a large inland city a Protestant missionary celebrate the conversion of a Chinese family by forming a holocaust of his converts' ancestral tablets, including the family tree, a beautifully engraved shield of lacquered hardwood with the tree and the names of the ancestors for sixteen generations back, deeply cut in characters of gold. But for the presence of British gunboats patrolling the river, the mob would have destroyed the "Gospel Hall" there and then, and not have left one brick upon another.

Again, the narrow laws enforced by the missionaries compel the converts to Christianity to live as a class apart, thus forming an *imperium in imperio* and raising the hostility of their pagan neighbours all around. The Chinese are essentially a religious people, and "worship" enters into every act of their daily life. At the same time the democratic methods of their self-government under a nominally autocratic emperor lead to all public works being carried out by voluntary association, and by subscriptions enforced by the pressure of public opinion alone. But a Christian may not join in such works, may not subscribe to the guilds, which are to-day in China what our trade-guilds were in the middle ages; he may not attend the theatricals which are the joy of the villages and which form the education of the masses in their own history—because such entertainments, raised by subscription and free to the poor, involve so-called idolatrous practices. For every public act in China and every guild dinner commences with bowing before the altar,

the burning of incense and the offering of a cup of rice and wine. All this is anathema to the Christian, and so the guild or any other "good work" undertaken in common is the poorer for the lack of the Christian's contribution.

I have given the facts and have attempted to prove how strong to-day is necessarily the hold which Confucianism has upon the peoples of the Far East; and how impracticable is the project of well-meaning missionary societies to break down this hold unless Christianity, or rather the Churches of Christendom, as at present constituted, can be so transformed as to admit eclecticism. It is useless to expect such a radical change to take place in a day or a decade or in many decades. Meanwhile the preceding essay must not be taken as an advocacy of Confucianism *versus* Christianity, but as a suggestion for embracing Confucianism in Christianity in lieu of a vain struggle to supersede it entirely. The bulk of modern intellectual opinion is tending in this direction, and it is not too much to hope that, in good time, the Churches may follow. The present outfit of hard and fast dogma was only crystallised into a creed after many centuries of controversy, when a bare majority of the early Christians compelled the so-called heretical minority to abjure their heresies at the point of the sword. Why should not an ecumenical council of the future restore, say, the tenets of the Nestorian Christians who spread the teachings of Christ throughout Asia without meeting with persecution and hardly with opposition?

No one who has lived in the East and given earnest attention to the subject can doubt for a moment the boon it would be to the Asiatics if they could be persuaded to superimpose the teachings of Christ on those of Confucius and Gautama. It is true that we cannot know definitely of what the actual teaching of the latter consisted; but we know that it was akin to Christian teaching, and there is good reason to suppose that this teaching, by the time of the Christian era, had filtered through to Syria and influenced the minds of the people from whom Our Lord sprung.

He Himself was a transmitter although at the same time a reformer ; He did not anathematise the existing religions of his day ; He rather tended to build upon them and render them more spiritual. The virgin birth and other " dogmas " were discovered after His death ; and, although we have more exact record of His teaching than we possess of that of Confucius or Gautama, yet the record is still inexact, having not been compiled till a generation or more after His death.

That missionary work as now carried on in China has immensely benefited the Chinese it is impossible for any student of Chinese conditions to contest. The common sarcasms upon missionary effort are made by men who have no practical experience of the work actually done. The genuine Chinese Christian, certainly among the lower classes of Chinese, is as superior to the man whose religion consists alone in the punctual performance of outward ceremonies as is the genuine Christian under similar circumstances at home. Cleanliness outwardly and inwardly is the distinction of the missionary-educated Chinese, in the midst of the filth that marks the very poor in all countries. But the educated classes can never, either in China or in Japan, be expected to adopt the Christianity of our Churches: rather than accept its dogmas as at present taught, they take a pride, especially the Japanese, in shewing that they can behave as Christians while still professing to be carrying out simply the doctrines of original Shintoism—the " Tao " or LOGOS of their own ancestral religion. And, in like manner, educated Chinese will tell you :—" We already possess all your Christian teaching in our three religions." On the other hand, although research enables us to trace the teaching of the New Testament already pre-existing in the books of Confucius, Gautama and Lao-tse, yet these lack the direct, simple exhortations to moral conduct that we find in our gospels and epistles ; nor is such teaching as the three religions provide to-day understood of the people. Though we find, for instance, in the Matrab-

trarata of Buddhism the words : “ The woman is the half of the man, she is his best friend, the source of all happiness. The woman with her sweet language is the friend in solitude, the mother of the oppressed, the refreshment on the journey through the wilderness of life ”—yet sayings like this, buried, as many of them are, in a mass of unintelligible matter, in no way affect the life of Eastern peoples, among whom the position of woman is a notorious reproach to their so-called civilisation.

The Chinese literatus, who may well be compared to the Pharisee of the Bible puffed up with the pride of learning, has strayed far from the doctrine of his ancient teachers : he despises both woman and the “ common people,” and sadly needs to assimilate the Christian teaching of respect for woman, as well as the equality of all men, learned and ignorant alike, in the eye of “ Heaven.” Such proverbs common among them as “ It were better that woman did not exist at all but for the want of her to bring forth children ” shew the absolute need of the assimilation of the Christian spirit of the West before they can reach the level of even such civilisation as we dare boast. It is with the view of directing more general consideration to the best practical means of spreading Christian influence among them that the above suggestions for the adoption of a more practical eclecticism are put forward.

We do not go so far as to suggest that every modern missionary should be necessarily an ascetic or that Christianity merely stands on a level with the pre-existing didactic religions of the East, whereas we hold it to be a step in advance based upon them. We only venture to cite the obstacles that experience in China shews us to exist, in the hope that the heavy outlay in money, derived from the contributions of well-wishers in the West, and the zeal of the three thousand missionaries in China, whom these contributions support, may result in the future in a harvest more proportionate to the vast effort expended than any hitherto reaped among the teeming millions of the “ Farther East.”

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